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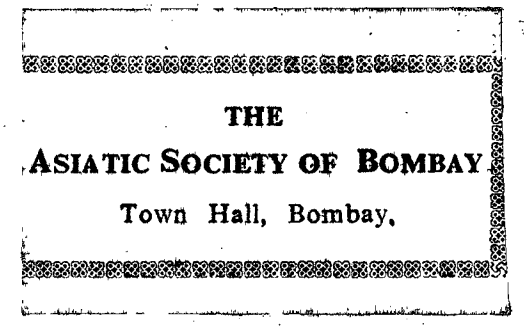

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PARODIES

OF THE WORKS OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS,

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

WALTER HAMILTON,

Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Historical Societies;
Author of "A History of National Anthems and Patriotic Songs," "A Memoir of George Cruikshank,"
"The Poets Laureate of England," "The Æsthetic Movement in England," etc.

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"We maintain that, far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common-sense, and truth? After all, it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these PARODIES."

D'ISRAELI'S Curiosities of Literature.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING PARODIES OF

LORD BYRON.
SCOTCH SONGS.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
ROBERT SOUTHEY.
CHARLES KINGSLEY.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.
THE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.
MISS C. FANSHAWE.
THOMAS MOORE.
A. C. SWINBURNE.
ROBERT BURNS.
MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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1886.

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ALL these things here collected are not mine,
But divers grapes make but one kind of wine;
So I from many learned authors took
The various matters written in this book;
What's not mine own shall not by me be fathered,
The most part I, in many years, have gathered.

JOHN TAYLOR, the Water Poet,

"It was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was most susceptible of the playful honours of the Greek parodist; unless the prototype is familiar to us, a parody is nothing."

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

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BROWN & DAVENPORT, 40, SUN STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

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NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 19. *Courtney Melmoth* was the assumed name of T. J. Pratt, who wrote "The Tears of Genius" lamenting the death of Oliver Goldsmith.

Page 20, Line 3. For Cast read *Caste.*

Page 71, Column 2, line 6. Read "Mr. William Cadenhead."

Page 80, Foot Note.—For "dear runs" read *deer runs.*

Page 197. The Enigma on the letter H. here ascribed to Lord Byron was written by Miss Catherine Fanshawe.

Page 208. "The Un-True Story" was written by Mr. Walter Parke for *Punch and Judy*, in 1870. The fifth line should read :—

"*Know ye the land of the dollar and dime?*"

Page 218. Foot Note. Read, "Parody of a song in *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*"

Page 229. Don Juan Un-Read. This is a parody of *Wordsworth's Yarrow Unvisited.*

A CHAPTER ON PARODIES.

A LADY of *bas bleu* celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our *savantes*) had two friends, whom she equally admired—an elegant poet, and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologised to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbra* was to be present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent; the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady-critic had imagined that PARODY must necessarily be malicious; and in some cases it is said those on whom the parody has been performed, have been of the same opinion.

PARODY strongly resembles mimicry, a principle in human nature not so artificial as it appears. Man may well be defined a mimetic animal. The African boy who amused the whole kafle he journeyed with, by mimicking the gestures and the voice of the auctioneer who had sold him at the slave market a few days before, could have had no sense of scorn, of superiority, or of malignity; the boy experienced merely the pleasure of repeating attitudes and intonations which had so forcibly excited his interest. The numerous parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy were never made in derision of that solemn monologue, no more than the travesties of Virgil by Scarron and Cotton; their authors were never so gaily mad as that. We have parodies on the Psalms by Luther; Dodsley parodied the book of Chronicles, and Franklin's most beautiful story of Abraham is a parody on the Scripture-style; not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals; some ingenuity in the application was all that they intended. The lady-critic alluded to had suffered by a panic, in imagining that a parody was necessarily a corrosive satire. Had she indeed proceeded one step further, and asserted that PARODIES might be classed among the most malicious inventions in literature, in such parodies as Colman and Lloyd made on Gray's odes, in their odes to "Oblivion and Obscurity," her readings possibly might have supplied the materials of the present research.

PARODIES were frequently practised by the ancients, and with them, like ourselves, consisted of a work grafted on another work, but which turned on a different subject by a slight change of the expressions. It might be a sport of fancy, the innocent child of mirth; or a satirical arrow drawn from the quiver of caustic criticism; or it was that malignant art which only studies to make the original of the parody, however beautiful, contemptible and ridiculous. Human nature thus enters into the composition of parodies, and their variable character originates in the purpose of their application.

There is in "the million" a natural taste for farce after tragedy, and they gladly relieve themselves by mitigating the solemn seriousness of the tragic drama; for they find, as one of them told us, that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and if this taste be condemned by the higher order of intellectual persons, and a critic said he would prefer to have the farce played before the tragedy, the taste for parody would be still among them, for whatever tends to level a work of genius is usually very agreeable to a great number of contemporaries. In the history of PARODIES, some of the learned have noticed a suppositious circumstance, which it is not improbable happened, for it is a very natural one. When the rhapsodists, who strolled from town to town to chant different fragments of the poems of Homer, and had recited some, they were immediately followed by another set of strollers—buffoons who made the same audience merry by the burlesque turn which they gave to the solemn strains which had just so deeply engaged their attention. It is supposed that we have one of these travesties of the Iliad in one Sotades, who succeeded by only changing the measure of the verses without altering the words, which entirely disguised the Homeric character; fragments of which are scattered in Dionysius Halicarnassensis, which I leave to the curiosity of the learned Grecian.* Homer's battle of the Frogs and Mice, a learned critic, the elder Heinsius, asserts, was not written by the poet, but is a parody on the poem. It is evidently as good humoured an one as any in the "Rejected Addresses." And it was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was most susceptible of the playful honours of the parodist; unless the prototype is familiar to us, a parody is nothing! Of these parodists of Homer we may regret the loss of one. Timon of Philius, whose parodies were termed Silli, from Silenus being their chief personage; he levelled them at the sophistical philosophers of his age: his invocation is grafted on the opening of the Iliad, to recount the evil doings of those babblers, whom he compares to those bags in which Æolus deposited all his winds; balloons inflated with empty ideas! We should like to have appropriated some of these *silli*, or parodies of Timon the Sillograph, which, however, seem to have been at times calumnious.* Shenstone's "School Mistress," and some few other ludicrous poems, derive much of their merit from parody.

This taste for parodies was very prevalent with the Grecians, and is a species of humour which perhaps has been too rarely practised by the moderns: Cervantes has some passages of this nature in his parodies of the old chivalric romances; Fielding in some parts of his Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews, in his burlesque poetical descriptions; and Swift in his "Battle of Books," and "Tale of a Tub," but few writers have equalled the delicacy and felicity of Pope's parodies in the "Rape of the Lock." Such parodies give refinement to burlesque.

The ancients made a liberal use of it in their satirical comedy, and sometimes carried it on through an entire work, as in the Menippean satire, Seneca's mock *Eloge* of Claudius, and Lucian in his Dialogues. There are parodies even in Plato, and an anecdotical one recorded of this philosopher shows them in their most simple state. Dissatisfied with his own poetical essays he threw them into the flames; that is, the sage resolved to sacrifice his verses to the god of fire; and in repeating that line in Homer where Thetis addresses Vulcan to implore his aid, the application became a parody, although it required no other change than the insertion of the philosopher's name instead of the goddess's:†

"Vulcan, arise! 'tis *Plato* claims thy aid!"

Boileau affords a happy instance of this simple parody. Corneille, in his Cid, makes one of his personages remark,

"Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils peuvent se tromper comme les autres hommes."

A slight alteration became a fine parody in Boileau's "Chapelain Décoiffé."

"Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes,
Ils se trompent *en vers* comme les autres hommes."

We find in Athenæus the name of the Inventor of a species of parody which more immediately engages our notice—DRAMATIC PARODIES. It appears this inventor was a satirist, so that the lady-critic, whose opinion we had the honour of noticing, would be warranted by appealing to its origin to determine the nature of the thing. A dramatic parody, which produced the greatest effect, was "the Gigantomachia," as appears by the only circumstance known of it. Never laughed the Athenians so heartily as at its representation, for the fatal news of the deplorable state to which the affairs of the republic were reduced in Sicily arrived at its first representation—and the Athenians continued laughing to the end! as the modern Athenians, the volatile Parisians, might in their national concern of an OPERA COMIQUE. It was the business of the dramatic parody to turn the solemn tragedy, which the audience had just seen exhibited, into a farcical comedy; the same actors who had appeared in magnificent dresses, now returned on the stage in grotesque habiliments, with odd postures and gestures, while the story, though the same, was incongruous and ludicrous. The Cyclops of Euripides is probably the only remaining specimen; for this may be considered as a parody of the ninth book of the Odyssey—the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, where Silenus and a chorus of satyrs are farcically introduced, to contrast with the grave narrative of Homer, of the shifts and escape of the cunning man "from the one-eyed ogre." The jokes are

* Henry Stephens appears first to have started this subject of *parody*; whose researches have been borrowed by the Abbé Sallier, as I am in my turn occasionally indebted to Sallier. His little dissertation is in the French Academy's Memoirs, tome vii, 398.

* See a specimen in Aulus Gellius, where this parodist reproaches Plato for having given a high price for a book, whence he drew his noble dialogue of the Timæus. Lib. iii. c. 17.

† See Spanheim, Les Césars de l'Empéreur Julien in his "Preuves," Remarque 8. Sallier judiciously observes, "Il peut nous donner une juste idee de cette sorte d'ouvrage, mais nous ne savons pas précisément en quel tems il a été composé;" no more, truly, than the Iliad itself!

too coarse for the French taste of Brumoy, who, in his translation, goes on with a critical growl and foolish apology for Euripides having written a farce; Brumoy, like Pistol, is forced to eat his onion, but with a worse grace, swallowing and execrating to the end:

In dramatic composition, Aristophanes is perpetually hooking in parodies of Euripides, whom of all poets he hated, as well as of Æschylus, Sophocles, and other tragic bards. Since that Grecian wit, at length, has found a translator saturated with his genius, and an interpreter as philosophical, the subject of Grecian parody will probably be reflected in a clearer light from his researches.

Dramatic parodies in modern literature were introduced by our vivacious neighbours, and may be said to constitute a class of literary satires peculiar to the French nation. What had occurred in Greece a similar gaiety of national genius unconsciously reproduced. The dramatic parodies in our own literature, as in "The Rehearsal," "Tom Thumb," and "The Critic," however exquisite, are confined to particular passages, and are not grafted on a whole original; we have neither naturalised the dramatic parody into a species, nor dedicated to it the honours of a separate theatre.

This peculiar dramatic satire, a burlesque of an entire tragedy, the volatile genius of the Parisians accomplished. Whenever a new tragedy, which still continues the favourite species of drama with the French, attracted the notice of the town, shortly after up rose its parody at the Italian theatre. A French tragedy is most susceptible of this sort of ridicule, by applying its declamatory style, its exaggerated sentiments, and its romantic out-of-the-way nature to the commonplace incidents and persons of domestic life; out of the stuff of which they made their emperors, their heroes, and their princesses, they cut out a pompous country justice, a hectoring tailor, or an impudent mantua-maker; but it was not merely this travesty of great personages, nor the lofty effusions of one in a lowly station, which terminated the object of parody; it intended a better object, that of more obviously exposing the original for any absurdity in its scenes, or in its catastrophe, and dissecting faulty characters; in a word, critically weighing the nonsense of the poet. It sometimes became a refined instructor for the public, whose discernment is often blinded by party or prejudice. It was, too, a severe touch-stone for genius: Racine, some say, smiled, others say he did not, when he witnessed Harlequin, in the language of Titus to Berenice, declaiming on some ludicrous affair to Columbine; La Motte was very sore, and Voltaire and others shrunk away with a cry—from a parody! Voltaire was angry when he witnessed his *Mariamne* parodied by *La mauvaise Ménage*; or "Bad House-keeping:" the aged, jealous Herod was turned into an old cross country justice; Varus, bewitched by Mariamne, strutted a dragoon; and the whole establishment showed it was under very bad management. Fuzelier collected some of these parodies,* and not unskilfully defends their nature and their object against the protest of La Motte, whose tragedies had severely suffered from these burlesques. His celebrated domestic tragedy of Inez de Castro, the fable of which turns on a concealed and clandestine marriage, produced one of the happiest parodies in *Agnes de Chaillot*. In the parody the cause of the mysterious obstinacy of Pierrot the son, in persisting to refuse the hand of the daughter of his mother-in-law Madame *la Baillive*, is thus discovered by her to Monsieur *le Baillif*:—

"Mon mari, pour le coup j'ai découvert l'affaire,
Ne vous étonnez plus qu'à nos désirs contraire,
Pour ma fille, Pierrot, ne montre que mépris:
Voilà l'unique objet dont son cœur est épris."
(*Pointing to Agnes de Chaillot.*

The Baillif exclaims,

"Ma servante?"

This single word was the most lively and fatal criticism of the tragic action of Inez de Castro, which, according to the conventional decorum and fastidious code of French criticism, grossly violated the majesty of Melpomene, by giving a motive and an object so totally undignified to the tragic tale. In the parody there was something ludicrous when the secret came out which explained poor Pierrot's long concealed perplexities, in the maid-servant bringing forward a whole legitimate family of her own! La Motte was also galled by a projected parody of his "Machabees"—where the hasty marriage of the young Machabeus, and the sudden conversion of the amorous Antigone, who, for her first penitential act, persuades a youth to marry her, without first deigning to consult her respectable mother, would have produced an excellent scene for the parody. But La Motte prefixed an angry preface to his Inez de Castro; he inveighs against all parodies, which he asserts to be merely a French fashion (we have seen, however, that it was once Grecian), the offspring of a dangerous spirit of ridicule, and the malicious amusement of superficial minds.—"Were this true," retorts Fuzelier, "we ought to detest parodies; but we maintain, that far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common sense and truth? After all" he ingeniously adds, "it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these PARODIES; for they are usually but the echoes of the pit, and we parodists have only to give a dramatic form to the opinions and observations we hear. Many tragedies," Fuzelier, with admirable truth, observes, "disguise vices into virtues, and PARODIES unmask them." We have had tragedies recently which very much required parodies to expose them, and to shame our inconsiderate audiences, who patronised these monsters of false passions. The rants and bombast of some of these might have produced, with little or no alteration of the inflated originals, "A Modern Rehearsal," or a new "Tragedy for Warm Weather."

Of PARODIES, we may safely approve of their legitimate use, and even indulge their agreeable maliciousness; while we must still dread that extraordinary facility to which the public, or rather human nature, are so prone, as sometimes to laugh at what, at another time, they would shed tears.

Tragedy is rendered comic or burlesque by altering the *station* and *manners* of the *persons*; and the reverse may occur, of raising what is comic and burlesque into tragedy. On so little depends the sublime or the ridiculous! Beattie says "In most human characters there are blemishes, moral, intellectual, or corporeal; by exaggerating which, to a certain degree, you may form a comic character; as by raising the virtues, abilities, or external advantages of individuals, you form epic or tragic characters;" a subject humourously touched upon by Lloyd, in the prologue to "The Jealous Wife."

"Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene;
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character sublime.
What big round words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen!"

——:o:——

This apology for Parody, extracted from "The Curiosities of Literature," was written by the late Mr. Isaac D'Israeli more than fifty years ago. Mr. Isaac D'Israeli was a Jewish gentleman of great literary attainments, and of a most amiable character. He was the father of the late Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. Mr. Isaac D'Israeli died in 1848.

* Les Parodies du Nouveau Théâtre Italien, 4 vol. 1738. Observations sur la Comédie et sur le Génie de Molière, par Louis Riccoboni. Liv. iv.

Dr. Oliver Goldsmith,

Born at Pallas, in the County of Longford, Ireland, Nov. 29, 1728,

Died in Brick Court, Temple, London, April 4, 1774.

BEFORE quoting the Parodies on the Poems of Oliver Goldsmith, mention must be made of three instances, in which he, himself, borrowed ideas from French sources. These are the well-known "Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize," the "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," and the favourite verses, entitled "Stanzas on Woman," commencing "When lovely woman stoops to folly," which appeared in "The Vicar of Wakefield," when first published in 1765. Before Goldsmith settled down in London as a struggling man of letters, he had spent some time wandering about on the Continent, and had obtained a fairly good insight into foreign literature. He had, therefore, in all probability seen the poems of Ségur, printed in Paris in 1719, in which the following lines occur :—

"Lorsqu' une femme, après trop de tendresse,
D'un homme sent la trahison,
Comment, pour cette si douce foiblesse,
Peut-elle trouver une guérison ?
Le seul remède qu'elle peut ressentir.
La seule revanche pour son tort
Pour faire trop tard l'amant repentir,
Hélas! trop tard,—est la mort." *

these he appears to have almost literally translated, thus :—

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

A Paraphrase.

"When Woman," as Goldsmith declares, "stoops to folly,"
And finds out too late that false man can "betray,"
She is apt to look dismal, and grow "melan-choly,"
And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

He goes on to remark that "to punish her lover,
Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,
There is but one method" which he can discover
That's likely to answer—that one is "to die!"

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek ;
The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart ;
The dim yet tearless eyes, that speak
The misery of the breaking heart ;

The wasted form, th'enfeebled tone
That whispering mocks the pitying ear ;
Th' imploring glances heaven-ward thrown
As heedless, helpless, hopeless here ;

These wring the false one's heart enough
If made of penetrable stuff.

From *The Black Mousquetaire* (The Ingoldsby Legends.)

A Song For the Million.

When Harry Brougham turns a Tory,
Too late convinc'd that Whigs betray,
What can revive his tarnish'd glory?
What his desertion best repay ?

The only robe his shame to cover,
To hide the brand upon his back,
And best reward this faithless lover—
That Peel can give him is—*the sack*.

Punch February, 1844.

"When Lovely Woman."

When lovely woman wants a favour,
And finds, too late, that man won't bend,
What earthly circumstance can save her
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
The last experiment to try,
Whether a husband or a lover,
If he have feeling, is—to cry!

From *Poems and Parodies*, by Phœbe Carey. Boston, 1854.

A Song.

When lovely woman, prone to folly,
Finds that e'en Rowland's oils betray ;
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can turn gray hairs away?

The only art gray hairs to cover,
To hide their tint from every eye,
To win fresh praises from her lover,
And make him offer—is to dye.

Punch, April, 1854.

* I am indebted to James Gordon, Esq., F.S.A., (Scotland) for the reference to this poem, and for many other useful memoranda.

A Remedy.

When lovely woman stoops to poli-
Tics, and finds it doesn't pay,
What charm can wean her from her folly,
And put her in the proper way?

The only plan we can discover,
Is the one we now propose;
That she should obtain a lover,
Marry him, and mend his hose.

Diogenes, 1853.

Canzonet on Crinoline.

By a Wretch.

When lovely woman, hooped in folly,
Grows more expansive every day,
And makes her husband melancholy
To think what bills he'll have to pay.

When in the width of fashion swelling,
With air-balloons her skirts may vie,
The truth—(what hinders *Punch* from telling?)—
Is that she looks a perfect Guy!

Punch, February 21, 1857.

"Another Way."

When lovely woman, Lump of Folly,
Would show the world her vainest trait;
Would treat herself as child her dolly.
And warn each man of sense away.

The surest method she'll discover
To prompt a wink from every eye,
Degrade a spouse, disgust a lover,
And spoil a scalp-skin—is to dye,

Shirley Brooks. 1866.

A Silly Manager.

When Managers have stooped to folly,
And find vulgarity won't pay,
And audiences won't be jolly,
But boldly rise and hiss the play:

In order their misdeeds to cover,
Some clap-trap for the gods they try
Before the farce is halfway over,
And insult add to injury.

Fun, November 24, 1866.

Goldsmith Improved.

When lovely woman takes to lollies,*
And finds, too late, her teeth decay,
What penitence can cure her follies,
What chloroform her pain allay?

If beauteous, she'll be kindly pitied;
If ugly, each good-tooth'd one's butt.
So she must get her mouth refitted,
Or, what is better—keep it shut!

The Grasshopper, July 1, 1869.

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* Nursery abbreviation of lollipops

Beautiful for ever.

When lovely woman, still a maiden,
Finds her locks are turning grey,
What art can keep their hue from fading?
What balm can intercept delay?

The only art her age to cover,
To hide the change from every eye,
To quell repentance in her lover,
And soothe his bosom is—*to dye.*

Kottabos. Dublin, W. McGee, 1872.

Fashion.

When lovely woman stoops to fashion
And finds it like man's fancy change,
What can reclaim the truant passion,
And capture it no more to range?

The only way to curb love's passion,
And charm her fickle lover's eye,
To bring the colour to her chignon—
As the old joke says is—to dye.

The Hornet.

Stanzas on Woman—by O. G.

When lovely woman takes to rinking,
And finds how hard the asphalte's got,
What charm can save her heart from sinking,
What art can heal the injured spot?

The only plan she can pursue,
To save herself another fall,
In fact the only thing to do,
In future's not to rink at all.

The Idylls of the Rink, 1876.

Stanzas on Woman.

By a modern Goldsmith.

When lovely woman reads *Le Follet*,
And tries her best to men betray;
She makes herself a pretty dolly,
But fritters all her soul away.

When she grows old, and charms decay,
And crow's-feet come beneath each eye;
When skin is wrinkled—hair is grey—
Her only chance is then—to dye!

The Figaro, January 1, 1873.

Stanzas on Man.

By Dr. Silversmith.

When foolish man consents to marry,
And finds, too late, his wife a shrew,
When she her point in all must carry,
'Tis hard to say what's best to do!

In hopes the breeches to recover,
To hide his shame from every eye.
To be as free as when her lover
His only method is—to fly.

A Bit of Goldsmith's Work New Gilt.

When lovely woman once so jolly,
Finds, late in life, that hair grows grey,
How make her case less melancholy,
How hide Time's step that none can stay?

The only way his track to cover,
To mask her age from every eye,
And if she have a spoon for lover
To keep him still "spoons," is—to dye!

On a Breach of Promise.

When lovely woman finds that breaches
Of promise are her suitor's wear,
What is it the black record bleaches,
And comforts the deserted fair?

To punish the unfaithful lover,
Where only he'll his falsehood rue,
Substantial damages recover—
Pursue *him* not, but his purse *sue!*

Venus Imitatrix.

[Another Ladies Club is starting at the West-end.—See *Society Journals.*]

(*Sung by a Clubbess*).

When lovely woman's melancholy
Because her husband stays away
From home, pursuing some mad folly,
("'Tis business, love," they always say).

The only plan to teach him manners,
And cure the midnight latchkey hub,
Is, dears, to march beneath our banners—
So, ladies, come and join our club,

Stanzas on Woman.

When lovely woman longs to marry,
And snatch a victim from the beaux,
What charms the soft design will carry?
What art will make the men propose?

The only art her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success,
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
And "wring his bosom," is TO DRESS.

On Mr. Odger.

(*Formerly Candidate for Southwark.*)

When stupid Odger stoops to folly.
And finds too late that men betray,
What thought can make him once more jolly?
What hope can drive his spite away?

The only thought his rage to smother
Is one we'll hope will turn out true;
'Tis thus he mutters, "You're another;
As you've Hughes'd me, they'll use you too."

Judy.

Fashion.

When foolish woman stoops to fashion,
And finds tight-lacing doesn't pay,
But turns her grey, and brings a rash on
Her nose no powder charms away;
What best the horrid tints can cover?
What hide the truth from every eye,
Defying e'en keen sighted lover?
'Tis to *Enamel* and to *Dye.*

Grins and Groans, 1882.

Mint Sauce for Lamb.

(*After Goldsmith.*)

When man, less faithful than the colley,
Deserts his love and goes astray,
What art can make the maiden jolly?
What charm can drive her grief away?

The way her grief to overcome is,
Instead of lying down to die,
To claim three thou. for breach of promise,
And show her swain the reason why.

Judy, August 24, 1881.

Woman's Rights.

[Mrs. Longshore Potts says that, if a woman fall in love, custom ought not to debar her making some proposal.]

When lovely woman's melancholy,
And finds she's in a love-sick way,
Must she be bound by custom's folly,
And never more her love betray?

No! Helen must her heart discover
To Modus; but if all in vain,
And he should scorn to be her lover,
Her sole resource is—try again.

Fun, March 25, 1885.

The Omnibus.

(*By an Old Bachelor.*)

If lovely woman seeks to enter
The crowded 'bus in which you ride,
Have you the heart to discontent her.
Or would you rather go outside?

I'm brute enough, I dare to state,
Although it may the lady vex,
To keep my seat, and let her wait—
I've "bussed" too many of the sex.

Gossip, May 16, 1885.

When lovely woman pines in folly
Because her hair is turning gray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can drive her grief away?

The only art her woe to cover,
To hide her age from every eye,
To come the gum-game o'er her lover
And to make her happy—is to dye!

Detroit Free Press, August, 1885.

The following, signed "By the Ghost of Goldsmith," was picked up in the Queen's Bench Division Court after the termination of the trial, Foli *v.* Bradshaw, that being an action for assault brought by the eminent singer, in May, 1884:—

"When lovely woman stoops to Foli,
And lets her son with cudgels play,
An action soon brings melancholy,
And damages one has to pay."

The two other before-named poems by Goldsmith, which can be traced to a French source, are so similar in style that they may be both given together, followed by the French original :—

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To ev'ry Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

AN ELEGY.

On the Glory of her Sex,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church in silk and satin new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has followed her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth, and finery fled,
Her hangers on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder, mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day!

GOLDSMITH.

The following *Chanson du Fameux la Galisse*, taken from *Ménagiana*, 1729, must have supplied hints for the construction of the foregoing poems :—

"LE FAMEUX LA GALISSE."

MESSIEURS, vous plait-il d'ouir
L'air du fameux la Galisse,
Il pourra vous rejouir,
Pourvû qu'il vous divertisse.

La Gallisse eut peu de bien,
Pour soutenir sa naissance;
Mais il ne manqua de rien,
Dès qu'il fut dans l'abondance.

Bien instruit dès le berceau,
Jamais, tant il fut honnête,
Il ne mettoit son chapeau
Qu'il ne se couvrit la tête.

Il étoit affable et doux,
De l'humeur de feu son père,
Et n'entroit guére en courroux,
Si ce n'est dans la colere.

Il buvoit tous les matins
Un doight tiré de la tonne,
Et mangeant chez les voisins,
Il s'y trouvoit en personne.

Il vouloit dans ses repas
Des mets exquis et fort tendres,
Et faisoit son Mardi gras,
Toujours la veille des Cendres.

Ses valets étoient soigneux
De le servir d'andouillettes,
Et n'oublioient pas les œufs
Surtout dans les omelettes.

De l'inventeur du raisin
Il révéroit la mémoire,
Et pour bien gouter le vin,
Jugeoit qu'il en falloit boire.

Il disoit que le nouveau
Avoit pour lui plus d'amorce,
Et moins il y mettoit d'eau
Plus il y trouvoit de force.

Il consultoit rarement
Hippocrate et sa doctrine,
Et se purgeoit seulement,
Quand il prenoit médecine.

Au piquet par tout payis,
Il jouoit suivant sa pante,
Et comptoit quatre vingt dix,
Lorsqu'il marquoit un nonante.

Il savoit les autres jeux
Qu'on joue à l'Académie,
Et n'etoit pas malheureux
Tant qu'il gagnoit la partie.

On s'étonne sans raison
D'une chose très commune ;
C'est qu'il vendit sa maison,
Il faloit qu'il en eut une.

Il aimoit à prendre l'air,
Quand la saison étoit bonne,
Et n'attendoit pas l'hyver,
Pour vendanger en automne.

Il épousa, ce dit on,
Une vertueuse Dame ;
S'il avoit vêcu garçon,
Il n'auroit point eu de femme,

Il en fut toujours cheri,
Elle n'étoit point jalouse ;
Si tot qu'il fut son mari,
Elle devint son épouse.

Il passa près de huit ans
Avec elle, fort á l'aise,
En eut jusqu'a huit enfans,
C'étoit la moitié de seize.

On dit que dans ses amours,
Il fut caressé des belles,
Que le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles.

D'un air galant et badin,
Il courtisoit sa Caliste,
Sans jamais être chagrin
Qu'au moment qu'il etoit triste.

Il brilloit comme un Soleil,
Sa Chevelure étoit blonde :
Il n'eut pas eu son pareil,
S'il eût été seul au monde.

Il eût des talens divers,
Meme on assure une chose,
Quand il écrivoit en vers,
Qu'il n'écrivoit pas en prose.

En matiére de rébus
Il n'avoit pas son semblable :
S'il eût fait des impromtus,
Il en eût été capable.

Il savoit un triolet
Bien mieux que sa patenôtre :
Quand il chantoit un couplet,
Il n'en chantoit pas un autre.

Il expliqua doctement
La Physique et la Morale,
Et soutint qu'une jument
Etoit toujours une cavale.

Par un discours sérieux
Il prouva que la berluë,
Et les autres maux des yeux
Sont contraires à la vûe.

Chacun alors applaudit
A sa science inouïe,
Tout homme qui l'entendit,
N'avoit das perdu l'ouïe.

Il prétendit en un mois
Lire toute l'Ecriture,
Et l'auroit lue une fois,
S'il en eût fait la lecture.

Par son esprit, et son air
Il s'aquit le don de plaire :
Le Roi l'eut fait Duc et Pair
S'il avoit voulu le faire.

Mieux que tout autre il savoit
A la Cour jouer son role,
Et jamais lorsqu'il buvoit
Ne disoit une parole.

Il choisissoit prudemment
De deux choses la meilleure,
Et répétoit fréquemment,
Ce qu'il disoit à toute heure.

Il fut à la verité
Un danseur assez vulgaire ;
Mais il n'eut pas mal chanté
S'il avoit voulu se taire.

Il eut la goute à Paris
Long tems cloué sur sa couche
En y jettant les hauts cris,
Il ouvroit bien fort la bouche.

Lorsqu'en sa maison des champs
Il vivoit libre et tranquille,
On auroit perdu son temps
De le chercher à la ville.

On raconte, que jamais
Il ne pouvoit se résoudre
A charger ses pistolets
Quand il n'avoit pas de poudre.

Un jour il fut assiné
Devant son Juge ordinaire.
S'il eût été condamné
Il eut perdu son affaire.

On ne le vit jamais las,
Ni sujet à la paresse,
Tandis qu'il ne dormoit pas,
On tient qu'il veilloit sans cesse.

Il voyageoit volontiers,
Courant partout le Royaume
Quand il étoit à Poitiers
Il n'étoit pas à Vendôme.

Il se plaisoit en bateau,
Et soit en paix, soit en guerre,
Il alloit toujours par eau
A moins qu'il n'alla par terre.

Une fois s'étant fourré
Dans un profond marécage,
Il y seroit demeuré,
S'il n'eut pu trouver passage.

Il fuioit asses l'excês,
Mais dans les cas d'importance,
Quand il se mettoit en frais,
Il se mettoit en dépense.

Dans un superbe tournoi
Pret a fournir sa carrière,
Il parut devant le Roi,
Il n'etoit donc pas derrière.

Monté sur un cheval noir,
Les Dames le reconnurent,
Et c'est la qu'il se fit voir,
A tout ceux qui l'apperçurent,

Mais bien qu'il fût vigoureux,
Bien qu'il fit le Diable à quatre
Il ne renversa que ceux
Qu'il eut l'addresse d'abatire.

C'etoit un homme de cœur
Insatiable de gloire ;
Lorsqu'il etoit le vainqueur
Il remportoit la victoire.

Les places qu'il attaquoit
A peine osoient se défendre,
Et jamais il ne manquoit
Celles qu'on lui voyoit prendre.

Un devin pour pour deux testons
Lui dit d'une voix hardie,
Qu'il mourroit de là les monts,
S'il mourrait en Lombardie.

Il y mourut ce Heros,
Personne aujourd'hui n'en doute ;
Si tôt qu'il eut les yeux clos,
Aussitot il ne vit goute.

Il fut par un triste sort,
Blessé d'une main cruelle :
On croit, puisqu'il en est mort,
Que la plaie etoit mortelle.

Regretté de ses soldats,
Il mourut digne d'envie
Et le jour de son trépas
Fut le dernier de sa vie.

J'ai lu dans les vieux écrits
Qui contiennent son histoire,
Qu'il iroit en Paradis
S'il étoit en Purgatoire.

Some verses of this song were translated, and published in *The Mirror*, November 8, 1823. They do not adhere very closely to the original.

THE HAPPY MAN.

LA GALLISSE now I wish to touch,
Droll air! if I can strike it,
I'm sure the song will please you much ;
That is, if you should like it.

La Gallisse was indeed, I grant,
Not used to any dainty,
When he was born—but could not want,
As long as he had plenty.

Instructed with the greatest care,
He always was well-bred,
And never used a hat to wear,
But when 'twas on his head.

His temper was exceeding good,
Just of his father's fashion ;
And never quarrels broil'd his blood,
Except when in a passion.

His mind was on devotion bent,
He kept with care each high day,
And Holy Thursday always spent,
The day before Good Friday.

He liked good claret very well,
I just presume to think it ;
For ere its flavour he could tell,
He thought it best to drink it.

Than doctors more he loved the cook,
Though food would make him gross ;
And never any physic took,
But when he took a dose.

Oh, happy, happy is the swain
The ladies so adore ;
For many followed in his train,
Whene'er he walk'd before.

Bright as the sun his flowing hair
In golden ringlets shone ;
And no one could with him compare,
If he had been alone.

His talents I cannot rehearse,
But every one allows,
That whatsoe'er he wrote in verse
No one could call it prose.

He argued with precision nice,
The learned all declare ;
And it was his decision wise,
No horse could be a mare.

His powerful logic would surprise,
Amuse, and much delight.
He prov'd that dimness of the eyes
Was hurtful to the sight.

They lik'd him much—so it appears,
Most plainly—who preferred him ;
And those did never want their ears,
Who any time had heard him.

He was not always right, 'tis true,
And then he must be wrong ;
But none had found it out, he knew,
If he had held his tongue.

Whene'er a tender tear he shed,
T'was certain that he wept ;
And he would lay awake in bed,
Unless, indeed, he slept.

In tilting everybody knew
His very high renown ;
Yet no opponents he o'er-threw,
But those that he knocked down.

At last they smote him in the head—
What hero e're fought all ?
And when they saw that he was dead,
They knew the wound was mortal.

And when at last he lost his breath,
It closed his every strife ;
For that sad day that sealed his death,
Deprived him of his life.

——:o:——

Ménage introduces *Le Chanson de la Galisse* without any other explanation than that it relates to the adventures of an imaginary character, he does not mention the Author's name, nor does he refer to any other poem having any resemblance to it. Yet there was a "Chanson" written in exactly the same style and metre, recording (in burlesque it is true) the adventures of a brave French officer, named La Palice. And what makes it more remarkable is, that this poem was written by a friend of M. Gilles de Ménage, the grave and religious Bernard de la Monnoye, who conceived the idea of personifying nonsensical truths in his *Complaint upon the Life and Death of La Palice ;* careless of attaching popular ridicule to a name which should excite only recollections of heroic and military virtue.

Concerning this *Chanson de la Palice* there was a long article in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, as

far back as July, 1845, from which the following notes are extracted:—

"Thanks to this strange production, we know that the famous La Palice died in losing his life, and that he would not have had his equal had he been alone in the world. Doubtless it is satisfactory to know that he could never make up his mind to load his pistols when he had no powder; and that when he wrote verse he did not write prose; or that while drinking he never spoke a word. These are certainly notable details concerning the habits and character of this great man, but it is also certain that La Palice had greater claims to admiration which may be brought to light in illustrating some stanzas of the biographical ballad. The song begins thus:—

'Please you, gentlemen, to hear
The song of La Palice;
It surely will delight you all,
Provided that it please,'

Besides this proposition, the historian would have done well to tell us that La Palice was of noble race, for his grandfather, an earlier Jacques de Chabannes, after valiantly defending Castillon against Talbot, the English Achilles, died of his wounds at the siege of this city, which, two years afterwards (17th July, 1453), cost the life of his illustrious enemy.

'*La Palice but little wealth*
To his renown could bring;
And when abundance was his lot,
He lacked no single thing.'

Abundance of glory, of honours, of treasures, of war on battle fields; this was surely what the poet meant to say. He ought to have been rich indeed, when three sovereigns successively invested him with the titles of marshal of France, governor of Bourbonnais, of Auvergne, of Forez and the Lyonnais.

'*He was versed in all the games*
Played at the academy;
And never was unfortunate
When he won the victory.'

Those which he gained are faithfully chronicled in history. First, stands Marignan in 1515, next Fontarabia, in 1521; then Bicocca, in Lombardy, where La Palice, being second in command, made incredible exertions to recover the fortunes of the day; and last, Marseilles, which went to sleep one night Spanish, and woke up French the next morning, because a great Captain, Chabannes de la Palice, had scaled her walls, and effaced by dint of courage the shame with which the desertion of Bourbon had tarnished the name of French gentlemen.

'To do and dare in his career,
He readily inclined;
And when he stood before the king,
He was not, sure, behind.

Fate dealt to him a cruel blow.
And stretched him on the ground;
And 'tis believed that since he died,
It was a mortal wound.

His death was sore and terrible;
Upon a stone his head;
He would have died more easily
Upon a feather bed.'

Chabannes made a sortie with a handful of brave fellows from the fort which he defended against the Spanish army, and saw all those who followed fall around him. A Spanish soldier climbs over the barrier of corpses piled before him, aims a tremendous blow at his head, beneath which the brave La Palice fell senseless to the earth,

'Deplored and envied by his braves,
He shut his eyes to strife;
And we are told his day of death
Was the last of his life.

——:o:——

THE RIGHT AND MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF *JOHN SMITH*.

JOHN SMITH he was a guardsman bold,
A stouter never fought;
He would have been a grenadier,
But he was one foot short.

But to a man of John Smith's mind
The love of power had charms;
So when his captain ordered him,
John Smith order'd his arms.

An active, bustling blade was he,
At drill and eke at mess,
Who never thought to stand at ease
When Captains called out "dress,"

Attentive always to the word,
It never was his wont
To turn his eyes or right or left—
When Captains cried "eyes front!"

Though he was ever thought correct,
Once, during an assault,
He ne'er advanced a single foot—
'Cause he was told to halt.

But still he was not coward called,
Why,—we can soon detect;
His foes all fell dead at his feet,—
When his shots took effect.

But tired of knapsack and of gun
And firing in platoons,
The infantry he quitted when—
He entered the dragoons.

His saddle now became his home,
His horse and he seemed one;
And he was ne'er known to dismount,—
Unless he first got on.

How brave and bold a man he was,
From one small fact is clear;
Whole regiments fled before him when,—
He followed in their rear.

He was a steady soldier then
And sober too, of course,
And ne'er into a tap-room went,—
Mounted upon his horse.

In fact his conduct was so good,
His Captains all confess
He never got into a scrape,—
Though always in a mess.

Though as to what fights he'd been in
Men differed,—none denied
That the last battle he e'er fought
Was that in which he died.

The soldiers there who saw him fall,
Exclaimed, as with one breath,
"Unless his wound's a mortal one,
It will not cause his death."

Unlike most epitaphs, John Smith's
Nought but the truth did tell;
But *this* none ever stopped to read,
Who had not learn'd to spell.

"Stop, passenger, and weep;—one tear
To him you can't refuse,
Who stood—high in his regiment,
And five feet in his shoes."

The Comic Magazine, 1834.

A HISTORY.

THERE was a man, so legends say,
And he—how strange to tell!—
Was born upon the very day,
Whereon his birthday fell.

He was a baby first. And then
He was his parents' joy;
But was a man soon after, when
He ceased to be a boy.

And when he got to middle life,
To marry was his whim;
The self-same day he took a wife,
Some woman wedded him.

None saw him to the other side
Of Styx by Charon ferried;
But 'tis conjectured that he died
Because he has been buried.

TOM HOOD, the younger.

The Century Magazine for November, 1883, contained an *Elegy on Mrs. Grimes*, written in the same vein of humour as Goldsmith's Elegy on Madam Blaize.

—:o:—

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign.
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread:
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The Royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was scor'd,
And five cracked tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BEAUTIES OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

THE STREET ARTIST.

WHERE sturdy beggars, blocking up the way,
Molest each passing pilgrim that can pay;
Where generous souls, unused to sights of pain,
Toss half-pence to the cripples in the lane;
There on a wintry morning, clad in rags,
The Kid found Tompkins shivering on the flags—
A ragged beard disguised his sallow cheeks,
Which plainly showed he hadn't shaved for weeks;
And o'er the pavement—green, and blue, and red—
In coloured chalk, his paltry pictures spread;
Maxims of charity were there in view,
And next a bunch of grapes the artist drew,
Then half a mackerel, (or perhaps a plaice),
And great Napoleon showed his well-known face—
The morn was cold—he takes with down-cast eye
The offerings of the pitying passers-by—
How changed the scene, when, to his home returned,
He meets his pals, and boasts the tin he's earned—
With steaks and beer his vigour is restored,
And crack companions grace his festive board—
He dons a coat—his rags he throws away—
A swell by night—a beggar all the day.

The Month. By Albert Smith and John Leech. Dec. 1851.

—:o:—

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

The following imitation was originally published by Messrs. Parker, of 377, Strand, London, but no date is given.

THE DOOMED VILLAGE.

A Poem, dedicated to the Right Honourable John Bright.

"SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,"
Could thy true Poet visit earth again,
How would his patriot spirit grieve to see
A hundred Auburns doomed to die like thee!
The decent church abandoned to the owl,
The ruined parsonage, the roofless school,
The village of its preacher's voice bereft,
The little flock without a shepherd left,
Without "the man to all the country dear,"
Whose part it was to teach, to warn, to cheer;
"Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
Still in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

Will then the State suppress the godly man,
And bid him buy his dwelling if he can,
That hospitable roof and open door
Sought by the friendless, loved by all the poor,
Steal the small stipend from a treasure paid
Which pious ages gifts to God had made,
Leave the bewildered peasant tempest-tost,
His faith unaided and his altar lost,
To quit for distant lands his long-loved home,
Or helpless sink beneath the foot of Rome?
Where shall he look for succour? shall he trust
That Royal womanhood will still be just?
Will their dear Queen their loyal love disown,
And let her statesmen drive them from her throne?

The man of State who wants a heart to feel
Wants that which most concerns the public weal;
No nice distinction will he stoop to make
Between the power to seize, and right to take.

"The Lord forbid it," cry the poor "that we
Should give our fathers' heritage to thee."
False allegations then a pretext yield;
And Ahab takes possession of the field.
Wild as the wind is such a Statesman's mind;
No law can fix him, and no treaty bind;
He burns the poor man's charter with its seal,
And bids him trust in voluntary zeal,
Go beg the bread that has been all his own,
Along a road untravelled and unknown,
Ardent alike to pare a Church away,
And lay a tax for charities to pay.

Why are so many Auburns doomed to groan?
Whither are Equity and Pity flown?
Are all the virtues melted down in one,
Of neutral colour much resembling none?
A large, loose, LIBERALITY of mind,
True to no faith, not generous, just, nor kind.
Time was, each Virtue was distinctly known,
And Faith and Justice sat beside the throne;
Time was, when Justice owned prescriptive right,
And Policy disdained to side with spite,
Not hounding on the envious pack which pant
To tear away the bone they do not want,
Ere yet she summed each ancient grievance up,
As if they all still mantled in the cup,
And loved by antiquated tales to shew,
How Britain always has been Erin's foe;
Till Erin dreams she feels a present grief,
And seeks in self-inflicting blows relief.

Behold! a glorious band by Heaven inspired,
By many hearts revered, by all admired;
In Erin's sky as burning lights they shone;
Will Erin cease to claim them for her own?
Will she no more repeat her Usher's [a] name,
Of old ascendant on the rolls of fame?
Will she her Bedell's [b] pious memory blot,
With the blest book he gave the Irish cot?
Will it grate harshly on her altered ear,
Of Taylor's [c] golden eloquence to hear?
Will she no longer boast that God had given
"To Berkeley [d] all the virtues under heaven?"
Deems she what was, and is, should ne'er have been,
The Norman Conquest, and the British Queen?
Are these the thoughts that vex the Celtic heart?
Beneath such wrongs do Erin's millions smart,
The signs and records of an alien band,
Which troubles with its rule a peaceful land?

"It is not we who troubling Liffey's stream
Foul it with blood," the threatened sheep exclaim;
"It was your fathers then that fouled it so,"
Retorts the wolf "a hundred years ago."
The shepherd comes; he hears the distant howl
Of the wild beasts that o'er the country prowl;
In his right hand he wields a butcher's knife,
And bids the lamb lie still and yield its life,
An offering to peace, a needful feast,
To stay the hunger of the savage beast.
The neighbouring swains, to whom for help it cries,
Applaud the prudence of their Chief's device,
The struggles of the bleeding victim mock,
And join the wolf in ravaging the flock.

But oh! may Heaven avert the fatal end,
And Britain's heart to juster counsels bend,
Raise many a champion through the land to lead
A growing host for poverty to plead,
The sacred voice of conscience wake within,
Forbid the fatal policy of sin,
Leave the just laws to deal with factious hate,
Calm down the public mind, and save the State.
Pause, Britain, pause, ere yet advanced too far
Thy hand lets slip the dogs of civil war,
Ere yet the vultures hovering in the sky
On the self-immolated quarry fly.

So shall pure Faith's long-hallowed altar stand!
Still unprofaned by state-craft's ruthless hand;
So shall the threatened Auburn cease to weep,
Peace be restored, and passion lulled to sleep;
So shall the flood of Ultramontane pride,
By justice checked, within its banks subside;
So shall the Candle, which the Lord has lit,
Revived and cherished, well its place befit,
And through the time to come serenely bright
Shine forth a beacon-flame of Gospel light.

Immortal Light, that can'st alone control
The brutal instincts of the savage soul,
'Tis thine to teach the murderous bands of strife
The deep significance of human life,
Teach the wild untaught Kerne who knows not God,
The awful sanctions of HIS penal code;
Teach Faith her hope and end in LOVE to read,
The height and depth of every Christian's Creed.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET London, loveliest village of the plain,
Where wealth and fashion cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring the earliest visit paid,
And the rich summer dinner-tables laid.
Dear lovely bowers of indolence and ease,
Seats of my youth when every card could please,
How often have I done thy park so green
Where humble iron chairs endeared the scene;
How often have I paused the throng to tell,
Th' unnoticed clerk, the cultivated swell,
The never-failing talk, the riders' skill,
The indecent duke that topt the neighbouring hill,
The moving row with spots beneath the shade
For timid horseman's ease and whisperings made:
How often have I blest the late-born day,
When play remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village swells from dinner free,
Led up the sports that fashion loves to see,
While much flirtation circled in the shade,
The young ones spooning as the old surveyed,
And many a galop frolicked o'er the ground,
And valses, lancers, and quadrilles went round;
And still as each repeated partner tired,
Succeeding suppers one more turn inspired.
The dancing man, who simply sought renown
By leading all the cotillons in town,
The swain mistrustful of his smutty face,
While secret riddles tittered round the place,
The younger son's shy sidelong looks of love,
The chaperons who would those looks reprove,
These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like these
With sweet succession taught e'en town to please,
These round thy bowers their genial influence shed,
These were thy charms, but all those charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy swells withdrawn,
Within thy doors upholsterers are seen,
And water-carts alone the park keep green;
Almighty dulness grasps thy whole domain,

a James Usher, Primate of Ireland. b William Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore. c Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Dromore. d George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne.

Of all thy people none with thee remain.
No more thy babbling talk reflects the day,
But in the country winds its shallow way;
Along thy park a solitary guest,
A sole policeman now laments the rest,
Amid thy drawing-rooms the spider toils,
Thy draperies the moth relentless spoils;
Gone are thy dinners, dances, parties all,
And early bed o'ertops the byegone ball,
And trembling, lest they last should join the band,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where working men increase and swells decay,
Leaguers and roughs may flourish or may fade,
Hardy may make them as Walpole has made,
But fashionable swells, their country's pride,
Once out of town can never be supplied.

The Tomahawk, September 7, 1867.

The following Parody appeared in Vol. XVIII. of *The Mirror:*

"Lord John Russell, even amidst all the turmoil of Office has contributed:—

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER

(Not in 1831),

By Lord John Russell.

(After *The Traveller*, by *Oliver Goldsmith*).

"REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman passes Rotten row;
In Brookes's sits one quidnunc to peruse
The broad dull sheet which tells the lack of news.
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty Hackney Coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor square.
From shop deserted hastes the prentice dandy,
And seeks—Oh bliss—the Molly—*a tempora fandi.*
Meantime the battered pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest,
Thomas himself, Cook, Hanen, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng.
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four,
The Peer who made him rich, with dog and gun,
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun."

——:o:——

THE HERMIT.

This favourite poem originally appeared in "The Vicar of Wakefield," which was published in the year 1765. Dr. Goldsmith was accused of having borrowed the idea of the ballad from "The Friar of Orders Gray," and in June, 1767, he sent the following reply to the St. James's Chronicle:

"A correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published sometime ago, from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it."

In confirmation of this statement Bishop Percy afterwards added a note to "The Friar of Orders Gray," stating that it was only just to declare that Goldsmith's Poem was written first, and that if there had been any imitation in the case, they would be found to be both indebted to the beautiful old ballad *Gentle Herdsman.* This ballad is reprinted below, with Goldsmith's *The Hermit*, and a few verses from Bishop Percy's *Friar of Orders Gray.*

It will be seen that although the poems have several points of resemblance, yet each has a distinct individuality of its own.

"GENTLE HERDSMAN TELL TO ME."

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray—
Unto the *towne* of *Wallsingham*
Which is the right and ready way?

"Unto the *towne* of Walsingham,
The way is hard for to be gone,
And very crooked are those *pathes*
For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled *thrise*
And the way never so ill,
It were not enough for mine offence;
It is so *grevous* and so ill.

"Thy *yeares* are young, thy face is *faire*,
Thy wits are *weake*, thy thoughts are *greene*;
Time hath not given thee leave as yet
For to commit so great a *sinne!*"

Yes, herdsman, yes, *soe* wou'dst thou say,
If thou knewest so much as I;
My wits, and *thoughtes*, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I *seeme* to *bee*,
My cloths and *sexe doe* differ *fave*;
I am a woman, woe *is mee!*
Born to *greeffe*, and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill;
And though my *teares* will naught avail,
Most *dearely* I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere *colde bee*,
Of *comelye* mien and shape he was,
And *tenderlye* he loved *mee*.

When thus I *sawe* he loved me well,
I grew so *proude* his *paine* to see,
That I, who did not know *myselfe*,
Thought *scorne* of such a youth as *hee*.

And grew so coy, and nice to please,
As women's *lookes* are often *soe*,
He might not *kisse*, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him *soe* to *doe*.

Thus being *wearyed* with *delayes*,
To see I *pityed* not his *greeffe*,
He goes him to a *secret* place,
And there he dyed without *releeffe*.

And for his sake these *weedes* I *weare*,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day I'll beg my bread,
To *undergoe* this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I'll fast and *praye*,
And ever will do till *I dye*;
And get me to some *secrett* place,
For so did *hee*, and *soe* will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
But keep my *secretts* I thee pray;
Unto the *towne* of Wallsingham
Shew *me the* right and *readye waye*.

"Now *goe* thy *wayes*, and God before,
For he must ever guide thee still;
Turn down the dale the *righte* hand *pathe*,
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well."

—:o:—

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn thy cares forego;
All earthborn cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch
Received the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answ'ring care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex" he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor pow'r had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.*

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven! the Hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast:
The wandering fair one turned to chide;—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No never, from this hour to part
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

———.o.———

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

This poem is given in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* with the following note:—

"Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of Ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale, which is here submitted to the reader's candour."

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see?"

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoone."*

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so faire to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

O, lady he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloysters long
He lanquisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride."

* * * *

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And dids't thou dye of love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O, weep not, lady, weep not soe;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne tears bedew thy cheek."

"O, do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye."

(Eleven stanzas here omitted.)

* * * *

"O, stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

* This stanza is often omitted.

* These were the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim.

But haply, for my year of grace*
Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

THE HERMIT.

A Prophetic Ballad.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where some shanty cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For as, forlorn and lost, I tread
This weary waste, and slow,
My skirts immeasurably spread
Impede me as I go."

"Welcome, sweet girl!" the Hermit cries,
"My roof shall give thee shade;
I call thee girl, although mine eyes
Behold no tender maid.

"But, exiled from the world, I find—
However old she be—
That any one of womankind
Is as a girl to me.

"A kiss I beg, just one! what no?
Is kissing then so wrong?
Man wants a little here below
Though not perhaps, for long.

"Hold! hold!" the wand'rer cried, "nor dare
My modesty invade!"
Fury inspired the conscious fair,
And fury her betrayed.

That bristling cheek, that stubborn breast,
Those thewy, threatening arms!
The lonely stranger stands confest—
A man in all his charms.

"And, ah! excuse a stranger rude,
A hunted wretch," he cried;
"Indeed I hope I don't intrude
Where you in peace reside.

"But pity a poor trader who
Has mixed in public fray,
And learned what politics can do
In leading men astray,

"My chief the Land League party led
In Parliament and out,
And by his side I fought and bled
With constancy devout.

"Pretenders to the Chiefship came
To win me from his band;
But still I loved but Parnell's name
And bow'd to his command.

"And length to 'scape arrest, one morn
He deemed it best to hide;
And sought some solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

"Though 'wanted' too I fled uncaught
In feminine array
And seek the solitude he sought
To stretch me where he lay.

"There, my identity thus hid
I'll lay me down and die
For Ireland so my Parnell did
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasped him to his breast
The wondering stranger turn'd to chide
'Twas Parnell's self that prest!

"Turn Joey Biggar, ever dear!
My comrade turn to see
Thine own, thy long-lost Parnell here,
True to the League and thee!"

The St. James's Gazette, February 28, 1881.

* The year of noviciate.

THE SPEAKER'S DINNER.

THE following political paraphrase of Oliver Goldsmith's pleasing poem *Retaliation*, is taken from an anonymous collection, published in 1814, entitled "Posthumous Parodies and other Pieces, composed by several of our most celebrated Poets, but not published in any former Edition of their Works." Several pieces from this collection have already been quoted in *Parodies;* they have nearly all a strong party bias in favour of the Tory Government of the day. The Politicians alluded to in the poem are, the Earl of Liverpool, Premier 1812 to 1827, died in 1828; Viscount Castlereagh (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry) Foreign Secretary, committed suicide in 1822; Lord Grenville, died in 1834; the Right Hon. George Canning author of the witty parodies in the "Anti-jacobin," died 1827; Sir Francis Burdett, an opposition M.P., father of Lady Burdett Coutts, died 1844; Viscount Sidmouth, died 1844; the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, died 1857; Samuel Whitbread, M.P., died 1815; the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, died 1816; Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, died 1818; William Cobbett, M.P., for Oldham, died 1835; and Robert Waithman, M.P., Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1833.

OF late, when the pic-nics their parties invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If the Speaker will get us the loaves and the fishes,
We'll serve up *ourselves* for the rest of the dishes.

Our L—v—rp—l's beef at the top let us find,
Old England's famed diet for time out of mind:
Let C—strl—gh's turtle at bottom be placed,
Restoring the system and pleasing the taste:
And Gr—nv—lle's fat haunch in the middle be put on,
The rump very large, but a taint in the mutton.
Our C—nn—ng is salt; for his talents are such
That they heighten the taste of whatever they touch,
While B—rd—tt resembles the onion that throws
A vulgar effluvium wherever it goes.

With a chicken well boiled, gentle S—dm—th will treat us,
And Cr—k—r shall serve for our Irish potatoes:
Brown stout shall be Wh—tbr—d, the dregs of the cup,
And Shr—d—n, spruce, not sufficiently up.
Push about, Mr. Speaker—I'll sit, if I'm able,
Till all these grave statesmen sink under the table;
And while they are lying unconscious before us,
We'll talk of the men who have lorded it o'er us.
Now L—v—rp—l's Earl lies along at our feet,
Who was eloquent often, and always discreet.
If failings he had, he has left us in doubt,
Though the Whigs spared no trouble in finding them out,
But Scandal has said, he had more admiration
For old-fashioned practice, than fresh speculation.

Here sleeps the bold Wh—tbr—d, whose temper was such
That we scarce can admire or condemn it too much:
Who, born for high purposes, lowered his mind,
And gave to a mob what was meant for mankind:
Who, proud in his nature, still wearied his throat
In wheedling a cobler to lend him a vote:
Who, too wild for utility, wander'd so far
That his passion for peace kept him always at war:
Though equal to most things, for all things unfit;
Too pert for a statesman, too coarse for a wit:
Untrue to the Talents, uncouth to the Regent,
And fond of all changes, howe'er inexpedient:—
So 'twas always his fate to find fault out of season,
Most strongly to speak, and most weakly to reason.

Here C—tl—r—gh lies, with a mind like the mint,
Exhaustless and sterling the stores that were in't.
His well-bred demeanour still bore him along
Unhurt through a roaring and riotous throng,
Where staunch to his duty, yet slow to offend,
He softened the means, but to strengthen the end.
Would you know, more at large, by what talents he shone?
His country will tell you—for all was her own.

Here slumbers poor Sh—rry, whose fate I must sigh at!
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet.
What spirits were his, how elastic and subtle!
Now cracking a jest, and now cracking a bottle!
Now swift as an archer to tickle and gall,
Now strong as a phalanx to shake and appal!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a day at old Nic
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again.

Here S—dm—th reposes, whose virtues and parts
Were a light and a model to well-ordered hearts:
A friend of religion, who made it his care
To live as men ought to be, not as they are.
Yet perhaps he has sometimes exceeded the line,
And wire-drawn his measures too piously fine.
To a coming millenium has fashioned his views,
Or the ancient theocracy marked for the Jews.
Say, where has his genius this malady caught,
Of reasoning on man, as if man had no fault?
Say, was it, that tired of applying his mind
To estimate coolly the mass of mankind,
Quite sick of pursuing each versatile elf,
At last he grew lazy, and judged from himself?

Here B—rd—tt retires, from his rows to relax,
The scourge of all kings and the king of all quacks.
O come, ye quack scribblers, and patriots by trade;
Come and weep o'er the spot where your member is laid!
When, dreading the Tow'r, he distracted the town,
I fear'd for its safety, I fear'd for my own;

But wanting the aid of this giant detractor,
The press may yet cease its unclean manufacture;
The lightnings of G—rr—w may slumber at length,
And the thunder-toned justice of Ell—nb'r—gh's strength;
The Whites* and the Hunts* shall desist from sedition,
No leader remaining to spur their ambition;
Pale Envy her taper shall quench to a spark,
And C—bb—tt meet W—thm—n, and wail in the dark!

Here sleeps my Lord Gr—nv—lle, describe him who can,
A compression of all that was solid in man.
For bottom, confess'd without rival to shine:
For head, if not first, in the very first line,
Yet, with pow'rs thus confess'd, and a lofty condition,
He was duped by his own over-weening ambition;
Like Satan of old from authority fell,
And left service in Heaven for empire in Hell.
In foreign concerns he was skill'd to a wonder:
'Twas only at home he was fated to blunder:
For, straining too far to secure the command,
He cut off all hope from himself and his band,
Invited to pow'r, yet too proud to come in,
Unless he could storm what 'twas easy to win.
He cast his old friends, as a huntsman his pack—
But found not the secret to whistle them back,
He loved popularity, swallow'd what came,
And the puffs of the papers he fancied was fame;
Till the fall of his cabinet humbled their tone,
And the shouts of their extacy died in a groan.
Long lauded by Journals and minor Reviews,
He paid for their praises by sending them news.

Pamphlet-writers! Reporters! and Critics so grave!
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How aptly, on *both* sides, the eulogy fitted,
When you were be-Junius'd, and he was be-Pitted;
But peace to his errors, whatever his fate,
For his former deserts had been many and great:
The measures of Pitt, as matured by his skill,
Shall plead his apology, happen what will;
His lore and his science shall Shelburne approve,
And Windham and Burke be his colleagues above.

Here Cr—k—r reclines, a most smart, clever creature,
And ev'n opposition allow him good nature.

He was true to his country, his friends, and his king:
Yet one fault he had! a most scandalous thing,
Perhaps you may ask, was he wanting in spirit?
Oh no, that was never an Irish demerit.
Perhaps a too bigotted aristocrat?
I do not intend to impeach him of that.
Perhaps he would trust to the chance of the day,
And so became careless and indolent? Nay,
Then what was his failing? Come, come, let us know it—
He was—could he help it?—by nature *a poet!*
Here C—nn—ing is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a brighter or better behind:
His speeches were brilliant, resistless, and grand,
His character cordial, attaching, and bland:
Still born to improve us in every part,
His wisdom our judgment, his genius our heart.
The terror of coxcombs, the wonder of wits,
He could hit all their blots, he could ward all their hits;
When they blunder'd, and thunder'd, and smarted, and swore,
He but quizz'd them the quicker, and cut them the more!—

* Editors of two newspapers of the Opposition.

THE HERMIT OF VAUXHALL.*

(*A Ballad after Oliver Goldsmith.*)

TURN, gentle hermit of Vauxhall,
And let me know the way
In which, within that cavern small,
You pass your time away.

There's nothing but a little lamp,
A pitcher and a cat!
The place must be extremely damp—
Why don't you wear a hat?

No chaff, my son, the hermit cries,
But walk your chalks along;
Your path to the rotunda lies—
They're going to sing a song.

Father, I care not for the strain
Of that young girl in blue,
But, if you please, I will remain,
And have a chat with you.

My son, you surely wish to hear
The music of the band;
But if you stop—a drop of beer
I think you ought to stand.

Father, to grant what you require,
I'll not a moment fail;
Here, waiter, bring the holy friar
A pint of Burton ale.

The waiter brought the welcome draught,
I took a little sup;
The liquor then the hermit quaff'd,
He fairly mopped it up.

Father, I cried, now if you please,
Philosophy we'll talk—
As the wind murmurs through the trees,
Skirting the long dark walk.

My son, forbear, exclaimed the sage,
Nor on me make a call—
My life is but a pilgrimage
From Lambeth to Vauxhall.

At eve when shops their shutters shut,
And tolls the curfew bell,
I quit my room in the New Cut,
To sit within this cell.

A friendly ounce of Cheshire cheese
My landlady provides,
Save, what to give the public please,
I've nothing, son, besides.

Father, your salary, of course,
You must receive, I said;
Your sitting here is not by force:
How do you get your bread?

The sage replied, Alas, my son,
I light the lamps by day—
The hermit's work, at evening done,
Brings me no extra pay.

And get you cheese alone to eat,
I asked the good old man.
Sometimes, he said, I buy a treat
From baked potato can.

The luxury sometimes I bring
With butter—a small lump,
With water from the crystal spring
That rises 'neath our pump.

Father, I cried, your tale is long,
You tire my patience quite;
I'm off to hear the comic song,
Lull-li-e-tee, good night,

GILBERT A. A'BECKETT.

From *George Cruikshank's Table Book*, 1845.

* The once beautiful and famous Vauxhall Gardens, in the south of London. The last performance in the Gardens took place on 25th July, 1859, and the ground has since been almost entirely built over.

—:o:—

In Scribner's Magazine for 1881 appeared a set of variations on "Home, Sweet Home," treated in the different styles of Swinburne, Bret Harte, Austin Dobson, Walt Whitman and Oliver Goldsmith. This amusing contribution has since been included by its Author, Mr. H. C. Bunner, in his pretty little Volume, entitled "Airs from Arcady and elsewhere," published by Mr. C. Hutt.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(As it might have been constructed in 1744. Oliver Goldsmith, at 19, writing the first stanza, and Alexander Pope, at 52, the second.)

HOME! at the word, what blissful visions rise:
Lift us from earth, and draw us toward the skies!
'Mid mirag'd towers, or meretricious joys
Although we roam, one thought the mind employs:
Or lowly hut, good friend, or loftiest dome,
Earth knows no spot so holy as our Home.
There, where affection warms the father's breast.
There is the spot of heav'n most surely blest:
Howe'er we search, though wandering with the wind
Through frigid Zembla, or the heats of Ind,
Not elsewhere may we seek, nor elsewhere know,
The light of heav'n upon our dark below.

When from our dearest hope and haven reft,
Delight nor dazzles nor is luxury left,
We long, obedient to our nature's law,
To see again our hovel thatched with straw:
See birds that know our avenaceous store
Stoop to our hand, and thence repleted soar:
But, of all hopes the wanderer's soul that share,
His pristine peace of mind's his final prayer.

From *Scribner's Monthly*, May, 1881.

—:o:—

A BRAND-NEW SONG,

(After Goldsmith.)

(On the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir H. B. W. Brand, having his pocket picked of his watch at the Folly Theatre.)

WHEN a grave Speaker stoops to Folly,
And finds with tickers roughs make way,
What charm can soothe his melancholy—
Can *Laughing gas* his loss repay?

The only way to hide vexation,
To shield himself from pungent chaff,
Save dignity of House and nation,
And keep his temper, is—to laugh.

Punch, May 5, 1877.

ON MR. WARTON, M.P.

WHEN they talked of their progress, improvement, and stuff,
He block'd all their bills, snorted loud, and took snuff.

—:o:—

In that amusing book, "The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo" (published by Colburn and Bentley in 1830), some account is given of the satirical writer, Anthony Pasquin, whose real name, by the way, was Williams. This man who had been originally brought up to the profession of an Engraver, threw aside the graving tool, and adopted the less respectable calling of a satirical lampoonist. He was an unprincipled impudent sponge, who spoke ill of every one, and forced himself on the hospitality of all who knew him, so that it was said of him that "he never opened his mouth but at another man's expence." In 1786 he contributed to a weekly paper then appearing, entitled *The Devil*, from which Angelo quotes part of a long Parody upon the Deserted Village, written by Pasquin asserting the inferiority of the actors then upon the stage, to their predecessors, an assertion frequently made by elderly people even in these days.

INNOVATION.

SWEET Playhouse! best amusement of the town,
Where often, at half-price, for half-a-crown,
I've with such glee my opening visit paid,
When oysters first are sold, and farces play'd:
Dear boxes! where I scarce my nose could squeeze,
Where play, and dance, and song were sure to please;
How often happier than a king or queen,
While loud applause has marked the well-play'd scene.
How often have I paused on ev'ry charm,
The speaking silence, the expression warm,
The never-failing start, the gushing tear,
The broken accents trembling on the ear;
The moon that vainly tried to pierce the shade,
Impervious scene for love or murder made;
How often have I blessed the parting day,
When, tea removed, I hurried to the play;
And both the galleries, from labour free,
Wept at the actor's woe, or shar'd his glee;
While many a first appearance has been made,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gentleman walk'd o'er the ground,
While hisses, cat-calls, off! and groans, went round;
And still as each repeated effort tir'd,
The stage-struck wight became still more inspir'd.
The rival Romeos that sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The Scrub right conscious of his well-chalk'd face;
While bursts of laughter echo'd round the place;
The timid Juliet's side-long-looks of love,
The critic's glance, who would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet playhouse, joys like these,
With quick succession taught e'en Rich to please.
These round the theatre alternate shed
Laughter and tears—but all these charms are fled.

Joy-giving Playhouse! best delight in town,
Thy merit's fled, and any stuff goes down.
'Midst thy bays the pruning knife is seen,
And critic fury tears away the green;
Monopoly now grasps the whole domain,
And authors, actors, starve, nor dare complain.
No wit or humour marks the lively play,
But puns and quibbles make their saucy way;
Along thy tragedies, a sleepy guest,
Dull Declamation snores herself to rest.
The place of elegance a stare supplies,
And affectation that nor laughs nor cries.
Ease, nature, grace, are now neglected all,
For he acts best who can the loudest bawl;
Or by a squint, or grin, or squeak engage,
To fright astonish'd reason from the stage.
Ill fares the town, to vicious tastes a prey,
Where op'ras multiply, and plays decay;
Pageants and shows may flourish or may fade,
A puff can make them, as a puff has made,
But well-writ plays, the stage's noblest pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

* * * * *

Sweet was the sound when at the music's close,
Obedient to the bell, the curtain rose;
There Garrick as he sadly stepp'd, and slow,
In Hamlet—looked unutterable woe!
Here, torn with jealous rage 'gainst her he loved,
Barry grew agonised in—"not much mov'd."
There noisy bacchanals from Comus' court,
Milton and Arne taught how to laugh and sport.
There Boyce and Dryden wak'd with hound the morn.
Or vocal Johnny Beard, with early horn.
There the apt tune in timely moment play'd,
To fill each pause the *exeunt* had made.
But now simplicity's soft accents fail,
And Irish jigs th'insulted ear assail.
No friends to Nature on the boards now tread,
But all truth's faithful portraiture is fled!

* * * * *

Beside Charles-street, where hackney coaches meet,
Where two blue posts adorn fam'd Russell-street,
There, in an ale-house, taught to play the fool,
Good Master Shuter first was put to school.
Nature's adopted son, though mean and low,
"Alas! I knew him well, Horatio."
Well did the tittering audience love to trace
The miser's thrift, depicted in his face;
Well would the busy whisper circle round,
When, in Corbaccio, at Volpone he frown'd;
Yet he was kind—but if absurd in aught,
The love he bore to blackguards was in fault.
The chimney-sweeper swore how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could act, and mimic too.
While Quaker's sermons, given in drawling sound,
Amazed the prigs, and kiddies rang'd around:
And still they gap'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one droll head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame—the Rose and Crown,
Where he so oft got tipsy—is burnt down.

Near to the wardrobe stairs, one story high,
Where ermined robes and jewels caught the eye;
Dull is that dressing-room—by Quin inspir'd,
Where, once, choice wits after the play retir'd;
When play-house statesmen talk'd, with looks profound,
And apt quotations—meant for wit—went round;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
The tinsell'd splendours of the motley place;
The warlike truncheon, prone upon the floor,

The herald's coat, that hung behind the door:
The clothes—their different duties made to pay,
To deck the stage by night, the street by day;
The pictures slyly drawn on Hogarth's plan,
Garrick i' the lanthorn—Quin in the sedan;
The toilet stocked to decorate the play,
Paint, Indian ink, burnt cork, and whiting gay;
While on the clothes-pins rang'd in gaudy show,
Robes deck'd with foil-stones, glittered in a row.

Vain transitory splendours could not all
Reprieve the mimic monarch from his fall.
Obscure he sinks, forgot his worth and name,
For Sheridan forbids the smallest fame;
To paltry players, no more shall he impart
An hour's delight to the convivial heart:
Thither no more shall witty lords repair,
To sweet oblivion of the senate's care!
No more the anecdote, the luscious tale,
The mirth-inspiring *good-thing* shall prevail;
No more the fop his cobweb'd sconce shall cheer,
Padlock his flippant tongue, and learn to hear;
Fat Quin himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the chuckling fun go round;
Nor the young actress, anxious to be tried,
Shall blush to speak a *smutty speech aside*.

—:o:—

There was another Poem written in imitation of *The Deserted Village* entitled "*The Frequented Village*, a Poem dedicated to Oliver Goldsmith," by E. Young, L.L.D. (J. Godwin). Unfortunately there does not appear to be any copy of this Poem in the Library of the British Museum.

Oliver Goldsmith, died on April 4th, 1774, and within a few days of his death a poem, written by Courtney Melmoth, was published by T. Beckett, in the Strand. "The Tears of Genius," as the Poem was called, was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds; part being written in imitation of the style of *The Deserted Village*, whilst another part, deploring the death of the poet Gray, was written in imitation of his Elegy in a Country Churchyard. There were also allusions to several other minor Poets but the whole effusion lacks interest.

—:o:—

THE DESERTED SCHOOL.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
With hands in pockets, down Cheapside I go,
And onward where one hears that dismal yell
Of "Echo, Standard, Special, or Pall Mall,"
Or where that dear old School forsaken lies
A weary waste expanding to the skies.
Where'er I roam whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
My thoughts to "Homer" turn, with ceaseless pain,
"Physics" and "Newth" I ne'er shall do again.

* * * * *

And oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall
To see humanity of man so small;
To turn us all away from that dear School,
And sacrifice her to the workman's tool.
But my worn soul now deems it for the best
At Kensington to see my fellows blest.

JAMES E. THOMPSON.

From *Pauline*, the Magazine of St. Paul's School, in the City of London, October, 1885.

—:o:—

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD is probably, of all English stories, the one which has been most widely read, (perhaps only excepting Robinson Crusoe), and has taken most thoroughly hold of the hearts of English speaking people. It was first printed at Salisbury, by Collins, and was issued by Francis Newberry, in 2 vols., in March 1766. A dainty facsimile of this original Edition has recently been published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A dramatic version of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, by W. G. Wills, entitled *Olivia*, has for some time past been attracting large audiences to the Lyceum Theatre, to see Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in the parts of the Vicar and his daughter. The success of *Olivia* tempted the inevitable travestie, and on Saturday, August 8, 1885, "The Vicar of Wide-a-Wakefield, or the Miss-Terry-ous Uncle." a Respectful Burlesque Perversion by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley, was produced at the Gaiety Theatre. The burlesque had but little humour, or literary merit, and although Mr. Arthur Roberts's imitation of Henry Irving as Dr. Primrose was at times quaint and amusing, the entire success of the production was due to the extraordinary caricature of Miss Ellen Terry given by Miss Laura Linden, who has a perfect genius for such mimicry. Not only in voice, but in gestures, movements, and delivery, the resemblance was striking, and wonderfully sustained throughout the piece, with only just sufficient exaggeration to produce the intended effect of caricature. The plan of the authors of the burlesque consists in making the virtuous persons of the original appear to be more or less villainous and unprincipled, while the villain of the original is made out to be the only pure-minded and moral individual in the piece. For instance, the Vicar is a terrible old scoundrel, who only pretends to have lost all his money, who knows that Mr. Burchell is the baronet in disguise, and who schemes to get his daughters and son married, and performs the nuptials himself, under different disguises, so as to pocket the fees. Burchell is another villain, having unlawfully possessed himself of his nephew's titles and estates. Olivia is a very forward minx, who tells the virtuous Squire Thornhill all about the pleasures of London, especially the gay and giddy Inventories, and who begs and induces him to run away with her. Even Sophia is cunning enough to discover Burchell's

identity, and to sum up all the worldly advantages of catching him matrimonially.

The Cast when the Burlesque was first produced was as follows:—

THE VICAR OF
WIDEAWAKEFIELD,
OR
THE MISS-TERRY-OUS UNCLE,

Written by H. P. STEPHENS & W. YARDLEY,
The Original Music by FLORIAN PASCAL.

The Dances arranged by Madame KATTI LANNER.
The New Scenery by Mr. E. G. BANKS.

CHARACTERS.

Dr. Primrose (Vicar of Wideawakefield)		Mr. A. ROBERTS
Squire Thornhill		Miss VIOLET CAMERON
Mr. Burchell		Mr. T. SQUIRE
Moses	The Vicar's Sons	Mr. J. JARVIS
Bill	The Vicar's Sons	Miss M. PEARCE
Dick	The Vicar's Sons	Miss G. TYLER
Leigh	(a Vagabond)	Miss LESLEY BELL
Farmer Flamborough		Mr. CORRY
Mrs. Primrose		Miss HARRIET COVENEY
Olivia	her Daughters	Miss LAURA LINDEN
Sophia	her Daughters	Miss AGNES HEWITT
Polly Flamborough		Miss SYLVIA GREY
Gipsy Woman		Miss M. RAYSON

In *The Retaliation* Goldsmith treated David Garrick with some severity, and the cause may perhaps be found in some lines written by Garrick, descriptive of the curious character of Goldsmith, and therefore forming a fitting conclusion to this Collection of Parodies of his works:—

JUPITER AND MERCURY, A FABLE,

HERE, *Hermes* says Jove, who with Nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow:
Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold and some dross:
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross;
Be sure, as I work to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet, a mind turned to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which warm'd in the baking,
Turn'd to *learning* and *gaming*, *religion* and *raking*.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail;
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This *Scholar*, *Rake*, *Christian*, *Dupe*, *Gamester*, and *Poet*;
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH his name;
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You—*Hermes*—shall fetch him—to make us sport here.

Thomas Campbell,

Born July 27, 1777. *Died June* 15, 1844.

HAVING already given Parodies of several of the most celebrated English, Irish, and American Poets, it is advisable to turn now to Scotland for an Author, and although, perhaps, the genius and writings of Campbell were not very distinctly Scotch, most of his poems have achieved world-wide fame, and have consequently been very frequently parodied.

Thomas Campbell was born and educated in Glasgow, where he achieved remarkable success in his studies; after travelling some time upon the Continent, he came to London, married, and went to reside at Sydenham. His writings soon attracted considerable attention, he was appointed Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution, and became Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, to which he contributed many interesting articles. But an Act of Parliament should be passed to prohibit men of genius from acting as Editors, the work and worry kill them, and the duties leave no time for original compositions. It is, therefore, not surprising that Campbell was not a prolific poet, and Washington Irving relates that he once

expressed his regret to Mrs. Campbell that her husband did not write more verse. "It is unfortunate," she replied, "that he lives in the same age with Scott and Byron who write so much, and so rapidly. He is apt to undervalue his own works, and to consider his little light put out, whenever they come blazing out with their great torches." Irving subsequently repeated this to the great Sir Walter, who, with his usual kindness, and good humour, replied, "How can Campbell mistake the matter so much? Poetry goes by quality, not by bulk. My poems are mere cairngorms, wrought up, perhaps, with a cunning hand, but they are mere Scotch pebbles, after all; now Tom Campbell's are real diamonds, and diamonds of the first water."

Of the "diamonds" produced by Campbell, some of the most popular are Lochiel's Warning, Hohenlinden, the Soldier's Dream, Lord Ullin's Daughter, and The Exile of Erin, but no one of his poems has been so often parodied as his famous naval ode "Ye Mariners of England."

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lockgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the Chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the Glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride!
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heav'n each face
Grew dark as they were speaking,

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies;
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back, come back!" he cried in grief,
Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SIR ROBERT'S BILL.*

SIR Robert, to the Commons bound,
Cries, "Cobden, do not tarry,
And I'll gie ye 'Repeal' all round,
If now my bill you'll carry!"

"And who be you would pass 'Repeal'
My own peculiar treasure?"
"Oh! I'm the man, ye ken full weel,
That does just what's my pleasure.

And fast before the *farmers' friends*,
I've fled in *your direction*—
And, should they gain their private ends,
My bill would meet rejection!"

"George Bentinck follows fast along,
From him great harm I feel, Sir,
And, should he prove so *very* strong,
Oh! who could rescue Peel, Sir?"

Out spoke the hardy Leaguer, then—
"I'll help ye, Peel, I'm ready—
It is not for *yourself*, ye ken,
But for the League so seedy!

"And, by my word, the Cotton Lords
In danger shall not tarry—
And, tho' the farmers whet their swords,
Your measure I will carry!"

"Then haste ye, haste, and no more words,
Nor wait till it be calmer—
I'll meet the raging of the Lords,
But not an angry farmer!"

The stormy Council Peel has left,
A stormy House before him—
And see, the Tories, all a drift,
Have soon begun to bore him.

Yet still he waged the wordy war,
With foemen justly railing—
Lord Stanley ventured to the "Bar,"
From wrath he turned to wailing.

* In 1846, Sir Robert Peel carried the Repeal of the Corn Laws, in the face of much conservative and protectionist opposition.

For on that night in dismal plight,
Sir Peel he saw to sob then—
One hand out-stretched for aid to Bright,
And one was round his Cobden!

"Go hence, go hence, "he cried in grief,
Across the stormy lobby,
We'll ne'er forgive our turn-coat chief,
Sir Bobby, Oh! Sir Bobby!"

'Twas true—the turn-coats vainly rave,
Protection's friends preventing,
The Tories brave kick'd out the knave,
And he was left repenting.

From *Protectionist Parodies*, by "A Tory."
Oxford, J. Vincent, 1850.

——:o:——

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

A FELLOW near Kentucky's cli:ne,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I am this young lady's beau,
And she, John Thompson's daughter.

"We've fled before her fathers' spite
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

They've missed the girl and purse beside,
His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
If yet they shall arrest me?

Out spoke the boatman then in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go, not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit.

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing,

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Just back a piece came the police,
Their tramping sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
It's anything but funny;
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my Father's money!"

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson reached the landing place,
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all the cash,
And one was round her lover!

Come back, come back, "he cried in woe.
Across the stormy water,
"But leave the purse, and you may go,
My daughter, Oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain, they reached the other shore,
(Such dooms the Fates assign us),
The gold he piled went with his child,
And he was left there, *minus*.

From *Poems and Parodies*, by Phœbe Carey.
Boston, United States, 1854.

LAMBETH FERRY.

A cove vot had come from Lambeth Town
Cried "Boatman do not tarry:
I don't mind giving you 'arf-a-crown
To row me over with Mary."

"Now who be he vould cross the Thames
Ven it's dark and 'tis high vater?"
"Vy Billy Downey is my name,
And this is Black Joe's Daughter.

"Afore her daddy's 'prentice boys!
An hour we've run away, man!
Should they catch us they'd make a noise.
And my poor back vould pay, man"

Up jumps the vaterman, "I'll pull;
Jump in my boat, be jolly;
It's not for the sake of half-a-bull,
But for your charming Polly.

"And so help me tater, the darlen creetur,
Though in danger you have brought her,
But if it should rain both cats and dogs,
I'll row you o'er the vater."

And then the vind it howled apace,
The rain vas fast a pattering.
They stared in each other's face
As they stood there a chattering.

And still as the rain made more noise,
And as the vind blow'd hoarser,
They heard the sound of the 'prentice boys
As if they vos coming closer.

"Oh! sparkle up," poor Polly said,
"Though the veather be ever so cold, man,
I'd rather meet a vatery bed
Than meet my angry old man."

The boat has left the Thames' famed shore,
They pulled away, ahoy! sir,
Ven oh! too strong for his weak hand,
They run against a buoy, sir.

My eyes! how the wild waves did roar,
Poor Bill thought Poll vos dying,
Black Joe, he reached the fatal shore,
Ven he begun a-crying.

For ven towards the wreck he look'd
His child he did discover.
Von mutton fist in her hair was hook'd
Tother vos round her lover.

"Come back, come back!" he cried, "to me,"
"Come back, vot are you arter,
And I'll forgive you, Billy Downey,
My daughter! oh, my daughter."

But a wave came vot upset the boat
In the vater they vos drivelling.
Joe viped his eye vith the tail of his coat,
And he began a snivelling!

ANONYMOUS.

THE NEW LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry;
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

The boatman did not even smile,
But looked across the water;
He kenned the Chief of Ulva's Isle,
And eke Lord Ullin's daughter.

"Oh, haste thee!—haste!" the lady cried,
"This youth and I, eloping,
Would cross at once to t'other side,
So aid us in our sloping!"

The boatman budged no inch, and then
The clue Lord U. discovers;
And down the glen ride armed men.
And catch the brace of lovers.

"Curst boatman;" shouted Ulva's chief,
"If I were free I'd show ye"——
"*We'd rather dee on Loch Maree*
Than on the Sawbath row ye!"

Funny Folks, July 13, 1878.

—:o:—

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight.
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd.
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens, on ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Battle of Hohenlinden was fought on December 3, 1800, when the French, under General Moreau gained a victory over the Austrians. Campbell witnessed the battle from the monastery of St. Jacob, it is therefore somewhat surprising that his poem should, in its details, be so completely at variance with the reality of history. The Colonel of the Sixteenth Lancers, in describing the battle said that the "victory was obtained almost without an effort of the General, or any very great bravery on the part of his troops." Some of the poetical allusions, as for instance "the black Iser," "bannered Munich," and the "night scene" were altogether imaginary, and nothing can be called true but the beautiful stanza that concludes the Ode. Whilst a writer in "Notes and Queries" suggested that even this stanza was poetically faulty, and proposed it should be altered to:

"And every sod beneath their feet
Shall bear a soldier's Elegy."

BANNOCKBURN.

(*An imitation of Hohenlinden.*)

NEAR Stirling's tower, by Fortha's wave
The rising sun its radiance gave,
Upon the armour of the brave
That burned for battle brilliantly.

And Scotland by that soaring sun
Beheld her brightest day begun—
Her greenest wreath of glory won
By deeds of dauntless bravery.

On Bannockburn's camp covered field
The men of war were met to wield,
With hostile hand, the sword and shield,
For conquest or for liberty!

How gaily glanced that field before
Began the battle's rage and roar!
That reddened with the reeking gore
As raved the dreadful revelry.

The wild war-yell rose hoarse and high,
St. George! for Edward was the cry,
And Scotland's shout shook earth and sky,
St Andrew! Bruce! and liberty!

Then closed the conflict deep and dread!
Then strained the bow and struck the blade,
Its dirge of death the trumpet brayed,
As thinn'd the ranks of rivalry!

What feelings fired each hero's heart,
For conquest or a country's part,
As from each eye the flash did dart,
That spoke the spirits enmity:

But fast the Southrons fell and fled
Where Bruce—brave Bruce! his patriots led,
And Scotland's lion rampant—red
Pranced proudly on to victory!

And may each land, as Scotland, scorn
The tyrant's threat—his thraldom spurn
With such success as Bannockburn
Of dear and deathless memory!

ARCHIE ALIQUIS.

From *The Scrap-book of Literary Varieties*. Printed by Edward Lacey, 1825.

THE BATTLE OF PEAS HILL.

"The following effusion was penned the day after the memorable 13th of November, 1820, which must be a day of pleasant recollection to all CANTABS, as long as there shall be a SNOB or *Radical* amongst them, or a fist to bate them with. This is the only *Matriculation Day* which is registered in *letters* of blood in the archives of the Vice-

Chancellor; and we are sure there never was, nor ever will be, such an occasion for calling FRESHMEN from the science of *mechanics* to the application of its *theory* in the *science of war*."

ON GRANTA, when the sun was low,
No symptoms lower'd of fearless row,
But all was silent as the flow
Of CAMUS rolling *tardily*.

But Granta saw another sight,
When Radicals presumed at night,
With *Carter's** mutton-wicks to light
Their Caroline's base treachery.

Round Hobson's conduit quick array'd,
Each GOWNSMAN rush'd the cause to aid,
And fast about him each one laid,
With blows that told most terribly.

Then rushing forth the SNOBS among,
Fierce from the ranks the Johnian sprung,
And loud and clear the market rung,
With shouts of dreadless liberty.

But redder yet shall be each cheek,
And louder yet each tongue shall speak,
And fiercer yet each soon shall wreak
His vengeance most undauntedly.

'Tis rushlight all—but what can shew
The GOWNSMAN from the GOWNSMAN's foe,
As shouting in thick files they go
To battle all so merrily?

No banners there were waving high,
To cheer the brave to victory,
No pennon floating to the sky,
With rare device wrought curiously.

No plumes of crested pride were seen,
But tassels black of silken sheen,
With gold and silver mix'd between,
Emblems of unanimity!

No sound was heard of martial drum,
No bugle blast, but one wild hum
Floated o'er all: "The SNOBS! they come,
On! on! and meet them cheerily."

And then was shout, and noise, and din,
As rallying forwards poured in,
Hundreds and hundreds to begin
The work of fame so gloriously.

Then rush'd undaunted, to the fight,
The tall—the low—the strong—the light;
And, oh! it was a glorious sight,
That strife of TOWN and GOWN to see.

As fist to fist, rais'd high in air,
And face to face opposed were,
As shone the conflict in the glare
Of lights that told of Bergami.

Then rushed to fight the hardy SOPH,
Regardless of the townsmen's scoff,
As one by one they sallied forth
To war in ambush warily.

Then rush'd the FRESHMAN to essay
His maiden valour in the fray,
And who that valour shall gainsay,
And wrong not such effrontery?

Then with one cry so loud and shrill,
It echoed to the CASTLE HILL,
They charged the SNOBS against their will,
And shouted clear and lustily.

Then all distinctions were forgot—
Then, silk and velvet had one lot
With *tatter'd stuffs*, upon that spot
Which sacred was to bravery.

No signs of fear, no signs of dread,
Of bloody nose or broken head,
Of wretch by Proctors homeward led
For "acting contumaciously."

No thoughts were there, but such as grace
The memory of that crowded place,
The memory of that gallant race
Who *took* and *gave* so heartily.

The combat deepens; on, ye brave,
Who rush to conquest, or to save;
Wave all your *stuffs* and *poplins* wave!
And charge with all your chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet,
Dull soon shall be each crowded street,
Responsive, now, to thousand feet
Pursuing on to Victory.

From *The Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*, by a Brace of Cantabs, John Hearne, London, 1824.

* A noted vendor of wax moulds, short sixes, farthing rushlight and all other *wick*-ed wares.

JENNY-LINDEN.

A Dreadful Engagement between the Swedish Nightingale, and the Poet Bunn.

ON LIND, when Drury's sun was low,
And bootless was the wild-beast show,
The lessee counted for a flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

But Jenny Lind, whose waken'd sight
Saw Drury in a proper light,
Refused, for any sum per night,
To sing at the Menagerie.

With rage and ire in vain displayed
Each super drew his wooden blade,
In fury half and half afraid,
For his prospective salary.

Bunn in a flaming frenzy flew,
And speedily the goosequill drew
With which he is accustomed to
Pen such a deal of poetry.

He wrote the maiden, to remind
Her of a compact she had signed,
To Drury Lane's condition blind,
And threaten'd law accordingly.

Fair as in face in nature, she
Implored the man to set her free,
Assuring him that he should be
Remunerated handsomely.

Two thousand pounds she offered, so
That he would only let her go:
Bunn, who would have his bond, said, No!
With dogged pertinacity.

And now his action let him bring,
And try how much the law will wring
From her to do the handsome thing,
Who had proposed so readily!

The Swedish Nightingale to cage
He fail'd; she sought a fitting stage,
And left him to digest his rage,
And seek his legal remedy.

Then shook the House with plaudits riven,
When Jenny's opening note was given,
The sweetest songstress under heaven
Forth bursting into melody,

But fainter the applause shall grow,
At waning Drury's wild-beast show,
And feebler still shall be the flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

The Opera triumphs! Lumley brave,
Thy bacon thou shalt more than save;
Wave, London, all thy 'kerchiefs wave,
And cheer with all thy chivalry.

'Tis night, and still yon star doth run;
But all in vain for treasurer Dunn,
And Mr. Hughes, and Poet Bunn,
And quadrupeds, and company.

For Sweden's Nightingale, so sweet,
Their fellowship had been unmeet,
The sawdust underneath whose feet
Hath been the Drama's sepulchre.

Punch, May 15, 1847.

Mr. Alfred Bunn, then lessee and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, had endeavoured to secure the services of Miss Jenny Lind, but she accepted an engagement under Mr. Lumley, and made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, on May 4, 1847. Her *début* was a brilliant triumph, and for the short time she remained on the lyric stage she was extremely popular. But in 1851 she married M. Otto Goldschmidt, and retired from the stage, although she has occasionally performed since, principally for the benefit of public charities, or other philanthropic objects.

THE BAL MASQUÉ AT CROCKFORD'S.

ON Thursday, ere the time was come
For supper's joys—the guests were glum,
And deep as thunder was the hum
Of thousands polking sullenly.

But Crockford's saw another sight,
When rang the bell at dead of night,
Commanding streams of gas to light
Her supper-room's gay scenery.

In Hart's and Nathan's costumes lent,
Each polkeuse chose some visor'd Gent,
And eagerly the cash was spent,
To join the coming revelry.

Then rushed the crowds, by hunger driven,
Then rang the room, with laughter riven,
And loudly were the orders given
For Champagne popping merrily.

But louder yet the noise shall grow,
Ere Crockford's masquers thence shall go,
And faster yet the wine shall flow,
From bottles emptied rapidly.

'Tis day, and scarce the exhausted band
Can sleep's o'er-powering charms withstand,
While Jullien waves his wearied hand,
And leads the final galopade.

The pace now quickens. On, ye slow!
Or crushed by numbers, down you'll go.
Blow, Kœnig! loud thy posthorn, blow,
And make the walls re-echo thee!

Few, few, remain that sound to greet,
The dancers rest their burning feet;
And each cab in St. James's-street
Bears home some worn-out reveller.

The Man in the Moon, Vol. I.

ROW-IN-LONDON.

Caused by the Invasion of the French National Guards, in 1848.

IN London, when the funds were low,
And business was uncommon slow,
The Quadrant only on the go,
And that kept moving sluggishly.

But London saw another sight
When National Guards arrived at night,
And Lumber troopers took to flight,
Across the pavement slippery.

In shirt and stockings fast arrayed,
The Lord Mayor gasped out, sore afraid,
And with the Aldermen essayed
To join the flying Cavalry.

To cut and run they'd stoutly striven,
But back to battle they were driven,
And then the foremost rank was given
The Bunhill Row Artillery.

But bolder yet that troop must grow,
Or, London conquered by the foe,
The Gallic cock will proudly crow
On Temple Bar right merrily.

'Tis morn—but Specials in a swoon,
Won't reach the Mansion House by noon,
Where frantic Gibbs and "pale-faced Moon"*
Groan in the butler's pan-t-ry.

The combat deepens—on ye brave,
Who rush to Guildhall, or the grave;
Save, Magog! oh, the city save,
And charge with all the Livery.

Few French shall tread where freemen meet
Turtle on Lord Mayor's Day to eat;
But hung on high, with dangling feet,
Swing opposite St. Sepulchre's!

The Puppet Show, September 30, 1848.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOULEVARD.

ON Paris, when the sun was low,
The gay "Comique" made goodly show,
Habitués crowding every row
To hear Limnandier's opera.

But Paris showed another sight,
When, mustering in the dead of night,
Her masters stood, at morning light,
The crack *chasseurs* of Africa.

* Alderman Moon.

By servants in my pay betrayed,
Cavaignac, then, my prisoner made,
Wrote that a circumstance delayed
His marriage rite and revelry.

Then shook small Thiers with terror riven;
Then stormed Bedeau, while gaol-ward driven;
And, swearing (not alone by Heaven),
Was seized, bold Lamoricière.

But louder rose the voice of woe,
When soldiers sacked each cit's depôt,
And tearing down a helpless foe,
Flashed Magnan's red artillery.

More, more arrests! Changarnier brave
Is dragged to prison like a knave,
No time allowed the swell to shave,
Or use the least perfumery.

'Tis morn, and now Hortense's son,
(Perchance her spouse's too) has won
The imperial crown. The French are done,
Chawed up most incontestably.

Few, few shall write, and none shall meet;
Suppressed shall be each journal-sheet!
And every serf beneath my feet
Shall hail the soldier's Emperor.

These lines on the Coup d'Etat of Napoleon III. were written by the late Professor W. E. Aytoun, a most determined and persistent opponent of the Napoleon régime. The doubt as to the Emperor Napoleon's paternity has been frequently expressed, it did not originate with Aytoun.

HOHEN-LONDON.

The result of an awful Engagement on the part of her Majesty to honour the City Ball with her presence.

IN LONDON, when folks' taste was low,
They used to like the Lord Mayor's show;
But now 'tis voted very slow—
A dull affair, decidedly.

But London showed another sight,
When the Queen came on Wednesday night,
Escorted, through a blaze of light
To join the City revelry.

At every window smart array'd,
Sat civic lass, and Cockney blade;
And all the populace hoorayed
To see the Royal pageantry.

Then shook St. Paul's, with shouting riven;
Then rushed the steeds, up Cheapside driven;
And still more stunning cheers were given
By noisy British loyalty.

But noisier yet the crowd will grow,
Through King Street, as the Queen shall go
To Guildhall, there—on gouty toe—
To see her hosts dance heavily.

The concourse thickens! Heroes brave,
Who flash the bull's eye on the knave,
Wave, Crushers, all your truncheons wave,
And charge them with the cavalry.

The Hall is gained; but lo! what fun!
As to a ball, the Sovereign's done!
Except her suite, there's room for none
To dance before her Majesty.

Few, few can polk where many meet,
And have no space to kick their feet;
The Hop a failure was complete;
The Supper went off decently.

Punch, July 19, 1851.

SWINDON.

AT Swindon when the night drew nigh,
Few were the trains that went thereby,
And very dreary was the sigh,
Of damsels waiting dolefully.

But Swindon saw another sight,
When the train came at dead of night,
Commanding oil and gas to light
Much stale confectionery.

By soups and coffee fast allured,
Each passenger his choice secured,
Excepting those lock'd in, immured
By sly policeman's treachery.

Then rushed the mob, by hunger driven;
Then vanished buns, in pieces riven;
And louder than the orders given,
Fast popped the beer artillery.

But farther yet the train shall go,
And deeper yet shall be their woe,
And greater horrors shall they know,
Who bolt their food so speedily.

Time's up; but scarce each sated one
Can pierce the steam cloud, rolling dun,
Where curious tart and heavy bun
Lie in dyspeptic sympathy.

The combat thickens. On, ye brave!
Who scald your throats, in hope to save
Some spoonsful of your soup, the knave
Will charge for all he ladles ye!

Few, few, digest where many eat,
The nightmare shall wind up their feat,
Each carpet bag beneath their seat
Shall seem a yawning sepulchre.

ANONYMOUS.

HOTEL SWINDLING.

IN Dover, when my purse was low,
One luckless night, 'twixt sheets of snow,
At an hotel most travellers know,
Did I, Sir, slumber cosily.

But Dover shock'd at morn my sight
With *such* a bill for that brief night,
Such whacking sums for wax to light
The darkness of its hostelry!

My tea and crumpets' cost array'd,
That a rogue drew the bill betray'd,
And furious overcharges made,
The whole a dreadful robbery.

Then shrank my purse, to plunder given:
Then wagg'd my tongue, to scolding driven;
And at these scamps, on cheating thriven,
Fierce flash'd my eyes' artillery.

But fiercer yet did those eyes glow,
When reft of means "express" to go,
From Dover, in the third-class low,
Was I, Sir, rolling crawlingly.

'Twas morn, but deuce a bit of sun
Pierced through the clouds; they were as "dun"
As I,—excuse the horrid pun—
In that infernal hostelry.

The subject sickens. On, thou knave!
And dig base Imposition's grave;
Shave, landlords! all your guests close shave,
And overcharge in rivalry!

Few, few return, where many meet,
Or press again the snow-white sheet;
The *Times*, ye hosts, who foully cheat,
Will be your swindling's sepulcre.

Diogenes, November, 1853.

THE BATTLE OF BULL-RUN.

AT BULL-RUN, when the sun was low,
Each Southern face was pale as snow;
And shrill as jackdaws, rose the crow
Of Yankees boasting *rabidly*!

But Bull-Run saw another sight,
When in the deepening shades of night
Towards Fairfax Court-house, streamed the flight
Of Yankees running *rapidly*!

Then shook the corps, with terror riven
Then rushed the steeds, *from* battle driven;
The men of "Battery number seven"
Forsook their red artillery.

Now from Mc. Donald's furthest left,
The roar of cannon strikes one deaf;
Where furious "Abe" and fiery "Jeff"
Contend for death or victory.

The *panic* thickens; Off ye Brave!
Throw down your arms; *your bacon save*!
Waive Washington, each scruple waive,
And fly with all your chivalry.

SIC VOS, NON VOBIS, VERSIFICATIS AVE.

AT Seacliff, when the time passed slow,
And summer's sun refused to show,
Relentless was the steady flow
Of raindrops pattering drearily.

But Seacliff saw another sight,
The band struck up at ten at night,
And Volunteers in leggings tight,
Awoke the dance right cheerily.

By willing steward's friendly aid
The warrior sought the smiling maid,
And charged, as each musician played,
Adown the hall, hung tastily.

Then shook the floor to twinkling feet,
While some did dance and some did eat,
Or strove to stay the increasing heat
By swallowing ices hastily.

But shorter yet these lights shall burn,
And faster yet the waltzers turn,
Before the chaperones discern
That day is surely slipping in.

'Tis morn; but all that's young and fair
Of Seacliff beauties linger there,
Full loath to seek the outer air
And leave the hall they're tripping in.

The ball is over. Read ye now
Who read for honours,—or a plough,
May Oxford's laurels grace the brow
Of him who works most steadily.

Too soon we part; but when we meet
In bonds of recollections sweet,
We'll chat of Seacliff's snug retreat
That welcomed us so readily.

L. E. S.

From *College Rhymes*. W. Mansell, Oxford, 1861.

BELTON.*

(August 12, 1863.)

AT Belton, ere the twilight grew,
Untrodden was the avenue,
Save by Papas and Mas a few
With their sight-seeing progeny.

But Belton saw another sight,
When the mob came at nine at night,
And with a thousand flambeaux light
Illumined all her scenery.

With od'rous torch and British cheer,
To Brownlow's home they drew them near,
His Lordship's honour— not his beer—
The motive of their revelry.

Forth flowed the ale. Ye know not its
Peculiar virtues, O ye cits,
'Twould beat e'en Burton tap to fits,
Though Bass be its auxiliary.

And hours that amber stream shall flow,
And men shall come and scorn to go,
The thirsty souls shall thirstier grow,
Though quarts it empties rapidly.

'Tis midnight. For one "level son,"
A hundred bawl they "havn't done,"
And as the barrels run and run,
Shout in their beery jollity.

The beer grows thicker: now they go—
They could not drink for aye, you know—
Grantham thy banners (calico)
Should wave o'er these (thy chivalry?).

Few, few can stand, though all have feet,
They need no counterpane or sheet,
When ev'ry turf that e'er they meet
Destroys a perpendicular.

BILLS.

AT Oxford when my funds were low,
And I was ploughed for "Little-go,"
How fast and furious was the flow
Of Bills that came in rapidly!

But Oxford saw another sight,
When my rich aunt went off one night,
For then I'd gold, and cheques could write,
And shopkeepers came fawningly:

"Our stupid clerks the error made,
We never were the least afraid
About our small bills being paid;"
And so they went on lyingly.

---

* Celebration of the coming of age of the late Earl Brownlow.

"We hope," they said with glistening eye,
"You'll still allow us to supply
All articles you want; we'll try
To please you, sir, in every way."

Oh! rare and comic was the fun
To see each humbly cringing dun,
The oily and the sugary one,
All full of meek apology.

I paid their bills upon the spot,
And the receipts from each I got,
And then I looked at all the lot,
As they stood bowing smilingly.

"Get out each fawning drivelling knave,"
I shouted out with features grave;
My hand towards the door I wave,
And clench it simultaneously.

I heard the sound of hurrying feet
Haste down the stairs and up the street,
And then in fits of laughter sweet,
I went off unrestrainedly.

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*, by Adon. Chapman and Hall, London, 1874.

HO! IN PRINCE'S.

AT PRINCE'S when the sun is low,
See all the fashion skating go,
And bright and brilliant is the flow,
Of ladies rinking rapidly.

Ah! Prince's is a splendid sight,
From break of day till fall of night,
For all combine to render bright,
The dull surrounding scenery.

In gorgeous dresses see arrayed,
The haughty dame, the tender maid,
Who join, with not a thought dismayed,
The fascinating revelry.

From morn till eve a throng is found,
Of rapid rinkers rolling round,
Amid the light and joyous sound
Of music's varied melody.

Then on, ye fair ones, one by one,
Who rink for fashion, or for fun,
From early morn till setting sun
You'll always meet with chivalry.

And if, perchance at fearful pace,
You charge another face to face,
Then cry, when in that close embrace,
"'Tis I, Sir, rinking rapidly,"

Few will forget the hours sweet,
They spent with skates upon their feet,
Nor friends that they were wont to meet
At Prince's, rinking rapidly.

From *Idyls of the Rink*. London: Judd & Co., 1876.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

THAT fatal eve, as darkness died,
It spann'd the Firth in conscious pride,
And far beneath it rolled the tide
Of Tay, lamenting sullenly.

But later met that bridge its doom,
When fiery showers pierced the gloom,
To light to their tempestuous tomb,
A wild despairing company.

Struck midway by the raging blast,
The girders crash'd and crumbled fast,
And down that living freight was cast
Into a sea of agony.

Lost was the falling metals roar
Amid the elemental war,
And fast the flaming sparks flew o'er
The chasm's dense obscurity.

But soon those sparks are lost to sight,
Quenched in the river's rayless night,
And still rejoicing in his might,
Tay sweepeth seawards sullenly.

'Tis midnight! scarce yon barque can make
Her way where seething billows break,
And still the winds and waters shake
The heavens in their rivalry.

Though darker yet the airy dome,
Speed, gallant ship, across the foam!
On! on! *Dundee*! and gather home
Those wrecks of frail humanity!

But none shall wake where many sleep,
Their bier shall be the trackless deep;
And ever shall the surges sweep
Above their lonely sepulchre.

From *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. Doveton. Wyman and Sons, London, 1880.

The Tay Bridge broke down on December 28, 1879, carrying with it a train which was passing over at the time, and many lives were lost.

ERIN-LIEDER.

IN Erin where the Praties grow
When rents were high and prices low
Ejected Paddies had to go,
Across the ocean rapidly.

But Erin saw another sight,
When tenants struck for tenant right,
And gallant Parnell led the fight,
Against a Landlord tyranny.

By torch-light leaders were conveyed
To platforms, furious speeches made,
And every tenant farmer bade,
To "hold the harvest" steadily,

Few, few the rents that any got,
And if an Agent was not shot,
He had to undergo Boycott-
Ing, by a *furious* peasantry.

J. M. LOWRY, 1884.

It is said that Campbell sent the MS. of Hohenlinden to the *Greenock Advertiser*, but that it was rejected, with a polite intimation "that it did not come up to the Editor's standard, and that poetry was evidently not the *forte* of the contributor."

A version of Hohenlinden in Latin sapphics, probably written by Father Prout (the Rev. Francis Mahony) appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, in 1834; and another version, in Latin Alcaics, "Prælium Lindenium" by the Rev. William Fellowes A.M., appeared in the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, 1850.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft,
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,)
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

(*After* T. CAMP-BELL, *by* A. CAMP-BEAU.)

We were wet as the deuce; for like blazes it poured,
And the sentinels' throats were the only things dry;
And under their tents Chobham's heroes had cowered,
The weary to snore, and the wakeful to sigh.

While dozing that night in my camp bed so small,
With a mackintosh over to keep out the rain—
After one glass of grog, cold without—that was all—
I'd a dream, which I hope I shall ne'er have again.

Methought from damp Chobham's mock-battle array,
I had bowled off to London, outside of a hack;
'Twas the season, and wax lights illumined the way
To the balls of Belgravia that welcomed me back.

I flew to the dancing rooms, whirled through so oft
With one sweet little partner, who tendril-like clung,
I saw the grim chaperons, perched up aloft,
And heard the shrill notes WEIPPERT'S orchestra flung.

She was there—I would "pop"—and a guardsman no more,
From my sweet little partner for life ne'er would part,
When sudden I saw—just conceive what a bore—
A civilian, by Jove! laying siege to her heart!

"Out of sight, out of mind!" It was not to be borne—
To cut her, challenge him I was rushing away—
When sudden the twang of that vile bugle horn
Scared my visions, arousing the camp for the day.

Punch, July 9, 1853.

THE BOAT RACE,

"Verrimus et proni certantibus æquora remis."

We had stripped off our coats, for the first gun had fired;
Our starter intent on his watch set his eye;
On the bank there were hundreds in flannels attired,
The lean ones to run, and the fat ones to try.

The last gun was fired, we are off and away,
With fast flashing oars, on the foremost boat's track;
'Twas pumping—my knees, too, got in my way,
And a troublesome horse-fly was biting my back.

The flush of exertion broke out on my face,
And the skin-wearing oar handle gave me great pain,
And I vowed in my heart this should be my last race,
And thrice ere the finish I vowed it again.

Put it on—well-rowed all—now you're gaining—full oft
I heard on the bank from many a tongue,
And the cheers of our comrades that went up aloft
From many a loud-shouting ear-splitting lung.

Then we spurted like mad, and gained more and more,
Till the two boats were scarcely six inches apart,
Our coxswain alternately cheered us and swore,
To let off the steam from his fast-beating heart.

Easy all! 'Tis a bump! 'Tis a bump, I'll be sworn!
I was glad, for my back had begun to give way.
Our cheers on the wings of the evening were borne,
And our boat became head of the river that day.

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*, by Adon. Chapman and Hall, London, 1874.

THE TORY PREMIER'S DREAM.

Our leaders sang truce—for the session had lowered,
And a cloud had come o'er the political sky;
And the Parliament sank on the ground over-powered,
The Liberals to shout, and the Tories to cry.

After feeding that night on my pork chop so raw
With the vote-guarding "faggot" still haunting my brain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice e'er the cock crew I dreamed it again.

Methought from the Polling-booth's dreadful array
Triumphant I rose, for of votes I'd no lack.
'Twas delightful to hear all constituents say.
"We idolize Jingo, and welcome you back!"

I flew to the policy traversed so oft,
The secrecy whence my "surprises" have sprung;
My motto, "Imperium," floated aloft,
And I laughed in my sleeve at the softness of Bung.

Then pledged we the Water Bill; fondly we swore
From our spirited policy never to part;
The stockjobbers blessed me a thousand times o'er,
And the public it cursed in its hardness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest till an Empire is born;
And fain was the Novelist-Statesman to stay;
But Gladstone returned with the dawning of morn,
And all my majority melted away.

Funny Folks, April 17 1880.

The Fatal Gallopade.

A Parody upon the style of Thomas Campbell, Author of "Theodric," etc.

'Twas night—a damp—dark—misty—murky night,
Scarce thro' the gloom could pierce the gas-lamp's light,
When to the square, which bears proud Grosvenor's name,
A crowd of carriages and chariots came,
Stopping in turns, successively before
A mansion's wide and double-knockered door;
And there was heard the carriage door's quick slam,—
Anon a halt—and then a sudden jam
Of poles retrorsally thro' chariots driven,
And shrieks of "Coachman!—Thomas! John!—oh Heaven!"
At length, in safety's reached the drawing room,
Where gold, and platina, and pearl, and plume,
Floating and shining o'er neck, head, and ears,*
Like stars and white clouds seemed in heav'nly spheres
From the high roof where gold and azure blended,
In hues designed to typify the sky,
Bright chandeliers of crystallised glass depended
In colours each of too resplendent dye
For human art with one of them to vie.
Oh! 'twas a scene too dazzling to the sight—
Too grandly gay—too beautifully bright!

And now the music and the dance began,—
The beaux to ogle, and the belles to fan;
And oft between the pauses of each dance,
To lull the listener to a dreamy trance,
Soft melting sounds around his heart-strings wreathed,
To which a voice responsive accents breathed,
Filling with such sweet harmony the air,
It seemed an angel had been wafted there!

But who is he of foreign garb and air,
That roams about with sentimental stare?
No common personage; his star-lit breast
Bespeaks him noble—little boots the rest;
Russian he is, a rich ambassador,
And oh!—propitious fact! a batchelor!
A faded heiress looks on him intent;
But, ah! his eyes are on another bent,—
And such another! who her charms can paint?
Description waxes in the effort faint;

Pure as an infant in its first repose—
Mild as a summer evening at its close—
Pensive and pale as Dian in decline,—
Meek as the lily—tender as the vine—
Chaste as the Vestal,—modest as the ray,
Which the sun leaves for night to scare away!
These, and a thousand other charms, to boot
Struck folly dumb, and admiration mute!
Ceased the quadrille, the gallopade began,
And partners briskly to their stations ran;
Now thought the amorous Ambassador,
Now let me dance—yes, now, or never more!
With this he rushed to where his loved one stood,
Asked her to dance—sweet girl!—she said she would;
Joy to the Russian! he is blest indeed,
And soon outstrips the fashionable speed;—
Too fatal speed! the floor's vanished chalk
Which pairs, more careful, step o'er in a walk,
Arrests not them too fond to look below,
Till down they suddenly together go!
Smile not, ye fools!—the fair one's head is broke!
They raised her up, but never more she spoke!
Ah! well with anguish may her partner start,
For what hath broke her head, hath also broke his heart!

The Comic Magazine, 1834.

* Campbell has, in his Gertrude of Wyoming, "All gladness to the heart, nerve, ear and sight."

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

The Wizard—

Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate,
A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel—

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

The Wizard—

Ah! laughs't thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast,
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

* * * * *

These lines are from Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning," which poem is said to have been formed upon the skeleton of *bouts-rimés*, it certainly displays little trace of such a mode of construction.

On January 14, 1880, *The World* published two competition poems on the model of "Lochiel's Warning"; the topic selected being:

"1879, its Glory and its Shame."

First Prize.

John Bull——Old Year.

John Bull—

Old Year, Old Year, I'm glad of the day
That beholds thee, like evil dream, vanish away!
For dejection and shame have companioned thy flight,
From the morn of thy birth to thy final midnight.
Look, look, where on reeking Isandula's plain,
Outflanked and outnumbered, our bravest are slain!
Ah, see how cruel assegais enter the breast,

Undismayed to the last, of our comrade and guest!
Hark, hark, where the waters of Afghan's dark river
Fling back a sad cry, and then still it for ever,
And where blood-stained Cabul with fanatical yells
Of an envoy's foul slaughter exultingly tells.

Old Year—
Peace, pessimist, peace! I have shattered the power
Of the Zulu man-slayer, have curbed the rude Boer;
Secocoeni is captive. Shere Ali is dead,
And back from your borders the Russian I've sped;
And no brighter pages can valour display.

John Bull—
Old Year, Old Year, I'm glad of the day—
From thy frost-bitten spring to thine autumn of blight
Rain, rain hath oppressed us noon, morning, and night;
Scant produce, unripened, mocks garden and farm;
Flood and Tempest have waited on Famine's alarm;
While Leisure and Labour and Pleasure and Pain
Have pined for the breath of thy summer in vain.
With Sedition's loud cry, have our annals been shamed,
With a Senate obstructed, a credit defamed,
With the cheers of a mob and the sneers of a press
To rash to condemn and too prompt to caress,
While the pulse of our commerce beats fitful and low—

Old Year—
False libeller, silence! and hark, ere I go:
All my life throughout Europe the sword hath been sheathed;
I have soothed the war-passions my brothers bequeathed;
If want and Disaster *have* marched by my hand,
They have knit class to class, and endeared land to land;
And hardier and wiser, you shall not repine
At the trials you have passed through in 'Seventy-nine.

ZIEGELSTEIN. (*Goymour Cuthbert*).

SECOND PRIZE.

Wizard (of the North)—Chieftain B.

Wizard—
CHIEFTAIN, O Chieftain, lament for the year!
Of distress and disaster a history drear:
For Cabul with its slain rises red on my sight;
And grim Isandula, that massacre fight.
They fought and they perished by field and by flood;
But their victories rest bootless, and blood calls for blood.
Weep, Albion, thy losses, thy glory grown pale!
Weep, though gagged correspondents can't tell the whole tale!

Chief—
Go, prate to Midlothian, thou peace-preaching seer!
If the wars of thy country so dreadful appear,
Let the fields of Ulundi, Rorke's Drift, and Ekowe
Dispel with their glory such phantoms of woe.

Wizard—
Ha! then turn to the East, who will there take thy side?
Proud Chief, thou must break with the land of thy pride.
Say, how strutted proud Turkey! how low now he lies!
And new nations spring round while the old tyrant dies.
Flourish freedom and peace where oppression once stood,
And poor Turkey may scream for the loss of that brood.

Chief—
Verbose rhetor, avaunt! I've well managed my clan;
Right or wrong, I rely on their votes to a man,
With our endless resources, no foeman we fear,
So woe to king Theebaw—

Wizard— Yet weep for the year.
Trade's bad, sir, whatever your chemicals meant;
And outside of Ireland, folks will not pay rent.
Home interests were shelved, though oft Ministers met—
And look how the country has got into debt!
They've finished, their blunders are done in the House;
The Session was lost, just because they'd no *nous*,
And where are those bothering Irishmen—where?
Making trouble afresh, which may you have to bear!
Yet, no! for departure from office is near;
Peace, retrenchment, reform—

Chief— You be—! Well, I don't fear.
For though weighted by taxes and harassed by foes,
Still England, while life in each British breast glows,
Shall, queen among nations in ages to come,
Exult in libertas—

Wizard— But *not* imperium.

RAD

IN March, 1882, "The Weekly Dispatch" had a Competition for Parodies of the first eighteen lines of "Lochiel's Warning," having reference to the House of Lords' Select Committee on the Irish Land Act. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Jesse H. Wheeler, for the following:—

OLD women! old women! prepare for the day
When the Commons shall rule with an unopposed sway;
For a dream of the future behold we to-night,
While the hosts of Will Gladstone are massed for the fight.
They guide us, they lead e'en their country and Queen—
Accursed be the puppets that trespass between!
Poor Salisbury's bunkum and muddling are vain,
And the "shut up committee" is baffled, 'tis plain.
For hark! that harangue, and those deep telling words—
What voice of the people defies the great Lords?
'Tis thine, William Gladstone, whose hearers await
That scathing rebuff on the meddlers of State,
A calm comes at finish, no challenge is there,
But a silence prevails, then a sigh of despair.
Shout, people! the Lords in humility bend;
Oh, shout! this submission foreshadows the end.
For this triumphant army the Lords can't withstand,
The Lords—whose foundations fast sink in the sand.

The following Parody was also printed:—

O CECIL! O Cecil! beware of the day
When the Commons shall meet thee in battle array;
When the people's stern will rushes on in its might,
And the clans of the landlords are scattered in flight,
Their standard shows ever "For kingdom and crown,"
Hail! ye who shall trample the false device down,
Proud sons of the people, as honest as plain,
While *their* selfish bosoms throb only for gain.
But see! through the storm-clouds that gather afar,

What falchion gleams like a meteor star?
'Tis thine, William Ewart; in dread they await
The time when thy summons is heard at their gate.
Already its prelude resounds in the air,
And soon will be heard their last sigh of despair.
Oh! Albion, long in captivity led,
Soon, soon, will the term of thy thraldom be sped,
And the standard of freedom shall gallantly wave
Where rule by a class finds a dishonoured grave!

JAMES ROBINSON.

—:o:—

The same original was again selected for a competition in the Weekly Dispatch, and the following prize poem was printed in that paper on September 14, 1884:—

O, SALISBURY, Salisbury, beware of the day
When the people shall meet thee in hostile array!
For what can it end in excepting thy flight?
Whilst thy Tory companions are scattered in fight,
It is not a contest 'twixt people and crown,
And woe to the lords who would trample them down!
Brave Gladstone advances his arguments plain,
And Tory mis-statements are routed and slain.
And hark! 'mid the mutt'rings of those you would dare,
What cry loud and earnest is borne on the air?
'Tis "Down with the Lords!" and, though Gladstone deplores,
The people in anger will surge at your doors.
Then take Gladstone's warning, your error repair,
Ere we wring our just rights from your fear and despair;
Stay, Salisbury, then, ere the hour is too late,
And you and your lords meet a merited fate!

ALBERT OTLEY.

GLADSTONE'S WARNING.

(Nothing to do with Lochiel's Warning.)

O TORIES! O Tories! beware of the day
When my legions shall meet you in battle array!
For the state of the poll in a vision I trace,
With a name at the top, and a name at the base;
Ye rally and cry: "For ourselves and the Crown!"
And ye hoodwink the people and trample them down.
Proud Salisbury, descending, declares to the poor,
That he works for them now—though he did not before.
But hark! through the thunder and speech-laden air,
Who is he that flies howling in rage and despair?
'Tis the loud Democrat, so triumphant of late,
The country has snubbed him, and—shown him the gate!
Weep, Tories! your tricks to the country are plain,
O weep!—can ye hope to deceive them again?
They know, though your speeches sound pleasant and smart,
That the truth on your lip is a lie at your heart!

The Judge, November 28, 1885.

—:o:—

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle, and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Campbell began this famous Ode, in Edinburgh, in 1799, and finished it at Altona in 1800. He at first styled it "Alteration of the old ballad 'Ye Gentlemen of England' composed on the prospect of a Russian War;" it was published early in 1801, in the *Naval Chronicle*, with the line "Where Granvill (boast of freedom) fell," instead of

"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,"

this being an allusion to the brave Sir Richard Granvill, who was killed in 1591, in the fight of the "Revenge" against the Spanish Armada.

After the death of Lord Nelson, at Trafalgar, in 1805, Campbell revised the poem, and then introduced the beautiful line

"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell."

The poem is frequently printed with the original date of 1800, and with the line about the fall of Nelson, without any explanation of these facts, thus making it appear that Campbell, had anticipated the loss of the great sailor five years before it occured.

YE KITE-FLYERS OF SCOTLAND.

YE kite-flyers of Scotland,
Who live from home at ease;
Who raise the wind, from year to year,
In a long and strong trade breeze:
Your paper-kites let loose again

On all the winds that blow;
Through the shout of the rout
Lay the English ragmen low;
Though the shout for gold be fierce and bold,
And the English ragmen low.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall peep from every leaf;
For the midnight was their noon of fame,
And their prize was living beef.
Where Deloraine on Musgrave fell,
Your paper kites shall show,
That a way to convey
Better far than their's you know,
When you launch your kites upon the wind
And raise the wind to blow.

Caledonia needs no bullion,
No coin in iron case;
Her treasure is a bunch of rags
And the brass upon her face;
With pellets from her paper mills
She makes the Southrons trow,
That to pay her sole way
Is by promising to owe,
By making promises to pay
When she only means to owe.

The meteor rag of Scotland
Shall float aloft like scum,
Till credit's o'erstrained line shall crack,
And the day of reckoning come:
Then, then, ye Scottish kite-flyers,
Your hone-a-rie must flow,
While you drink your own ink
With your old friend Nick below,
While you burn your bills and singe your quills
In his bonny fire below.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

The above parody is one of a series entitled *Paper Money Lyrics*, which were written in 1825-26, and published in a collected form in 1837. They had reference to the commercial panic of the winter 1825-26, and are consequently somewhat obsolete now. The other authors imitated besides Campbell, were Robert Southey, Poet Laureate; William Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Samuel T. Coleridge, and Sir Walter Scott; whilst several old Scotch songs were also parodied, as for instance,

CHORUS OF NORTHUMBRIANS.

(On the prohibition of Scotch One Pound Notes in England.)

MARCH, march, Make-rags of Borrowdale,
Whether ye promise to bearer or order;
March, march, Take-rag and Bawbee-tail,
All the Scotch flimsies must over the border:
Vanity you snarl anent
New Act of Parliament,
Bidding you vanish from dairy and "lauder"
Dogs you have had your day,
Down tail and slink away;
You'll pick no more bones on this side of the border.

Hence to the hills where your fathers stole cattle;
Hence to the glens where they skulked from the law;
Hence to the moors where they vanished from battle,
Crying, "De'il tak the hindmost" and "Charlie's awa'."
* * * * *

COMIC SONGS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

YOUNG gentlemen of England,
That only mind your ease,
Ah, little do you think how hard
Young ladies try to please!
Give ear unto the Milliners,
And they will plainly show
How the waist must be laced,
By the Fashion-books to go.

She who'd attract attention
Must laugh at common sense,
For when one goes to choose a dress,
One mustn't mind expense;
Nor think how Pa will scold one,
Whene'er he comes to know
How he's let into debt,
By the Fashion-books to go.

What terrible privations
Young ladies must endure,
A lovely face and form of grace
From damage to secure!
Their appetites they must control,
Lest they too stout should grow,
And in vain strive and strain
By the Fashion-books to go.

In days of bitter weather,
Which winter doth enforce,
One cannot think of such a thing
As good thick boots, of course;
With instep undefended,
In rain, and hail, and snow,
All so bold one gets cold,
By the Fashion-books to go.

Punch, December 14, 1844.

YE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.*

(Dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk.)

YE Peasantry of England,
Who till our fertile leas,
How little do ye think a man
May live on, if he please?
Your weekly wages, it is plain,
As far again would go,
And keep you so cheap,
(For Norfolk's Duke says so)
If, when hunger rages fierce and strong,
To curry you would go,

This powder, hungry fathers,
From all expense will save;
For if your children eat thereof,
No other food they'll crave;
And any time that wages fall,
(As oft they fall, you know,)
'Twill come cheap, a pinch to steep
In water—a pint or so;
And when hunger rages fierce and strong,
To your curry powder go.

* At a time of great agricultural distress the Duke of Norfolk had suggested that the poor people should provide themselves with a curry powder of his own device, as a palliative for hunger. He had perhaps forgotten that when Marie Antoinette was told that the poor in Paris were starving for the lack of bread, she replied "Poor things, why don't they buy some cake.")

Our labourers need no dainties,
But something strong and cheap;
No steak from off the rump they crave,
No chop from off the sheep:
With curry powder thrice a week,
Warm into bed they'll stow,
Nor ever roar out for more—
Their place so well they know;
But when hunger rages fierce and strong,
To the curry powder go.

The 'tato crops of England
May all to gangrene turn,
While Norfolk's Duke about your lot
His wise head shall concern.
Meanwhile, ye hardy labourers,
Your song of thanks should flow
To the fame of his name
Who the powder made you know:
Which, when hunger rages fierce and strong,
Will set you in glow.

Punch, January, 1845.

ODE TO THE "SPECIALS."

YE Constables of London,
That guard our Cockney plain,
Whose staves have braved for several hours
The Chartists and the rain,
To Clerkenwell come forth once more
To meet your ancient foe,
And go then at the men
Who never struck a blow
At the men who spout so loud and long,
But never strike a blow!

Our London needs no barriers,
No forts along the street;
Her faith is in her Specials' staves,
Her trust is in their feats!
With their truncheons of old oak
They fright the Chartists so,
That they roar all the more,
But they never strike a blow!
Yes, although they spout so loud and long,
They never strike a blow.

The maniac mob of England
Shall yet some reason learn,
Till humbug's dreary night depart,
And the star of sense return!
Then, then, ye cockney warriors,
Our half and half shall flow
To the fame of your name,
And every one shall know
Of your prowess 'gainst the noisy mob
Who never struck a blow.

The Puppet Show, June 10, 1848.

(Written at the time of the Chartist movement, when the late Emperor Napoleon III, was sworn in as a special Constable,)

YE SHIP BUILDERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Ship builders of England,
That load our native seas
With craft not fit to brave a year
The battle or the breeze:
Such rubbish do not launch again,
Top heavy, dull, and slow
As they creep through the deep
Whatever wind may blow.

The spirits of retrenchment
Shall start from every wave,
For in the sea economy
Through you has found a grave.
Thousands and thousands you have sunk
In ships that will not go;
For they creep through the deep
Whatever wind may blow.

The costly ships of England
For fire-wood yet may burn,
Till to the models of the past
Her shipwrights shall return.
Then, then, ye clumsy shipbuilders,
Our song no more will throw
All the blame on your name,
Which now merits every blow.

Punch, December, 1849.

"YE SUBALTERNS IN ENGLAND."

From TUFF, *of the Fusiliers in the Crimea, to* MUFF, *of the Grenadiers, at St. James's.*

YE subalterns in England,
Who live a life of ease,
How little do ye think upon
Our sufferings o'er the seas.
To sup, lunch, dine, and lunch again,
Upon fried pork we go,
And three-deep, we've to sleep,
In the trenches all a-row,
With the batteries roaring loud and long,
Four hundred guns or so!

The ghosts of clothing colonels
Would shudder in their graves;
For no two of us are rigged the same,
And scarce a fellow shaves.
Light cavalry and heavy swell
Black as coal-heavers show;
You can keep clean so cheap,
But here a tub's no go;
For water you've to shell out strong,
And then it's salt, you know.

Out here we need no boot-jacks,
For in our boots we sleep,
One never sees a dressing-case,
And hair brushes are cheap.
Deuce a cigar one gets to smoke;
Short pipes we're glad to blow;
And we draw rum from store,
As we can't have Bordeaux—
The point is, something short and strong,
Although it may be low.

But round the flag of England
We'll our last cartridge burn,
Till we have made the Russians smart,
And victors home return.
Then, when, as veteran warriors,
At fête and ball we show,
With the fame of our name,
The ladies' hearts will glow,
And while you swells are voted bores,
The pace, oh, shan't we go!

Punch, November 18, 1854.

Another Parody on "Ye Mariners" appeared in *Punch*, December 11, 1852. It referred to a *fracas* which had taken place between two Members of Parliament, and has now no interest whatever.

——:o:——

A BALLAD BY A BISHOP.

(With Brass Accompaniment.)

YE clergymen of England,
Who livings hold at ease,
How little do you think upon
The troubles of the Sees!
Give ear unto my plaintive lay,
And I'll engage to show
That a bishop's poor and needy—whom for being rich and greedy,
Up the stormy *Times* doth blow—oh! oh! oh! oh!
Chorus expressive of Woe.

'Tis a law of human nature,
As you all of you must grant,
That of worldly things, the more man has
The more he's sure to want,
Then wonder not that we, on whom
Such fatness men bestow,
Are in heart sick and sore, and in want, far, far more
Than you who sit below—oh! oh! oh! oh!

That bishops who have been brought up
Regardless of expense,
In luxury must dine and sup,
Seems merely common sense:
And neither few nor far between
Can be their wants, you know,
When in health and at ease their appetites increase
For the good things here below—O! O! O O!

Then think ye not a bishop's less
To be envied than be pitied,
Rememb'ring that to meet distress
So little he is fitted.
Nor wonder he for pension wants
Six thousand pounds or so—
Or I fear in a year, tho' he's lived like a Peer,
On the parish he would go—o—o—o—Oh!
(*Refrain*) ON THE PARISH HE WOULD GO!

Punch. October 11, 1856.

CRINOLINE'S RAGING FURY;

Or, the Fashionable Female's Sufferings.

YOU rustic maids of England,
Who dress yourselves with ease,
Ah, little do you think how hard
It is French taste to please.
Give ear unto the milliners,
And they will plainly show,
With what care, tight with air,
They our Crinolines do blow.

* * * *

(Five verses omitted.)

The husband, and the lover,
May simple gowns prefer,
That fit the form, and, in a storm,
With safety let one stir,
Reproaches fierce, our hearts that pierce,
Against our taste they throw,
Which we poor things endure,
Whilst our Crinolines we blow.

We put on costly merchandise
Of most enormous price,
So much we need of drapery,
To follow this device;
We spend so much in drapery,
Of such a size to show,
And with toil our shape spoil,
When our Crinolines we blow.

Punch, January 31, 1857.

YE COMMONERS OF ENGLAND

YE Commoners of England,
Who cannot sit at ease
In the house designed by BARRY
Four hundred odd to squeeze,
Your straitened bounds enlarge again
To hold two hundred more,
Who now creep, in a heap,
Through the narrow lobby door,
When division bells ring loud and long,
To the over-crowded floor.

The sluggard and late comer
Their right to seats must waive,
But a card stuck on the bench at prayers
Will disappointment save.
For architects will fail again
Where BARRY failed before,
And ye'll creep, like penned sheep,
Through another crowded door,
While uttering curses loud and deep,
To the over-crowded floor.

In the present House of Commons
But few attempt to speak,
For some have not the gift of tongue,
And some not that of cheek.
But in the new Reformed House
There be at least ten score
Who, like BRIGHT, every night,
Forth their eloquence will pour,
And speeches make, both loud and long,
As ne'er were heard before.

To meet your wants in future,
And find you room in turn,
Gives HEADLAM, THOMSON HANKEY,
And Bazley great concern:
O'er plans and elevations
Right patiently they pore,
For they know 'tis no go
To find space for any more,
When debates are waxing loud and long,
And the SPEAKER's heard to snore.

Echoes from the Clubs, November 27, 1867.

THE SCREAM OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE; OR, THE CROW OF YANKEE-DOODLE.

YOU sneaking skunks of England,
Who stay at home at ease,
Who think because you never fight
You're rulers of the seas:
Another pirate launch again

To match a New York foe,
For the fame of your name
Which has had so sad a blow,
While we Yankees bluster loud and long,
And over England crow.

The shattered "Alabama"
Lies deep beneath the wave,
Your finest guns and gunners
Their vessel couldn't save,
When our noble ship, the "Kearsarge,"
Her shot and shell did throw,
To the bottom in an hour
Did the "Alabama" go,
And we Yankees bluster loud and long,
And over England crow.

The flag of old Columbia
Shall ne'er again be furled
Till, having scourged the Southern States,
We whip the whole wide world;
With real lightning from our guns
Our thunderbolts we'll throw,
Till not a single Britisher
Upon the seas doth show,
Then won't we bluster loud and long
And over England crow.

Yes, then, you sneaking Britishers,
Our song and feast shall flow
When we sink your Island, Queen and all,
Old ocean's depths below,
And masters of the 'varsal airth
We'll liquor to and fro,
Drink gin-slings with our Irish slaves
And trumpets loudly blow
To the fame of our name,
And o'er the whole world crow.

From *Lyrics and Lays*, by Pips (Wyman Bros., Calcutta, 1867).

THE FENIANS' RAGING FURY:

Or, Legal Ireland's Sufferings.

Ye gentlemen of Ireland
Who live abroad at ease,
A mighty little wonder 'tis
That you are absentees.
Give heed unto the newspapers,
And they will daily show
All the crimes—see the *Times*—
When the crimson drops do flow.

All we that would live landlords
Must bear arrears of rent,
And little though we should be paid
Or none, must be content;
Or else, a tenant's bullet
Will quickly lay us low;
With a ball he pays all,
Whilst the crimson drops do flow.

* * * *

Not Irish landlords only,
Thus live in care and dread;
Their stewards and their agents too
May look to be shot dead.
Whoever makes an enemy
Is very soon let know,
What is what, by a shot,
When the crimson drops do flow.

* * * *

If all conciliation
Is wasted, nought remains
But to renew an iron rule,
Stern penalties and pain,
At least empower our magistrates
To cage each public foe,
With the speed which we need
When the crimson drops do flow

Punch, March 12, 1870.

YE SCAVENGERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Scavengers of England!
Whose cart one seldom sees
Without unpleasant consciousness
There's something in the breeze!
Leave other garbage to its fate,
And here your prowess show!
And sweep through the heap
From King Street up to Bow;
Where the struggle rages all day long,
From King Street up to Bow!

The Duke may wish you farther,
The question try to waive;
But, bear in mind, *that* filthy slush
Might prove his Grace's grave!
And should he, by some chance, go down
Himself, he'd swear you're slow,
As ye sweep through the heap
From King Street up to Bow!

We boast we need no bulwarks
Our social rights to keep;
Yet, if we wish to purchase plums,
We do it—ankle deep!
And though we often, through the *Times*,
Our indignation show,
The while we roar, the loads still pour
From King Street and from Bow;
And the struggle lasts the whole day long,
From King Street down to Bow!

The dirty flags of Mudford
At last shall have their turn!
No more for rotting refuse prove
A putrid public churn!
So up, ye British Scavengers,
A decent garden show,
Where Duchesses henceforth may—leap!
From King Street up to Bow!
And thank their stars you've made a sweep
From King Street up to Bow!

Punch, October 16, 1880.

This Parody was accompanied by a portrait of the Duke of Bedford, the owner of this filthy, inconvenient, and mismanaged market.

TO MILLINERS AND MILLIONARES.

A modiste address by an Æsthetic Renegade.

Ye milliners of England,
Who clothe so many shes,
Whose stuffs have never found their peers,
Oh, listen if you please.

Your standard prices pray keep down,
To hold the trade in tow,
For thus you'll reap and you'll keep
Of customers a flow;
Though you make toilettes loud and long
Now trains have ceased to grow.

The spirits of your tailors
Shall start with every fold,
For Paris 'twas from whence they came,
And their reward was gold;
Where Worth and mighty Felix dwell
There is a better show,
Where they *do* reap and *do* keep
Of customers a flow,
And say you haven't the "haut ton,
And are most sadly slow.

Britannia needs no bustles,
No heels of slender height,
Her walk should e'er be straight and sure,
Her dresses not too tight.
With simple taste *do* loop them up
And trim them down below:
Ah! but you say, "that's not the way
O'er other firms to crow!"
Well, then—(*despairingly*)—make your toilettes
loud and long,
We will not say you "No!"

(*Sarcastically—*)

May the ladies fair of England
Ever live and learn
To be extra grateful for your deeds
And give you some return!
We sing to *you*, fair modistes,
To Messrs. Worth and Co.,
To the fame of your name,
And may fools of fashion flow,
While you make dresses more and more,
And bows and buttons grow.

From *Cribblings from the Poets*, by Hugh Cayley (Jones and Piggott, Cambridge, 1883.)

TORPEDO TERRORS.

Our Poet has revised Campbell's Lyric in accordance with the New System of Naval Warfare).

YE mariners of England,
Be vigilant to to seize
The flag that braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze;
And if your ships be launched again
To meet a foreign foe,
Ere ye sweep through the deep
Send your divers down below,
For that dread explosive swift and strong,
The sneaking Tor-pe-dö.

When your heroic fathers
Their foes a thrashing gave,
On the deck above they sought for fame,
Not *underneath* the wave.
When Blake and mighty Nelson fought
They dealt no dastard blow,
But now we sweep o'er the deep,
Both cautiously and slow,
Fearing the din and the secret fire
Of the Brigand Tor-pe-dö.

Britannia needs new bulwarks,
New towers along the steep,
If far below the mountain wave
These hidden reptiles creep;
No thunders from our broadsides now
May quell the *floods* below,
If when the proud ships float along
The swift steam launches throw
Beneath the keels of ironclads strong
The coward Tor-pe-dö.

Though soon beneath our vessels
They may terrific burn,
With ships of steel and hearts of oak
We trust their power to spurn;
That still our ocean warriors
To sea may safely go,
And win new fame for England's name
With an open-handed blow,
While the enemy's fleet is blown sky high
With their own vile Tor-pe-dö.

Funny Folks.

YE INFANTRY OF ENGLAND.

A Military Ode. Imitated from Campbell.

"*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*"

YE Infantry of England,
Supposed to guard our shores,
Who made a precious mess of it
In trying to pot the Boers,
Your ready rifles take again,
And try another style;
Nor fool by old rule
While the foreign critics smile,
Whilst the Dutchman chuckles loud and long,
And our foreign critics smile.

BRITANNIA needs instructors
To teach her boys to shoot,
Fixed targets and mere red-tape drill
Have borne but bitter fruit.
Our blunders are a standing joke,
The scandal of our Isle,
And the Boer loud doth roar,
Whilst our foreign critics smile.
Whilst the Teuton guffaws loud and long,
And our foreign critics smile.

The cartridges of England
In waste terrific burn;
In sighting and in snap-shots, we
From foes have much to learn.
Then come, ye pipeclayed Infantry,
And go to school awhile,
Till the fame of your aim
Shall no more make foemen smile;
Till the Dutchman's chuckle's heard no more,
And your foes have ceased to smile.

Punch.

THE PERILS OF PARLIAMENT.

YE Gentlemen of England,
Who stay at home at ease,
Ye little think upon the ills
That threaten our M.P.'s!

Now that throughout the House again
The flood of talk will flow,
And will roar
O'er the floor
While the storms of party blow,
While discussion rages loud and long,
And the storms of party blow!

The Spirit of Obstruction
Will start from every side;
New coalitions will be formed,
Old combinations tried;
The Alderman will shout "Yah! Yah!'
Lord Randolph talk more stuff,
Whilst a roar
O'er the floor
Will proclaim his new rebuff,
And noises weird and varied tell
That Warton's taking snuff.

His meteor pocket-handkerchief,
Shall oft terrific burn,
Whilst weary legislators long,
But vainly, to adjourn;
Shall wave whilst dreary platitudes
Tempt Ministers to weep,
Or some bore
On the floor
Talks the faithful few to sleep;
Whilst the dazed but ever-active "whips"
Their endless vigil keep.

Yes, Gentlemen of England,
Do picture, if you please,
The fate that probably awaits
Your sorely-tried M.P.'s.
Think of those frequent dinners
Of which they'll get no bite
When the bell
Sounds their knell,
And compels them to the fight;
Till the lobbies echo with the groan
Of outraged appetite!

Think of the miles of walking
Divisions will impose,
On those who, spite their gouty pains,
Must follow "Ayes" or "Noes."
Think of the cramps they must endure
When furtive naps they take,
With what racks
In their backs
They will suddenly awake;
When they have slumbered in their seats
For their constitution's sake.

"Britannia needs no bulwark"—
Or so her poets claim—
But he who makes Britannia's laws
Should have an iron frame.
Yes, he *does* need a bulwark
'Gainst all the session woes,
Gainst the roar
Of the bore,
And the battle's stress and blows!
If his digestion be not sound,
He scarce will see its close.

For dark is the horizon,
And on the rising breeze,
Clouds, shaped like "all-night sittings,
The weather-prophet sees;
And fears that even pheasants
The Sportsman shall lay low
Ere the last
Of the blast
Through St. Stephen's halls shall go;
Ere the sharp "Hear, hear," is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Truth, February 7, 1884.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

The Salisbury Version of Campbell's Song.

[It would appear from one of his recent speeches that Lord Salisbury considers Mr. Chamberlain a sham philanthropist, who only wishes to injure the poor innocent shipowners, and has no real desire to benefit seamen by his Merchant Shipping Bill.]

YE mariners of England,
That trust in Joseph C.,
Whose tale has gulled a thousand ears,
Receive the truth from me.
He champions you for selfish ends,
Does philanthropic Joe,
And you're "had" by the Rad,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Our sailors need no Bill-wark
To guard them on the deep;
Shipowners all are worthy folk,
And calumny is cheap.
Their vessels stand the tempests' test,
And never go below,
So no more on that score,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Obstruction's flag in Parliament
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till Gladstone's rabble rout depart,
And the Tory clan return.
Then, then, ye ocean simpletons,
Brum tactics we shall "stow,"
None will back Merchant Jack,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Funny Folks, June 21, 1884.

RULING THE WAVES.

(*Freely adapted from Campbell.*)

YE Mariners of England!
Who'd guard our native seas,
What think ye, lads, every few years
Of this confounded breeze?
They tell us we must launch more ships
Ere we may match the foe,
And weep
O'er the deep,
Whilst the Pressmen's trumpets blow,
While the squabble rages loud and long,
And the Pressmen's trumpets blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Would look extremely grave
At doubts thus thrown upon the fact
That Britain rules the wave.

Officials on each other fall;
One "Yes!" says, t'other "No!"
And sweep
O'er the deep,
Of big figures in a row,
Tabled Statistics stiff and long,
And figures in a row.

Britannia needs a Navy
Her world-wide watch to keep,
To ward her isle-encircling waves,
And to patrol the deep.
That's truth, and far beyond all joke,
Plain facts from them we'd know,
Who roar
And deplore,
That our Navy's running low,
That the Frank and Teuton fleets grow strong,
Whilst our Navy's running low.

The money-bags of England
The balance yet can turn.
We're quite prepared to freely "part,"
Cheese-paring fudge we'd spurn.
Facts, facts, ye ocean-warriors,
Are what we fain would know!
For the fame
Of your name
Every British heart will glow,
When Party fights are heard no more
And the Windbags cease to "blow."

Punch, October 4, 1884.

YE RADICALS OF BRUMM'GEM.

(A Song for the next Election.)

YE Radicals of Brumm'gem,
With all your Caucuses,
Whose noise has rung a year or two
Just on a passing breeze,
Your voice shall ne'er be raised again
To deafen another foe;
You shall fall, spouters all,
When our party strikes the blow,
And the battle will be short, I say,
When our party strikes the blow!

The demagogues and stumpers
No more shall rant and rave,
The platform was their field of fame,
Th' election is their grave.
Where Bunkum, Humbug, Bluster spoke,
Now silence you shall know,
For you fall, stumpers all,
When our party strikes the blow,
And the battle will be short indeed
When our party strikes the blow.

Britannia'll have no rebels
Her soil in blood to steep;
Her strength can crush the blustering knave—
Her wit the sly and deep;
And class with class she reconciles
And fuses high and low—
They unite for the fight
And together strike the blow,
And they make the battle short, I say,
When, allied, they strike the blow.

Conservatives of England;
A light enlightening burn
To help the poor and guide the rich
Right Members to return.
Then, then, you ranting Radicals,
Our song and feast shall flow,
As we tell how you fell
When the nation struck the blow,
How the battle was uncommon short
When the nation struck the blow.

A Pen'orth o' Poetry for the Poor, London, 1884.

PARODIES BY A PREMIER.

(*Addressed to the L——s of the A——y.*)

"YE Mariners of England,"
(I'll term you if you please),
Whose brag has raised, a hundred times,
A Parliament'ry "breeze!"
Your gallant features blanch again
Beneath another blow.
As ye creep down the steep
"Companion" stairs below;
While the crisis rages loud and long,
And you have to keep below.

"The spirits of your fathers"
Won't "start from every wave"—
For the deck "it was their field of fame,"
And Kensal Green "their grave,"
"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell"
You'll have no chance to go,
Nor to creep down the steep
"Companion" stairs below;
While the crisis rages loud and long,
And you have to keep below.

"Britannia needs" her "bulwarks"
And "towers along the steep;"
Her ships crawl "o'er the mountain waves,"
Her navy's "on the cheap,"
With blunders from her naval L—ds
She riles the tars below,
And they swear—you're aware—
"When the stormy winds do blow,"
'Cause their awkward squadrons all go wrong,
"When the stormy winds do blow."

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn"—
They say—when Liberal L—ds depart,
And Tory ones return.
Then, then, ye ocean-amateurs!
Their song and jest shall flow,
To make game of your name
When you've ceased to go below;
When my fiery flights are heard no more,
And you've ceased to go below.

The Globe, June 18, 1885.

SONG AT SCARBOROUGH.

During the Match Gentlemen of England v. *Players of England, September* 3, 1885.

YE Gentlemen of England,
Who smite for twos and threes,
One bat has swiped for twenty years,
That bat is W. G.'s.

That wondrous willow waves again
To match the old, old foe,
And spanks through their ranks
Whilst the bowlers puff and blow,
Though Tom Emmett sends them swift and straight,
And the "field" do all they know.

Britannia need not tremble
Whilst he his "block" can keep,
And slog for sixes and for fours,
Though the field stand close or deep
There's "powder" yet in every stroke,
His "drives" like lightning go,
And men roar as the score
Swells at every swashing blow,
Though Ulyett "sends 'em down" like hail,
And Peate his best doth show!

The Cricket fame of England
Shall yet in brightness burn,
And we can wait without blue funk
That Cornstalk Team's return,
Whilst W. G. can show such form
After twenty years or so;
The fame of his name
Sounds wherever Britons go,
And the mighty score on Scarborough's shore
Should bring him "one cheer mo'!"

Punch, September 12, 1885.

ON CONCEDING THE SATURDAY IN CHRISTMAS WEEK, 1884.

YE SHOPKEEPERS of London,
Who live in lavish ease;
We beg of you for once to hear
Your poor employés pleas.
There is no need for us to say
How hard their daily task;
Then give the one short Saturday
Which they this Christmas ask!

* * * *

Ye Merchants, too, of London,
Who Christmas will enjoy,
Until a glut of luxuries
Your appetites will cloy;
Come, think of those whose tired hands shake,
As at your books they toil;
And, oh, do not, for pity's sake,
Their taste of Yule-tide spoil!

* * * *

Truth, December 18, 1884.

Another long imitation of the same original appeared in *Truth*, Sept. 25, 1879, commencing

"YE Ministers of England."

Amongst the curiosities of literature may be classed an extraordinary collection entitled "DIVINE SONGS OF THE MUGGLETONIANS," printed in 1829, and now very scarce. Amongst these so-called Divine Songs are some to be sung to such tunes as "God save the King," "Hearts of Oak," "De'il tak the wars," and one there is which commences as follows, in imitation of Campbell's *Mariners*:—

"YOU faithful Muggletonians who truly do believe
The doctrine of Muggleton to be the same as Reeve;
Let no wise anti-followers infuse into your ear,
That a Prayer, Christ does hear, from us mortals here below."

—:o:—

Campbell's poems seem to be especially favored by the Editor of the Parody Competitions in *The Weekly Dispatch*, as, in addition to those already alluded to, he also selected "The Maid's Remonstrance" for political parodies, and the following examples were printed, March 1, 1885:—

THE BENCH OF BISHOPS.

NEVER working, ever wooing,
Loving fat things, wealth pursuing;
Know ye not the wrong ye're doing,
O ye favoured few?
All your lives obstruction brewing.
Cease, or else be true!

Measures banished, wrongs not righted.
See your Church, how disunited!
See the scores of bills you've blighted
In the House of Peers!
Cringing, wav'ring, and benighted,
'Midst your country's tears.

Yet you deem yourselves a blessing—
Sleek and fat, and self-caressing,
Time is short, and needs are pressing;
Soon you'll have to go.
Dull and useless, always messing;
Dotard's all, and slow.

JAMES TURNER.

RANDOLPH'S REMONSTRANCE TO SIR STAFFORD.

NEVER fighting, ever cooing,
Still a fruitless course pursuing;
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my lifelong hopes eschewing—
Fight, or cease to coo!

Gordon murdered, pledges slighted,
Still our ways are disunited.
When the goal is well-nigh sighted
Feeble funk appears;
Vacillation so benighted.
Is for Lib'ral fears.

Office—once your dearest blessing;
Place—we both would be possessing!
Hopes— a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless our caressing—
Yours with age, mine woe.

HENRY L. BRICKEL.

BRITANNIA'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER peaceful, ever doing,
Still the phantom, Fame, pursuing,
And askance the straight path viewing—
All for pow'r and place!
Future storms for me you're brewing;
Cease, or veil my face!

Where is now the troth we plighted?
Both our hearts are disunited;
Freedom's lamp one day we lighted,
Now 'tis quenched with tears.
Heroes murdered, great hopes blighted,
Roused are all our fears.

Once you earned my richest blessing,
Thrilled my soul with your caressing
Each a mutual love confessing,
Soon its sweets you'll miss,
For your love's not worth possessing
While War's lips you kiss.

J. ARTHUR ELLIOTT.

STAFFY'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER winning, ever wooing;
Still the sweets of place pursuing,
And the cause of my undoing,
Randolph—it is you!
All your life seems spent in brewing
Mischief ever new,

Rivals bullied and indicted,
Still our ranks are disunited;
When your glowworm lamp is lighted
Mine half-quenched appears;
I must wander on benighted
'Mid'st the groans and cheers.

Would you but bestow your blessing,
How I'd purr at your caressing!
But your pranks are so distressing
Soon you'll make me trow
Place itself's not worth possessing
If you plague me so!

GOSSAMER.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh!

"Sad is my fate"! said the heart-broken stranger,
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh!" *

* * * * *

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ENGLISH MELODIES.

"Unhappy little John, the once popular representative of Westminster, is, as every body knows, kicked out of the seat he has so long occupied, and has resigned the office in which he, for so short a period, was suffered to luxuriate. In the expressive words of the poet we may exclaim,

Joy, joy for ever! the task is done,
The city's free and *Evans* has won.

It will be seen from the following splendid ebulition of true pathos, that little Hobby in all his misery for the loss of his office and his seat, has not yet forgotten his kind patron '*Dear De Vear*,' to whom his heart still turns with a most appropriate gratitude."

AIR.—*Erin go bragh.*

THERE came to the hustings an exile from office,
The damp at his heart it was heavy and chill,
For his sal'ry he sigh'd, when one night he threw off his
Patriotic disguise just assum'd for the bill.
But the poll booth attracted his ancient devotion,
As it stood, and he saw the electors in motion,
And thinks he "pon my soul I've a very strong notion,
They'll return Colonel Evans! De Vear then go bragh."

"Oh sad is my fate," said the wretched ex-placeman,
"Some Tories or Whigs to a borough can flee,
But I have no chance, for so great's my disgrace man,
A seat in St. Stephen's remains not for me.
Ah, never again from John Bull's breeches pocket,
Whence my dad draws a pension; (God grant they won't dock it),
My pay shall I take in my coffers to lock it,
Unless re-elected, De Vear then go bragh.

Oh office my haven, though by me forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy lucrative store,
But alas, by the Colonel thrown out I awaken,
And sigh for the votes that support me no more.
And thou my Lord Grey, will you never replace me,
In a post where electors no longer can chase me;
Ah, never again shall old Glory embrace me,
Or will he too go out with his Hob to deplore.

Where now is the Westminster rump that supported
Sir Frank and myself? we must weep for its fall,
And where is the junta, that influence sported,
And where is De Vear too the dearest of all?
Alas what an ass I have been for declining
My seat! what a fool I have been for resigning
My office! but now there is no use in whining,
It cannot my seat or my office recal.

But yet all my bitter reflections repressing,
There is one dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
De Vear, thy old *protegé* gives thee his blessing,
Thou ghost of the rump! my De Vear then go bragh.
Kicked out of my seat, when (oh bitterest potion)
I've no longer the means of proposing a motion
In the House, I'll still out of it sing with devotion,
You've been a kind friend dear De Vear then go bragh."

Figaro in London, May 18, 1833.

This Parody refers to the late Sir John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), who long represented Westminster in Parliament, he was succeeded by Sir De Lacy Evans, then Colonel De Lacy Evans. The "Sir Frank" alluded to in the fourth verse was Sir Francis Burdett, a very advanced Radical politician for those days. He was the father of Lady Burdett Coutts, whose husband has recently been elected member for Westminster in the Conservative interest.

* "Ireland for ever."

The Exile of Erin;

Or, Mitchell in Norfolk Island.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his breeches was heavy and chill;
He thought of the days of his spouting and "beering,"
As he rattled his chains on the wind-beaten hill.
He looked towards the north with an air of devotion,
And thought of the very green isle of the ocean,
Which once he had put in such awful commotion
By bawling and roaring out Erin-go-bragh!

"Sad is my fate," said the gray-coated stranger,
"My cousins, the apes to their caverns can flee,
But I in a chain-gang of convicts must range here;
Repose or tobacco exist not for me;
Ne'er again in the snug little bar
Where my ancestors dwelt, shall I smoke the cigar.
Or cheer on the rabble of Dublin to war
By bawling and roaring out Erin-go-Bragh!

The Puppet Show, May 27, 1848.

The Visit to Erin.

THERE came an ex-Premier from England to Erin,
If not to his tongue, to give rest to his quill.
From his country he came in the hope of repairing
Some errors whose memory clings to him still.
Can we doubt that e'en now, as he traversed the ocean,
His conscience recalled with a doubtful emotion
The day when, to show to the priests his devotion,
He danced to the music of Erin-go-bragh?

O fond is my breast, said the time-serving stranger,
O Erin! dear Erin! my heart yearns to thee.
The day still I rue when we parted in anger,
For a place and a party remain not in me.
Then grant me once more for a day or an hour
The pleasures of office, the semblance of power.
O cover my head with the shamrock's green flower,
And I'll dance to the measure of Erin-go-bragh.

O Erin! dear island! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit the Speaker's right hand;
But, alas! with the dawn's reappearing I waken,
Regretful I broke with the Irish brass band.
O fate, cruel fate! would'st thou only replace me
On the Treasury Bench, with few Tories to face me,
With Biggar, O'Donnell, Parnell to embrace me,
I'd seem like their leader, though they might command

Where is my great University measure?
Prelates and priests, did ye weep o'er its fall?
O how can you dwell on its failure with pleasure,
Which gave to you Trinity College and all?
O my poor pen, long abandoned to railing!
O my sad tongue, is thy influence failing?
Pamphlets and speeches are both unavailing,
My power and my party they cannot recall.

O that, all sad recollections suppressing,
From the future one bright grain of hope I could draw,
I'd sing, over-coming, all memories distressing,
Home Rule for ever! sweet Erin-go-bragh!
Sea-sick and ill when I feel the ship's motion,
Still joyously homeward I'll traverse the ocean,
And murmur, in token of grateful devotion,
Home Rule for ever! and Erin-go-bragh!

From "*They are Five*," by W. E. G., 1877.

In the thirtieth of the Poem Competitions in "The World," two prizes were offered for poems on "Ireland's Distress," the model selected being Campbell's "Exile of Erin." The first prize was gained by Captain Walford (Kommitop); the second by Miss Chamberlayne (Hypophosphate.) The Poems were printed in "The World" March 3, 1880.

Ireland's Distress.

I SAW in a dream the sad angel of Erin;
Her green robe hung loosely, so withered her form;
For her country she sighed, as though almost despairing,
Of shelter and rest from the pitiless storm.
Though the day-star of Hope, rising fair o'er the ocean,
Shone bright on the mist of her eye's sad devotion;
Yet scarcely her lips, in their trembling emotion,
Could whisper the anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

'Sad is my fate!' said the heart-broken stranger;
'The wild deer and fox shall be monarchs alone;
For, racked by the tortures of famine and danger,
To new homes and new countries my children have flown,
Never again, when the hill-tops are hoary
And the winter winds wail, shall they list to the story,
Which their forefathers loved, of their countrymen's glory,
Nor join in the chorus of Erin-go-bragh.

Britannia, my sister, though sad and forsaken,
In hope I yet linger about thy rough shore;
Alas, has my anguish no power to awaken
Some pity to love, and some aid to restore?
O happy land, only thou can'st replace me
In a haven of peace! If thine arms shall embrace me,
Never again shall my children disgrace me,
Nor die at a distance, but live in my heart,

Now is the cabin-door open and shattered,
Father and mother are weeping within;
Gone are their kindred, their friends are all scattered,
Their children with famine are wasted and thin.
Ah, my sad heart, as I look on this sorrow,
Hopeless to-day, and despairing to-morrow,
How can I dare any comfort to borrow
From dreams which the future may blast and destroy?

Yet all the thoughts of its anguish suppressing,
One only fond wish my sad heart can desire—
That my sons' bitter curses may change to a blessing,
As faction shall languish and discord expire!
Now wild with distress is my isle of the ocean;
Then gladness shall swell my fond breast with emotion,
And my children shall sing with new love and devotion,
Erin mavourneen, Erin-go-bragh!'

KOMMITOP (CAPTAIN WALFORD),

Second Prize.

THERE crept o'er the loveliest isle of the ocean
The foretaste of famine, foreshadow of pain,
And winter and want, with each fiercer emotion.
Long-suffering patience had worn to the wane;
For the food of the famishing people was rotten,
And the hate that is often of hunger begotten
Embittered the hearts with sedition besotten,
And the singers of Erin were silent again.

O, where is the ardour of Shiel and O'Connell,
The heart-burning eloquence poured in the cause?
Would it stimulate Parnell, impassion O'Donnell,
If of hunger they felt for a moment the claws?
For small is the gain and the glory ensuing
From the tortuous path that their feet are pursuing,
And slow the advance unto Ireland accruing,
From forcing the coach-wheels of Albion to pause.

'Sad is our fate,' cries the famishing peasant;
'The wild bird is left to its home on the tree,
And corn is full lavishly flung to the pheasant,
But no roof and no food for my children and me.
O, harder our fate than the horrors of fiction!
When thrust by the merciless laws of eviction
From the home that is held by the heart's predilection,
We are forced o'er the bare breast of Erin to flee.

Erin, our country, as, weak and heart-broken,
We wander half-starved over mountain and shore,
And search for a remnant of hope, or a token
That life may be glad to our spirits once more;
Can we trust that the hearths, now forlorn and forsaken,
To welfare shall warm and to laughter awaken,
And the dust from the wings of thy glory be shaken
To the future reëcho of Erin-go-bragh!

Sweet solace it were to the heart of the dying,
That throbs his last pulse out on pitiless ground,
Could he know that the land upon which he was lying
Would smile into gladness, with plenty abound;
And the trials and straights of despair and starvation
Through which he was fighting should end in salvation
To happier sons of a new generation,
Who will sing the old anthem of Erin-go-bragh.'

HYPOPHOSPHATE (MISS E. CHAMBERLAYNE.)

—:o:—

HOHENLINDEN.

An imitation of Hohenlinden, written by Mr. F. B. Doveton, was given on page 28. It was descriptive of the Tay Bridge disaster, which happened in December, 1879.

The subject was chosen for a prize competition in The World, the model selected being Campbell's Hohenlinden, and the following poems appeared in that journal on January 21, 1880:—

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

ON Balgay when the sun was low,
Pale gleamed the distant Grampian snow,
And dark and muddy was the flow
Through Strath-Tay ebbing rapidly.

But Balgay saw another sight,
When rose the wind at fall of night,
And distant gleams of splendour light
The darkness of her scenery.

Mid light and darkness fast arrayed
The Storm-King's hosts commenced their raid,
And every furious blast essayed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the bridge with storm-gusts riven,
Then rushed the cloud-wrack tempest-driven,
And nearer 'neath the vault of heaven,
Out flashed the train lights ruddily.

But brighter still that light shall gleam,
With one last flash o'er land and stream,
And then shall vanish like a dream
At daylight passing wearily.

The coming sun shall light no more
Yon bridge that spans from shore to shore,
And dark Dundee bereft shall cower
Beneath her smoky canopy.

The horror deepens. Who can save
Those rushing to a watery grave?
Wave dashes wildly over wave,
And leaps in dreadful rivalry.

None, none shall part where many meet;
The sand shall be their winding sheet;
No churchyard turf shall veil their feet
In their untimely sepulchre.

CHEVY CHASE (J. F. BAIRD.)

—

SECOND PRIZE.

ON Tay the summer sun sinks low,
Soaring above the broad Firth's flow;
A thread athwart yon ruddy glow,
The wondrous bridge winds airily.

But halcyon days have taken flight,
Wild howls the storm this winter's night,
And 'gainst that daring fabric light
The tempest rages furiously.

Homeward they wend from town and glade,
Husband and wife, and youth and maid,
For that dread race of death arrayed,
An all-unconscious company.

Forth speeds the train to ruin driven—
Is there no help, O pitying Heaven?
No warning voice in mercy given
Of the impending destiny?

The signal beckons—on they go;
Now o'er the bridge the lamp-lights glow,
Where, in the shuddering depth below,
The foam-flecked Firth roars hungrily.

With straining eyes the watchers run,
Longing to mark the passage done.
In vain: the blast his prey has won,
And on it swoops relentlessly.

That fiery flash the signal gave;
Down crashing through the maddened wave,
Both bridge and freight have found a grave,
Whelmed in one dire catastrophe.

With questioning eyes the mourners meet,
Blanched lips the fearful tale repeat;
The wild wave rolling at their feet
Mocks at their helpless misery.

COURTHOPE (L. BECK.)

—:o:—

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown.

And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on !

* * * * *

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of Oak," our captains cried ! when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

* * * * *

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The two following parodies of this poem occur in *The University Snowdrop*, an Edinburgh College Magazine. These and the interesting explanatory notes which accompany them have been kindly furnished by Mr. James Gordon, F.S.A., Scotland.

The winter of 1837-8 was very severe, and there was a heavy fall of snow in Edinburgh. On the 10th January some snowballing took place in front of the College, in which the students took part. The warfare between the students and the townspeople was renewed on the 11th, and became more serious. Several shop windows were broken, the shops were closed, and the street traffic suspended. The students, believing that the constables took the side of the mob against them, appeared on the 12th armed with sticks, to defend themselves against the constables batons. Then a regular riot took place, sticks and batons being freely used, and matters became so serious that the magistrates found it necessary to send to the Castle for a detachment of soldiers of the 79th Highlanders, which arrived and drew up across the College quadrangle, and peace was restored. Five students who had been most active in the fray were tried by the Sheriff and were acquitted. The trial lasted three days. Among the witnesses for the prosecution were the Lord Provost, some Bailies, and the heads of the police force. The students were defended by Patrick Robertson, in a most amusing speech. He was made a Lord of Session, and wrote some volumes of poetry, now unsaleable, if ever they did sell. Lockhart wrote an epitaph for him :—

"Here lies that peerless paper lord, Lord Peter,
Who broke the laws of 'gods and men' and metre."

A report of the trial was published, which was followed by "*The University Snowdrop*, an appendix to the Great Trial, containing a selection of squibs, old and new, descriptive of the wars of the quadrangle and the consequences thereof. With magnificent embellishments." Edinburgh, 1838.

The "embellishments" are pen and ink portraits of the principal parties concerned in the riot, drawn by Edward Forbes, then a student, who became a Professor. (His widow married Major Yelverton, from which event sprang the famous case of Longworth against Yelverton.)

BATTLE OF THE BALLS.

OF ALMA and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When the students all stood forth
'Gainst the minions of the town.
And their snowballs on the Bridge fleetly flew
I can't tell how or why,
But each Student took a shy,
And floored were passers by
Not a few !

Like ravens to the row,
Came Pond and his Police,
(For breaking heads, we know,
Is their way of keeping peace,)
It was two post meridiem by the bell :
Up the Bridges as they dashed,
The boldest looked abashed,
For they knew they would be hashed
Very well !

Out the youth of Alma poured
To anticipate the scene—
And the balls the faster showered
O'er the deadly space between :
"We'll be licked!" bellowed Pond," that s the fact."
So around his band he looks,
"Now go, B2o, Snooks,
And summon Bailie Crooks
With the Act."

The Act was read in vain—
And the havoc did not slack,
Till Crooks had fled again
To the Council chambers back,
And that there was a riot he would vouch :
Then came the soldiers all,
With their captains stout and tall,
And sixty rounds of ball
In their pouch.

Out spake the Major then,
And he trembled as he spoke—
"We are brothers—we are men—
By the Lord, my nose is broke !
Are your cartridges, my men, duly rammed ;
Our patience you will tire
Peace is all we require,
Then yield, or we shall fire ! "
"You be d——— d ! "

Then the Provost forth he came,
For he saw it was no go :
Said he "It is a shame
To treat the Students so,—
If you'll promise, my young friends, to withdraw,
No longer at the gate
The Policemen shall await,
And the vengeance I'll abate
Of the law."

"That will do," the Students cried,
And each band departed straight.
And one by one they hied
Through the lofty College gate.
But they knew not how severely they were watched ;

For Pond and all his rout
Raised a horrid shout,
And as every man came out
He was cotched.

Brave hearts! who fought so well
Once so faithful and so true,
In your dungeon's gloomy cell
Our eyes shall weep for you.
We'll be bail for every one of you and bond!
And when you all are freed,
I think we are agreed
On one article of creed,
DOWN WITH POND!!!

STANZAS ON A LATE BATTLE.

OF the combat in the North,
Sing the glorious days' renown,
When the Charlies' fierce came forth,
To defend the trembling town,
While the ragged crew without, hiss and groan.
Each student took his stand,
Till the College gates were mann'd,
And shillellahs in each hand,
Proudly shone.

Intent upon a row,
Rose their clamour wild and loud,
And in showers the snowballs flew,
At the ragamuffin crowd.
It was just two o'clock by the time;
When the medicals came out,
As each waved his cudgel stout,
Cried "To crack a Charlie's snout
Is no crime."

So down the stairs they dashed,
Spreading terror far and wide;
Right and left the crabsticks smash'd;
Yells were heard on every side.
"Hit 'em hard," was the cry—when each man
With an adamantine whack,
Made their empty noddles crack,
Now, ye Charlies, pay them back!!
If ye can!!!

Again, again, again,
And the havoc did not slack,
Till to cut their sticks. they deign,
And within the gates fly back.
Stones and dirt along the streets, slowly boom;
And the Charlies' bruised and pale,
With the mob behind their tail,
Our environs to assail,
Did presume.

With joy ye students shout,
At the tidings of your might,
How ye made the claret spout!
How the scoundrels mauled took flight!
Until midst their howling and uproar,
The Lobsters in were led,
And the Riot Act was read,
While the Provost popp'd his head
Through the door.

Brave hearts! turn out's the word;
Though you've leathered the police,
Yet a baton's not a sword,
So leave the field in peace.

And our bards shall sing the glory of the day,
How many a skull and hat,
To the tune of "Tit for Tat,"
Was bash'd and batter'd flat,
In the fray.

KILSPENDIE.

In the same volume (which is now very scarce) there are also Parodies of "Lochiel's Warning," entitled the "Student's Warning," one of a passage from *Marmion*, and another imitating *The Lady of the Lake*:—

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances," &c.

headed "Clan Charlie's Pibroch," and a parody of Hamlet's Soliloquy, commencing, "To stand or not to stand, that is the question?" This is headed, "The Policeman's Soliloquy."

THE BURNING OF THE PLAY-HOUSE.

(Improved from Campbell.)

[Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire on March 5, 1856, during a masked ball conducted by Anderson, the self-styled "Wizard of the North."]

OF the Wizard of the North
Sing the Tuesday's night renown,
When he let the gas break forth
And burn the play-house down.
And illuminated London brightly shown,
While a masquerading band,
Almost too drunk to stand,
But all holding hand in hand,
Revelled on.

Detesting every note,
(They'd been playing there from nine),
The orchestra scarce kept
From kicking up a shine.
It was five of Wednesday morn, by the chime,
And as each fiddler saith,
Tobacco choked his breath,
And he played, fatigued to death,
Out of time.

Any decent folks had blushed
To assist at such a scene—
But, sudden, firemen rushed
Where before they should have been,
And "Fire! fire!" the Wizard cried, and the fun
Stopped upon pallid lips,
For the ceiling and the slips
Glowed like a mountain's tips
In the sun.

The Main! the Main! the Main!
But beams came tumbling whack,
And a shower of fiery rain
Falls on the frightened pack,
And each hurries from the menaced doom,
And gents with terror pale
Pay no heed to woman's wail,
And the flames at once prevail
And consume.

Down went Covent Garden then,
Vain was the engine's wave,
Vainly the gallant men
Struggled the wealth to save—
The clock twice saved away indeed they bring,
But the Muse's ancient seat
Is a ruin most complete;
Ashes, where song's *élite*
Used to sing.

And London's blame was chief
For the stupid heads of those
Who have doubtless come to grief
Through the Wizard's vulgar shows.
A play-house is intended for a play;
If you let it for a night
To a Quack, you but invite
A fate that serves you right,
You may say.

Now joy old opera raise
For the tidings of the night,
Once more thy gas shall blaze,
Once more thy songs delight,
And though losing our fine house is a bore,
Let us think of those who weep
Their tools—by no means cheap—
A charred and melted heap
On its floor.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

—:o:—

THE LAST GROWLER.

(After Thomas Campbell's *Last Man*—also after the Official Report that there are one hundred and fifty seven fewer Four-wheeled Cabs in London now than last year.)

FOUR million souls without a Fly!
Shall we *then* realise
Our lack of common comforts, born
From lack of enterprise?
I saw a vision in my sleep
That caused me from my bed to leap,
And skip around the room;
I saw the Final Growler go
Unhonoured, hideous, mean and slow,
To its appointed doom!

The gas-lamps had a sickly glare,
And not a heart did bleed
As passed that bony hulk along.
Drawn by its bony steed;
The Hansom Cabmen winked and leered,
The very Crossing-Sweeper jeered,
The street-boys raised a yell:
And bliss o'er troubled spirits slid
To see that Four-wheeled Monster bid
To fares a long farewell!

Yet, martyr-like, the Driver sat;
He knew the end was near
Of over-charge and under-pay,
And did not shed a tear;
Saying—"Too long I have delayed;
My Cab is old, my Horse decayed,
'Tis mercy bids me bolt;
For fifty years of mortal breath,
We've jolted Passengers to death,
And shall no longer jolt.

"What though upon my seats have writhed
The Great, perhaps the Good.
Condemned in this proud Capital
To use my box of wood?
Yet now repentance, all too late,
Makes me confess that ne'er did Fate
A vehicle provide
More maddening in each palsied shake,
Or where long-suffering Fares might take,
A more atrocious ride?

"'Tis done! Oblivion's curtain falls
Upon the myriad men
Who've blown me up, and knocked me down,
And 'had me up' again.
Those frowsy cushions bring not back
Nor stretch four souls upon the rack
By Nature made for twain!
Oh, let this cramped roof-tree go,
Also thy dirty straw below,
Thou Vehicle of Pain!

"Even I am weary now of playing
My customary pranks;
Rank idiocy it was to place
Such Cabs upon the ranks!
How came it, else, that London's sons
To stable-owning Goths and Huns
For aid in vain did cry,
While every Gent, and every Cad,
In Aberdeen and Glasgow had
His reputable Fly?

"Go, Kings of Cabland, and reflect
On London's awful waste
By not a single Four-wheeled Cab
From Kew to Greenwich graced!
Go, tell the world how you beheld
A Jehu, bowed with shame and eld,
Guiding his Growler mean,—
The general universe defy,
To match for sheer obliquity,
That ramshackle machine!

Punch, September, 1885.

—:o:—

THE MASSACRE OF GLENHO.

THROUGH deep Glenho the owlet flits,
That valley weird and lone;
The chieftain's aged widow sits
Beside the bare hearth stone.

Beside the bare and blighted hearth
Whose fires, now quenched and black,
Had seen five gallant sons go forth,
And never one come back.

'Tis silent all! but hark—a cry
And ghastly clamours wake
The midnight glen. Then rose proudly
That ancient dame, and spake—

"What mingled sounds of woe and wail
"Up Mortham's valley spread?
"What shrieks upon the gusty gale
"Come pealing overhead?

"I hear the pibroch's piercing swell,
"The banshee's scream I hear,
"And hark! again that stifled yell—
"The *boderglas* is near!!

"The Boderglas with bloody brow
"And tresses dripping red—
"I see him at the window NOW
"He shakes his gory head!

"Then, daughter, to thy mother's arms,
"Thus, thus, in close embrace,
"The messenger of death we'll meet—
"The slayer of our race.

"Then do not weep, my daughter!"—
"Oh mother, 'tis not that—
"But Donald Roy the carrotty boy
"HAS KILLED OUR OLD TOM CAT.

From *Puck on Pegasus*, by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. Chatto and Windus, London,)

—:o:—

THE LAWN TENNIS MATCH.

THE summer day proved all too short,
But light forbade the pleasant sport,
And silent lay the tennis court,
Where time had flown so rapidly.

But morning saw another sight,
When, after slumbers soft and light,
The girls, once more, rushed forth to fight
Upon the level greenery.

On either side the net they stand,
Each with her tennis bat in hand,
The fairest maidens in the land,
Opposed in bloodless rivalry!

Then "faults" no longer were forgiven,
Then o'er the net their balls were driven,
And like the deadly bolts of Heaven,
The "serves" in their velocity!

But faster yet the balls shall fly
Beneath the cloudless summer sky,
And still more frequent be the cry
Of "Deuce" that sounds so naughtily!

'Tis noon, but still resounds the blow,
Though scorching hours may come and go,
Those maidens, fleeter than the roe,
Are ever darting rapidly!

The combat deepens, Grace will win,
In Jersey, fitting like her skin,
Just give the ball a subtle spin,
And snatch from Maud the victory!

A few games more, and Grace *has* won!
"Ho! Claret Cup! we both are done!"
And from the fury of the sun
They scamper most bewitchingly!

F. B. DOVETON.

From *Society*. —:o:—

"WE ARE RUINED BY CHEAP CHINESE LABOUR."

In *Punch* for January 16, 1886, a Parody (in four verses) appeared apropos of an assertion that Chinamen were being largely employed on vessels of the Royal Navy, stationed in the China Seas. It commenced:—

YE Mariners of England
Who watch our distant seas,
'Tis very odd that you should be
The half of you Chinese.
It scarcely fits our notions
To have you down below;
And though your keep, perhaps is cheap,
The news comes like a blow;
To think we've got a Mongol Jack
Gives one a dreadful blow.
* * * *

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

AT Summer eve, when Heav'n's aërial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
* * * * *

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL, UNDONE AND OUTDONE.

WHEN oftentimes the young aerial beau
Spans on bright arch the glittering wheels below,
Why to yon upland turns the 'cycling eye,
Whose misty outline mingles with the sky?
Why do those tracts of soberer tint appear
More meet than all the landscape shining near?
'Tis *distance* sends enchantment to his view,
And lures the mounted with its azure hue.

From *Lyra Bicyclica*, by Joseph G. Dalton. (Hodges and Co., Boston, 1885.)

—:o:—

Amongst the various other imitations of Campbell's style the following are noteworthy:—

In "Rival Rhymes in honour of Burns," by Samuel Lover (London, 1859), is a long poem entitled "A Spirit Lay from Hades," imitating "The Battle of the Baltic," it commences thus:—

OF Scotia and the North
A loving son would sing,
And to laud surpassing worth
Would wake the silent string,
Untouch'd since it sank to the tomb;
But bardic fires still burn
In the ashes of the urn,
And glimmering back-return
Through the gloom.

For BURNS this spirit lay
Is wafted to the earth,
In honour of the day
That gave the poet birth.
* * * *

"Rejected Odes," edited by Humphrey Hedgehog, Esq., published by J. Johnston, London, 1813, a dreary little book, which was, no doubt, brought into existence in consequence of the success of "The Rejected Addresses," contains poems which are supposed to bear some resemblance to those of Lord Byron, Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and others. Specimen the Ninth is devoted to the description of the sorrows of Ireland, written after the style of Campbell's Exile of Erin.

In "The Maclise Portrait Gallery" (Chatto and Windus) there is an excellent portrait of Campbell, who, comfortably seated in an arm chair, is enjoying a long pipe and a glass of whisky toddy:—

"THERE'S Tom Campbell in person, the poet of Hope,
Brimful of good liquor, as gay as the Pope;
His shirt collar's open, his wig is awry,
There's his stock on the ground, there's a cock in his eye.
Half gone his last tumbler—clean gone his last joke,
And his pipe, like his college, is ending in smoke.
What he's saying who knows, but perhaps it may be
Something tender and soft of a bouncing ladye."

W. MAGINN.

Robert Burns,

Born January 25, 1759. *Died July* 21, 1796.

THE date of the birth of Burns has been variously given as January 25 and January 29, the former date is probably correct judging from the lines:

"Our monarch's hindmost year but ane.
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in our Robin."

It is now generally adopted, and the celebration of the Centenary of Burns's birth was certainly held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on January 25, 1859.

Of all the Poems written by Burns no one is so grand, or so generally popular as Bruce's address to his troops, which Burns is said to have composed as he rode home through a heavy storm. He sent the following draft of it to his friend Mr. George Thomson, in September, 1793, suggesting that the poem might be set to the old Scotch air HEY TUTTIE TAITTIE.

BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS.

On the Eve of the Battle of Bannockburn.

(*As originally written by Burns.*)

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lower:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a cowards grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Let him follow me?

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us DO or DIE!

Mr. Thompson, in acknowledging the Poem, remarked:—

"Your heroic ode is to me the noblest composition of the kind in the Scottish language. I happened to dine yesterday with a party of your friends to whom I read it. They were all charmed with it, entreated me to find out a suitable air for it, and reprobated the idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur as 'Hey tuttie taittie.'

I have been running over the whole hundred airs, of which I lately sent you the list; and I think 'Lewie Gordon' is most happily adapted to your ode; at least with a very short variation of the fourth line, which I shall presently submit to you. There is in 'Lewie Gordon' more of the grand than the plaintive, particularly when it is sung with a degree of spirit which your words would oblige the singer to give it. I would have no scruple about substituting your ode in the room of 'Lewie Gordon,' which has neither the interest, the grandeur, nor the poetry that characterize your verses. Now the variation I have to suggest on the last line of each verse, the only line too short for the air, is as follows:—

Verse 1st, Or to *glorious* victorie.
2nd, *Chains*—chains and slaverie.
3rd, Let him, *let him* turn and flee.
4th, Let him *bravely* follow me.
5th, But *they shall*, they shall be free.
6th, Let us, *let us* do, or die!

If you connect each line with its own verse, I do not think you will find that either the sentiment or the expression loses any of its energy."

Acting upon these suggestions Burns altered his Poem to suit the music, but in simplicity and grandeur the first version was far superior to the second.

BANNOCKBURN.

Robert Bruce's address to his Army.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled:
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Caledonia! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins.
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward: let us do or die!

Curiously enough one of the earliest Parodies of this Poem is a satirical effusion directed against a victim of foul wrong and oppression, Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV., and her sympathisers, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Joseph Hume, Alderman Wood, and her advocate Henry Brougham *(Broom)*, afterwards Lord Chancellor. Brandenburgh House, at Hammersmith, was the residence of Queen Caroline.

GULLS, who've heard what HOBHOUSE said!
Gulls whom JOSEPH HUME has led!
Who deem that Pater Moore has head
For Plans of Liberty!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the face of GIFFORD lour,
See approach the lawyer's power,
Bags and knavery.

Who'll believe Italian spies?
When honest *Times* indignant cries,
That all they say are monstrous lies,
Foul conspiracy!
Who for England's Queen so bright,
To purchase Plate subscribes his mite,
Or signs addresses, wrong or right,
To Brandenburgh with me!

By our *Wood* that shields the Queen,
By our *Broom* that sweeps all clean,
We will go through thick and thin,
But she shall be free!
Lay her proud accusers low,
Pure she'll prove as "unsunned snow,"
Can we but persuade them so,
Let us on and see!

BRITONS WHO HAVE OFTEN BLED.

BRITONS who have often bled
In the cause that Hampden led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory,
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach your tyrant's power,
Chains and slavery!

Who would be a traitor knave?
Who would fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!
Who at Liberty's sweet cry
Freedom's sword would raise on high?
Freeman stand, or freeman die,
Hark! your chief cries "on with me!"

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay your proud oppressors low!
Tyrants fall in every blow!
For the cause of God below,
Is the cause of Liberty.

From *The Republican*, October 8, 1819. R. Carlile, printer, 55, Fleet Street, London.

GLEE.

FOLKS who've oft at Dolby's fed!
Folks who've nibbled Batson's bread!
Folks who've ta'en a Hummum's bed!
Come not o'er the sea:
Victuals here are but so, so;
Hollands, too, run very low;
Scarce is coffee and *cocoa*;
Sojourn where you be.

Now's the time and now's the hour,
For little bread, there being no flour;
Liberty's a glorious dower—
Though ragged, let's be free!
We will walk the unlopp'd wood,
And taste what Nature grows for food—
Grumbling here does little good!
So hail, glad Liberty!

From *The Fancy*, a selection from the Poetical remains of the late Peter Corcoran, 1820.

The same volume also contains a poem entitled *The Fields of Tothill: A Fragment.* This is written in imitation of Lord Byron's *Don Juan.*

In 1823 the John Bull newspaper contained a parody of "Scots wha hae," entitled "Wilson's Subscription," but the subject is obsolete, and the parody inferior. It commenced:

WHIGS! who have with Michael dined,
Whigs! who have with Bennet whined,
Hasten now to raise the wind,
For a Knight's dismissed.

In the same year another skit at the Whig party appeared. The allusions it contains are to Lord Grey, who eventually passed the Reform Bill, Joseph Hume, the political economist and exposer of Parliamentary corruption; R. Carlile, the publisher of Tom Paine's, and other advanced Radical works; Leigh Hunt, part proprietor of the Examiner, who had been imprisoned for calling the Prince Regent a "Fat Adonis of Fifty"; Henry Hunt, who had suffered a long imprisonment for attending a meeting at Manchester to agitate for the Reform of the House of Commons, in 1819; and Henry Brougham, afterwards Lord Chancellor, who was instrumental in eventually passing that measure.

WHIGS whom Fox and Petty led,
Whigs who under Lord Grey fled,
Welcome, though *three in a bed*,
To the Treasury:

Now's the day, and now's the hour—
Starve the *Tories* out of power—
Cent. per cent. their wages lower,
They cannot choose but flee.

Who would be a grumbling knave,
Though but half a loaf he have?
Who prefer to toil and slave
Without pay or fee?
Who in spite of King and Laws,
Faction's darling weapon draws,
Calls Hume's and Bennet's—Freedom's cause,
Let him follow *me!*

Let Bennet boast his purity
In politics and *pedigree*,
Talk loud of his *nihil*-ity,
By long service won.
Let Hume *dissect* each place and fee,
Each clerk, *although a brother he*,
And prove that Cocker's *Rule of Three*
Means only *Number One*.

Whigs, with Carlile who condole,
Whigs, with Hunt now cheek by jowl,
Whigs, whom Tierney can't control,
And swears at horribly!
Hume vows *he* has made a *breach*,
(*Not a pair*, as hirelings teach),
Out of little Bennet's reach,
By *Financery!*

Let Wilson rear his fallen crest,
Let Log-Wood's wisdom be confess'd,
Leave Creevey's virtues—*to be guess'd*,
And Cam to form the line.
Let Brougham be taken off the shelf,
And make his fees from Michael's pelf;
Michael's a *host*, sirs, in himself,
So—let us in and dine!

By our long and hopeless pains,
By despair of office gains,
We will draw our dearest veins,
But we *will* get in.
Lay Lord Londonderry low,
Placemen fell at every blow;
Every placeman is our foe;
Let us—*pray begin*.

PARODY.

Written when part of the Duty was taken off Whiskey, in October, 1823.

Scots wha hae the duties paid;
Scots wham whiskies aft made glad:
Welcome, for the duty's fled,
And it shall be free!
Now's the time and now's the hour;
See the shades of evening lour;
See the streams of toddy pour—
Pledge it three-times-three!

Wha wad be a brandy slave?
Wha wad shilpit claret lave?
Wha of rum wad ever rave?
When the whisky's free?
Wha for Scotia's ancient drink,
Will fill a bicker to the brink!
Scotsmen wake or Scotsmen wink,
Aquavitæ aye for me!

By taxation's woes and pains!
By the smuggler's ill-got gains!
We shall raise our wildest strains,
For it shall be free!
Lay the big gin bottle low!
In the fire the port wine throw!
Let the tide of whiskey flow!
Like liberty, aye free!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

ROASTED SUCKING PIG.

Cooks who'd roast a sucking-pig,
Purchase one not over big;
Coarse ones are not worth a fig
So a young one buy.
See that he is scalded well
(That is done by those who sell),
Therefore on that point to dwell,
Were absurdity.

Sage and bread, mix just enough,
Salt and pepper *quantum suff.*,
And the Pig's interior stuff,
With the whole combined.
To a fire that's rather high,
Lay it till completely dry;
Then to every part apply
Cloth, with butter lined.

Dredge with flour o'er and o'er,
Till the Pig will hold no more;
Then do nothing else before
'Tis for serving fit—
Then scrape off the flour with care;
Then a butter'd cloth prepare;
Rub it well; then cut—not tear—
Off the head of it.

Then take out and mix the brains
With the gravy it contains;
While it on the spit remains,
Cut the Pig in two.
Chop the sage, and chop the bread
Fine as very finest shred;
O'er it melted butter spread—
Stinginess won't do.

When it in the dish appears,
Garnish with the jaws and ears;
And when dinner-hour nears,
Ready let it be.
Who can offer such a dish
May dispense with fowl and fish;
And if he a guest should wish,
LET HIM SEND FOR ME!

"BUNN! WHA HAE."

Bunn! wha hae wi' Wallace sped,
Bunn! for whom Bruce oft has led,
Bunn! whom Jenny Lind doth dread,
Strike for victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
Don't to Lumley's programme cower;
See proud Beale approach in power,
Back'd by Royalty.

Though *the* *contract's void, they say,
Though your ballet go away,
Though Baderna cannot stay,
Don't desponding get.
By fair Thillon's eyes and curls,
By Carlotta Grisi's trils,
"Bondmen" and "Bohemian" girls,
You may be happy yet.

The Man in the Moon, Vol I,

A NOVEL TURN,

to an Auld Sang.

JEWS—as every one has read—
Jews—as Charles Bruce lately said—
Know that you are born and bred
The World's Aristocracie,
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See auld Inglis looking sour;
On you he abuse doth shower—
Inglis, Cant, and Mummerie!

Wha would be a Jew-boy, Jew?
Sell auld almanacks for new,
When he's one of—Bruce says true—
The World's Aristocracie!
Wha for Israel's right, by law,
In the house to sit, will draw—
Member stand, or member fa'—
Son of Judah, on wi' me!

By auld London's streets and lanes,
By great Rothschild's cunning brains,
We will spend our hard earn'd gains
But he shall be an M.P.
Lay our proud opponents low—
Agnews† fall in every foe—
Parliament's in every blow—
Opposition's all my eye!

The Puppet-Show, April 15, 1848.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

GUARDS! who at Smolensko fled—
No—I beg your pardon—bled!
For my Uncle blood you've shed,
Do the same for me.
Now's the day and now's the hour,
Heads to split and streets to scour;
Strike for rank, promotion, power,
Swag, and *eau de vie.*

Who's afraid a child to kill?
Who respects a shopman's till?
Who would pay a tailor's bill?
Let him turn and flee.
Who would burst a Goldsmith's door,
Shoot a dun, or sack a store?
Let him arm, and go before—
That is, follow me!

See the mob, to madness riled
Up the barricades have piled;
In among them, man and child,
Unrelentingly.
Shoot the men! there's scarcely one
In a dozen's got a gun:
Stop them, if they try to run,
With Artillery.

Shoot the boys! each one may grow
Into—of the state—a foe
(Meaning by the state, you know,
My supremacy!)
Shoot the girls and women old!
Those may bear us traitors bold—
These may be inclined to scold.
Our severity,

Sweep the streets of all who may
Rashly venture in the way,
Warning for a future day
Satisfactory.
Then, when still'd is ev'ry voice,
We, the nation's darling choice,
Calling on them to rejoice,
Tell them, FRANCE IS FREE.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

A BRITON'S ADDRESS TO HIS BROTHER COUNTRYMEN.

BRITONS! at your country's call,
Freely live, or bravely fall;
Honour'd death awaits us all,
Death, or glorious victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the front of battle lour:
See approach proud Gallia's power—
Gallia! chains and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.
No—in this our sacred cause
For Britannia's King and Laws,
Freedom's sword each Freeman draws
'Gainst the insulting enemy.

Who would fear, or who would flee?
Fix'd is Britain's destiny—
DEATH WITH GLORY WELCOME BE,
IF NOT LIFE WITH LIBERTY.
Briton! by thy wife's warm tear,
By thy spotless Daughter's fear,
By thy menac'd Altars swear
THAT THIS ISLAND SHALL BE FREE.

Lay the base Invaders low,
Tyrants fall in every foe.
Freedom hangs on every blow,
Oh! to conquer or to die!

Printed for J. HATCHARD, 190, Piccadilly, Price Threepence per dozen. J. Hales, Old Boswell Court. No date.

WING-KEE-FUM'S

Address to the Patriot's Army.

A Parody, with the above title, was published in *Diogenes* (a London comic journal), in September,

* For the engagement of Jenny Lind, that young lady having deserted to Mr. Lumley, the rival manager, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

† Sir Andrew Agnew, M.P., an opponent of the admission of Jews to Parliament.

1853. It was in reference to the Revolution in China against the Tartar dynasty, when the rebels made it incumbent upon their adherents to shave off their pigtails, hitherto the badge of the conquered race. As the parody has little merit or historical interest, the following extracts will suffice:—

CUT away! No coward fears
Shall restrain our warlike shears;
We shout defiance in the ears
Of all the Tartar race.
Now the day is nobly won,
Now the deed is nobly done;
We hurl our pigtails, every one,
In the Mantchoo's face!

Victory! our country's free!
The pigtail gone, no longer we
By any alien race shall be
Trampled on—kept down.
The day's our own—we'll wear our hair
Just as we please; and boldly swear
The Mantchoo's pigtail now shall ne'er
Aspire to China's crown.

* * * * *

TRAVELLERS, WHO'VE SO OFT BEEN BLED.

TRAVELLERS, who've so oft been bled,
When you're poorly lodged and fed,
At the Blue Boar, or King's Head.
Or the Victory;
Ye who've paid a crown, or so,
For a pint of Cape, or sloe,
Join your powers to overthrow
Such cool knavery!

Down with every monstrous tax,
Chambermaids, and lights of wax!
Who will pay for these, I ax,
Shillings two or three?
With each breast the feeling chimes,
Well to punish such foul crimes;
To the castigating *Times*,
Biffin, write with me!

By the dinners, dear and bad,
By the items, never had,
Charged and paid for, yet too glad
To escape so free,—
Deal mine host a deadly blow:
Tell the boots that he may go
To the gentleman below!
Forward—what a spree!

Diogenes, October 15, 1853.

SONG, *by an "Old Shaver."*

YE whose chins have often bled,
Who, no doubt, each morn have said,
"Why should blood of mine be shed
To please Society?"
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
Though your close-shorn friends look sour,
Defiance bid to *barberous* power,
Soap and slavery!

Who'd be goose enough to shave
When he might the trouble save?
Who'd to custom be a slave,
Lest folks call him, Guy?
Who, from old-established raw,
Fresh blood each day are wont to draw
While scraping at your nether jaw,
Fling your razors by!

By the cuts upon my chin,
By the smarting of my skin,
By the rage it puts me in,
No more shave for me!
Let moustache and whisker grow,
O'er your breast the long beard flow;
Let the barefaced shavers know
What a beard should be!

Diogenes, February, 1854.

THE CZAR'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SERFS, wha hae wi' Kut'soff bled!
Serfs, like beasts of burden led,
Though readier far to go to bed—
Come to glorious victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
Let Europe taste despotic power;
Make the base pretenders cower;
Down with Right and Liberty!

Who will be a traitor knave,
Shun the knout our fathers gave,
And freedom from the Saxon crave?
Patriot rebel, turn and flee!
Who would feast on tallow fat,
Strike a blow at Kalafat!
Cossacks, lick your lips at that;
Valiant Finsmen, on wi' me!

By our nobles' crafty gains,
By our vassals' cherish'd chains,
We will give our dullest brains;
But we won't, we won't be free!
Lay the Gaul and Saxon low;
Crush a Turk at every blow;
Liberty's our greatest foe!
Forward, or you'll all be d——!

Diogenes, 1854.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ECHO.

SIR,—If you think the enclosed worthy of appearing in the *Echo* I shall be glad.—Yours respectfully,

W. LOTHIAN.

31, Ferntower-road, Highbury, Jan. 31.

ADDRESS TO THE LIBERAL ARMY.

A' wha hae wi' Russell sped,
A' wham Gladstone's often led;
Welcome to a Tory bed
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach a would-be power—
Lord B. Disraeli!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Follow Disraeli.
Wha, for Parliament and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freemen stand, while Tories fa',
Let him Liberal be!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
We'll not brook Imperial chains,
For the blood in Liberal veins
Boils at Disraeli!
Lay all such usurpers low!
Tories fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Down wi' Disraeli!

The Echo, February 1, 1879.

"SCOTS WHA' ARE."

SCOTS! wha are on oatmeal fed,
Scots! wha sold your Royal Head
To his foeman to behead—
For a mere baubee,
Now's the day and now's the hour
To throw your noble landlord ower,
And bring your Willie into power,
Scotsmen, I am he!

Wha can be a traitor knave?
Wha his chance of power to save
Shame and infamy can brave?
Scotsmen, I am he!
Wha's for Disestablishment?
Wha can't tell whatever's meant
By "Home Rule" and "Don't pay rent,"
Let him follow me.

By the law of hypothec,
Hung like chains around your neck,
Scotsmen join with me to wreck
The Tory Ministry.
England to the wall may go,
Russia jubilant may crow
O'er her fall. Yet be it so,
I avenged shall be.

March, 1880.

From "*They are Five*," by W.E.G. (A small collection of Conservative parodies published by David Bogue, London, 1880).

"SCOTT WHA HA';"

Or Jumbo's Address to his Keeper.

SCOTT wha ha' your Jumbo fed,
Scott wham Jumbo aft hath led,
Soonest mended least that's said
Of your shabby victory!
Wha dare ask how I behave?
Here I'm caged up like a slave;—
Guess if I'd got loose, a shave
They'd all had to turn and flee!

What's the good of British law?
CHITTY only finds a flaw!—
Though I bang my head half raw,
Their sole game is "On wi' me!"
There,—I call the whole thing low:
E'en my trumpet I can't blow;
Off! Here, let me gang below—
Steward! Let me do, or die!

Punch, 1882.

When the elephant Jumbo was sent from the Zoological Gardens, London, to the United States he was accompanied by his keeper, Scott, who was with him when he was killed by a locomotive engine.

SALISBURY TO THE CONSERVATIVES.

FRIENDS, by Whig retrenchment bled,
Friends, whom Beaconsfield has led,
Rally round your Tory head,
On to victory come!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of Gladstone lour,
See laid low the Caucus' power,
Rads and Brummagem!

Who would come at Bradlaugh's call,
Who would see Great Britain Small,
Who would be a Radical,
Let him turn and flee!
Who "For God and Queen" will cry
Eager he to do as I,
Loyal live and loyal die,
Let him follow me!

By the woes seditions bring,
We would rather have one King
Than five hundred in the ring
Brummagem would give.
Lay the platform-spouters low!
Liberty is ours we know!
Change may tyrants bring and woe!
Change we not and—live!

From *A Pen'orth o' Poetry for the Poor*. London, 1884.

A CALL TO ARMS.

MEN by wise example led,
From England's greatest statesmen dead;
Men whose fathers fought and bled
For England's liberty;
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
Scatter wide the Tory power,
And let us still be free!

Who would be a Jingo knave?
Who would Tory banners wave?
Let him ever be a slave
To Tory tyranny.
Who would justice, right and law,
Free from Tories' greedy maw,
To the poll in thousands draw,
And poll for liberty!

Ere oppression's woes and pains
Load your sons with servile chains,
Poll your full elect'ral gains
To keep the people free;

Lay the Tory braggarts low,
A tyrant falls in every foe,
Strike! for every Liberal blow
Is dealt for liberty!

From *Songs for Liberal Electors*, 1885.

——:o:——

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent:
But now your brow it beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow.
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

The above is the version of this song as given in the Works of Burns, but *John Anderson, my jo*, existed as a song, under different forms, long before his time. In Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* it is traced back to the time of the Reformation, when many ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung to the tunes of favorite hymns in the Latin Service, to ridicule the Roman Catholic faith. The explanation is important, and should be borne in mind, as accounting for the fact that many of the absurd and nonsensical old Scotch Songs, which Burns either entirely re-wrote, or remodelled, were wedded to really grand original music.

The first, and only, verse fit to quote originally ran thus:

"JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, cum in as ye gae bye,
And ye sall get a sheips heid, weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pot:
John Anderson, my jo cum in, and ye's get that,"

In the first volume of a collection entitled, *Poetry Original and Selected*, printed by Brash & Reid, of Glasgow, this song is given as follows:

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, IMPROVED.
By Robert Burns.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up so late at e'en,
Ye'll blear out all your e'en, John, and why should you do so
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when nature first began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man;
And you amang them a', John, sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and neat.
Tho' some folk say ye're auld, John, I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me, John Anderson, my jo,

John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,
And sae are ye in mine, John—I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane, that we have seen, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John. what pleasure does it gie,
To see sae mony sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was brent.
But now your head's turned bald, John, your locks are like the snaw,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last;
But let nae that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi'ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go.
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my jo.

The stanza with which this song begins, is the chorus of the old song under this title; and though perfectly suitable to that wicked but witty ballad, it has no accordance with the strain of delicate and tender sentiment of this improved song. With regard to the five additional stanzas, though they are in the spirit of the two stanzas that are unquestionably by Burns, every reader of discernment will see they are by an inferior hand; and the real author of them, ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given, to the world, as the production of Burns.

JANE BARNABY.

JANE Barnaby, my dear Jane,
I'm wearing wan, and old
As herds at close of eve, Jane,
Are summon'd to the fold,
I soon to mine shall be, Jane,
My close of life is near,
And much I need our Shepherd's care,
Jane Barnaby, my dear.

* * * *

Jane Barnaby, my dear Jane,
Thy tenderness is sweet,
And grateful is this heart
That soon will cease to beat.
Thou wert its earliest love, Jane,
Thou art its solace here,
Thou'lt be its last remembrance.
Jane Barnaby, my dear.

* * * *

Jane Barnaby, my dear Jane,
Life's flood is ebbing fast,
A few more soft'ning sighs, Jane,
The shoals will all be past.

To bear my spirit hence, Jane,
Death's bark is hov'ring near;
Adieu, adieu, a short adieu,
Jane Barnaby, my dear.

(Seven verses in all.)

From *Attempts in Verse*, by John Jones, an old servant. (Edited by Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. 1831.)

BY A GLASGOW BOOKMAKER.

(DEDICATED TO G. ANDERSON, M.P.)

GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO., GEORGE, before you did invent
That Bill of yours, I made a book on every big event;
But now my book is blank, GEORGE, and now my purse is low,
So cusses on your Betting Bill, GEORGE ANDERSON, my GEO.

GEORGE ANDERSON, my GEO., GEORGE, my clerk and I together,
With lists in hand, would brave it out, in fine or rainy weather;
Now we must take them down, GEORGE (for lists we must not show),
And shout the prices out instead, GEORGE ANDERSON, my GEO.!

Punch.

PARODY ON JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
When we were first acquent,
A tighter hizzy never brush'd
The dew frae aff the bent.
But now ye're turn'd as stiff's a tree,
And your pow's as white's the snow,
There's naething supple but your tongue
My bonnie Meg, my jo.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
I wonder what ye mean,
Ye're flyting everlastingly—
Frae morning light till e'en.
Some folks say that ye're failing Meg
But I scarce can think it so,
For ye flyte as weel as ere ye did,
My bonny Meg, my jo.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
When nature first began,
She gaed every wife a yard o' tongue
To torture her gudeman.
She's been kind to you aboon the lave,
An' I can prove it so,
For she's gien you half a yard to boot,
My bonny Meg, my jo.

My bonny Meg, my jo, Meg,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a devilish dust we've had
Sin' we met ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, Meg,
And cheek for chow we'll go,
And we'll girn at ither at the fit,
My bonnie Meg, my jo.

ANONYMOUS.

JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

(*An Imitation.*)

WHEN nature first began, Jean,
To try her canny hand,
It's true she first made man, Jean,
And gave him great command;
But naething wad content him, Jean,
Though king o' a' below,
Till heaven in pity sent him, Jean,
What maist he wish—a jo.

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean.
And say the same o' thee,
Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,
You still look young to me;
And weel I mind the day, Jean,
Your breast was white as snow,
An waist sae jimp one might it span,
Jean Anderson' my jo.

Our bonnie bairns' bairns, Jean,
Wi' rapture do I see,
Come todlin' to the fireside,
Or sit upon my knee;
If there is pleasure here, Jean,
Or happiness below,
This surely maun be likest it,
Jean Anderson, my jo,

Tho' age has siller'd o'er my pow,
Sin' we were first acquent,
An' changed my glossy raven locks,
It's left us still content;
And eld ne'er comes alane, Jean
But oft brings many a wo.
But we've nae cause for sic complaints,
Jean Anderson, my jo.

In innocence we've spent our days,
An' pleasant looks the past.
Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,
We're cheerful to the last;
Till death knock at our door, Jean,
And warn us baith to go,
Contented we will live and love,
Jean Anderson, my jo,

It's now a lang lang time, Jean,
Sin' you and I begun,
To sprachel up life's hill, Jean,
Our race is nearly run;
We baith hae done our best, Jean
Our sun is wearin low,
Sae let us quietly sink to rest,
Jean Anderson, my jo,

ANONYMOUS.

JOHN BULL AND JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

["I should like to see this Government drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation which they have filled for themselves."—*Birmingham Speech*, December 17, 1885.]

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo—John
Has still his word to say;
Although you rate him low, John
Was not born yesterday:
Though acres three seem fair to men,
And cows in fancy low,
Yet Bulls will answer now and then,
Jo Chamberlain, my Jo!

There's Radical and Radical;
In that time-honoured throng
Men stout and bold have battled all
'Gainst many a grievous wrong:
Then think you never man on earth
That sturdy name might owe,
Till Birmingham brought you to birth,
Jo Chamberlain, my Jo?

So loud your trumpets clang and slang,
That doubts John often feels,
Bewildered by the "*sturm und drang*,"
Which are his head and heels:
For Liberal Captains staunch and true,
Is he bestead so sorely,
That he's but Morley, Dilke, and you,
And—you, and Dilke, and Morley?

Is Forster but a poor pretence?
Is Goschen but a traitor?
Upon a Tory providence
Is Hartington a waiter?
Is Gladstone but the Tame Old Man
Whose strings you deign to pull?
You've much to do before you can
Prove all these facts to Bull.

Observe, good Joseph, if you're wise,
The Winkles you condemn
Got pretty round majorities,
To show my trust in them:
Would you my loyal servant stay,
(I'm stedfast, if I'm slow),
A little modesty, I pray,
Jo Chamberlain, my Jo,

You'd have your foes "drain to the dregs"
The cup you say they fill?
If so, John Bull your pardon begs—
He pays the liquor-bill.
Ye Jacobins and Josephins,
'Tis time to think, you know,
Less of yourselves and Outs and Ins,
And more of me—come Jo!

Punch, January 2, 1886.

In *Punch* of October 3, 1885, there was another parody commencing "Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, Sir," being an appeal by a moderate Liberal to Mr. J. Chamberlain not to endanger the unity of the party at the coming general election.

—:o:—

FOR A' THAT AND' A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that!
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin' grey, and a' that:
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that.
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor;
Is king o' men for a' that!

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that.
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Its comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS.

This Song was rendered into French, by Father Prout, and published in Bentley's Miscellany:—

Quoi! Pauvre honnête, baisser la tête?
Quoi! rougir de la sorte?
Que l'âme basse s'éloigne et passe
Nous—soyons gueux! n'importe travail obscur—
N'importe!
Quand l'or est pur, n'importe!
Qu'il ne soit point marqué au coin
D'un noble rang—qu'importe?

Quoiqu'on dût faire bien maigre chère
Et vêtir pauvre vêtement;
Aux sots leur soie, leur vin, leur joie;
Ca fait il L'HOMME? eh, nullement
Luxe et grandeur, qu'importe!
Train et splendeur, qu'importe!
Cœurs vils et creux, un noble gueux
Vaut toute la cohorte!

Voyez ce fat, un vain éclat
L'entoure, et on l'encense,
Mais après tout ce n'est qu'un fou,—
Un sot, quoiqu'il en pense;
Terre et maison,—qu'il pense—
Titre et blazon,—qu'il pense—
Or et ducats, Non! ne font pas
La vraie indépendence!

Un roi peut faire Duc, dignitaire,
Comte et marquis, journellement;
Mais ce qu'on nomme un HONNETE HOMME,
Le peut-il faire? eh, nullement!
Tristes faveurs! Réellement;
Pauvres honneurs! Réelement;
Le fier maintien des gens de bien
Leur manque essentiellement.

Or faisons vœu, qu'à tous, sous peu,
Arrive un jour de jugement ;—
Amis, ce jour aura son tour,
J'en prends, j'en prends, l'engagement.
Espoir et encouragement,
Aux pauvres gens soulagement ;
'Lors sur la terre vivrons en frères,
Et librement, et sagement!

"FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT"

"A MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that,"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a'that,
Or beg when he can earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that;
And none whose garb is "hodden grey"
Was fool and knave and a' that;
The vice and crime that shame our time,
Would fade and fall and a' that;
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls, for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that;
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox, and a' that.
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord and a' that,
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And *not* a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that, ;
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is old and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
And though you put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass, for a' that.

For a' that and a' that
'Tis soul and heart, and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown, and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a'that.

ANONYMOUS.

DEAR FREEDOM.

TUNE.—*A Man's a Man for a' that.*

DEAR Freedom! sair they've lightlied thee,
An' ca'ed thee thief an' a' that,
Thy faithfu' friens hae borne for thee
Baith scorn an' grief an' a' that.

An' a' that an' a' that,
Baith scorn an' grief an' a' that,
Thy faithfu' friens hae borne for thee
Baith scorn an' grief an' a' that.

We dare na meet, we dare na speak,
We dare na sing nor a' that:
Our dearest rights we dare na seek—
We'll see them swing for a' that, &c.

And then the de'il will be to pay,
Wi' tyrants, priests, an' a' that,
Wi' a' their childish trumpery,
Their fasts an' feasts, and a' that, &c.

Whan peace an truth wi' freedom dwell,
Fraternity an' a' that,
Nae mair we'll need the fear o' hell,
Eternity an' a' that, &c.

Their auld wives cants at length grown stale,
(The light will soon do a' that)
Plain truth will e'en support hersel,
But priestcraft mauna fa' that, &c.

Then cheerfully wi' harmless mirth,
We'll spend our days an' a' that,
And bless the hour that gae us birth,
An' Freedom praise for a' that, &c.

From *The Wreath of Freedom*, or *Patriots Song Book*. Newcastle, 1820.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

(Supposed to be sung by a chorus of Jews, in the neighbourhood of Bevis Marks.)

SUCCESS to honest usury,
And flying kites and a' that;
Post obit bonds, and mortgages,
With notes of hand a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
We'll drive a trade in a'that,
Receipts are but a penny stamp:
A bills' a bill for a' that.

When needy spendthrifts seek our dens,
With embryo lord and a' that,
We tell them that we're short of cash—
We'll try a friend for a' that,
For a'that and a' that,
We know the dodge for a' that,
And only ask our cent. per cent.
For kindly doing a' that.

Our friend a mixture p'rhaps may have,
Which we Madeira ca' that;
And daubs which bear a heavy price,
They're "*vary sheep*" for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
We'll drive a trade in a' that;
Receipts may be a penny stamp,
We'll do our bills for a' that.

Diogenes. August, 1853.

"A GIRL'S A GIRL FOR A' THAT."

Is there a lady in all the land
That boasts her rank and a' that?
With scornful eye we pass her by,
And little care for a' that;
For nature's charm shall bear the palm—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with gems she deck,
With folly's gear and a' that,
And gaily ride in pomp and pride;
We can dispense with a' that.
An honest heart acts no such part—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

The nobly born may proudly scorn
A lonely lass and a' that;
A pretty face has far more grace
Than haughty looks and a' that!
A bonny maid needs no such aid—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it must,
And sure it will for a' that,
When faith and love, all arts above,
Shall reign supreme and a' that,
And every youth confess the *truth*—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

Once a Week, 1869.

A CAD'S A CAD FOR A' THAT.

Is there a Jingo, proud and high,
Who cocks his nose and a' that?
The swaggering sumph, we pass him by—
We dare be just for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His sniggering scorn, and a' that:
The sneer is but the club-room's stamp,
The clay is Cad's for a' that!

What though on civic fare he dine,
Wear Court attire and a' that;
Give churls their turtle, clowns their wine,
A Cad's a Cad for a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
Their patriot show and a' that:
The selfish Snob, or rich or poor,
Is Cad at heart for a' that!

Ye see yon trickster, late dubbed Lord,
Who dodges, dupes, and a' that;
Though thousands shout at each smart word,
He's charlatan for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of just considerate mind,
He smiles—or sighs—at a' that!

A Cad may boast of power of fight,
Of patriot zeal, and a' that;
But trust in right's above his flight;
He has not pluck for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their blatant bounce and a' that:
Fair play, stern justice, steadfast calm,
Show truer grit than all that!

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That Jingo rant and Cad-dom's cant
May hush their row and a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
When patriots true the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Punch, November 30, 1878.

"OUR OLD NOBILITY."

Is there, for princely opulence,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
We wish the coward better sense,
And dare be rich for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
We're noble Peers and a' that.
The commoner's a common scamp;
A Lord's a Lord for a' that!

What though on plate we daily dine,
Wear coronets and a' that?
Let knaves have beer instead of wine,
We stick to hock and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,—
Their pewter pots and a' that,—
For all our gold we never blush,
A Lord's a Lord for a' that!

Yon bragging pauper struts about,
And rants and raves and a' that;
However loudly he may shout
He's but an ass for a' that!
For a' that and a' that—
His People's Rights and a' that;
In pride of birth and money's worth
A Lord's a Lord for a' that!

Fun, January 22, 1879.

IT is among the things not generally known that Sir Arthur Guinness is a poet. He is said to have replied to the Prime-Minister's offer of a Peerage in the following strain:—

Your kind intention I must damp,
The game of rank's not worth my candle;
It is, sir, but the Guinness' stamp;
My honest pewter needs no handle

A SONG FOR MIDLOTHIAN.

Is there, for double U. E. G.,
That curls his lip and a' that?
The Tory loon, we'll let him be,
And gae oor ways for a' that!
For a'that and a' that,
Election-cries, and a' that;
The rank may be the guinea's stamp,
The man's the man for a' that.

Ye see yon Dalkeith, ca'd a lord,
Wha tries to speak, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's nae sae great for a 'that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ancestry, and a' that;
The man o' dauntless eloquence,
He comes and wins for a' that

A candidate may be a knight,
A lord, an earl, and a' that,
But the ballot's far aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, for a'that,
Their faggot-votes, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' speech
Do bigger things than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That Gladstone's worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that and a'that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that
When man to man the kirgdom o'er,
Shall own his worth for a' that.

This Parody appeared in *Funny Folks*, which contained another, on the same original, on March 14, 1885, which is not now of sufficient interest to be included.

A Political Song.

(*By a Man of no Party.*)

Is there for Whig and Tory men
Who fumes and frets and a' that,
Who dips in gall his loveless pen,
With wrath of man and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their factions, feuds, and a' that;
In quiet nook we know to brook,
A fruitful life for a'that.

What though we make no mighty din
With place and power and a' that;
We wear, within a healthy skin,
An honest heart for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
There's outs and inns and a that;
Let Whig and Tory bark and bite,
The good cause wins for a' that!

You see yon loon who taks his stand
On blood and pedigree here,
And thinks the Lord God made the land
For him and his degree here.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their pridefu' pranks and a' that;
We turn the sod, and claim from God
Stout labours due for a' that.

You see yon big-mouthed bawling boy,
Of bright millennium dreaming here,
From equal votes to ragged coats,
And brainless men and women here;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their high-flown prate and a' that;
Clear heads, firm will, and subtle skill,
Will rule the State for a' that.

You see yon keen-eyed lank-faced lad,
Who pleads the workmen's cause here,
And knows to surgeon all things bad,
With patent brand new laws here.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their Communistic brag here;
The sharpest eye, the game to spy,
Will make the biggest bag here.

You see yon lean and lanky lad,
Who flings his pulpit ban here,
Save the elect of his own sect,
On all the human clan here,
For a' that, and a' that,
Though priests may curse and ban here,
The God who sits in heaven shall laugh
At vain conceit of man here.

You see yon chiel who wags his tongue
And bobs his wig and a' that.
Though he can prove that right is wrong,
He's but a prig for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their shifty arts and a' that;
The pulse of right will beat with might,
In human hearts for a' that.

Then let us pray, though for a day
Wild seas may overwhelm here,
That counsel mild may bear the sway,
And wisdom hold the helm here!
For a' that and a' that,
Their party spite and a' that;
We'll win the fight for truth and right,
In God's own time for a' that.

John Stuart Blackie,

Emeritus Prof. of Latin, Mar. Coll., Abdn., 1841—52.

From *Alma Mater*: Aberdeen University Magazine November 11, 1885.

—:o:—

JENNY'S A WAT, POOR BODY.

Coming through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye,
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken.

Robert Burns.

Tak Cauler Water I.

Gin a body meet a body,
When he's passin' by,
Need a body gar a body
Drink that isna dry?
Though ilka chap should tak his drap,
Tak ne'er a drap wad I,
'Mang friens or faes for a' my days,
Tak cauler water I.

Gin a body meet a body,
Though to sell or buy,
Need a body gar a body
Drink that isna dry?
Though yon big sea were barley-bree
Tak ne'er a drap wad I;
Abroad, at hame, its a' the same,
Tak cauler water I.

Gin a body meet a body
Whar folk wed or die,
Need a body gar a body
Drink that isna dry?
Amang the gay, amang the wae,
Tak ne er a drap wad I;
The dram an' pray'r are queer-like fare—
Tak cauler water I.

Gin a body meet a body.
His lass jist by the by,
Need a body gar a body
Drink that isna dry?
The lassie mine, I'd need nae wine,
Ne'er a drap wad I,
Though her sweet lip I'd aiblins sip,
Tak cauler water I.

WALNEERG.

"MEETIN' ON THE SLY."

GIN a nursey meet a bobby,
Meet him on the sly,
Gin a nursey leave a babby,
Need a babby cry?
Gin a bobby to a babby
Acts in way unkind,
Need the nursey stop that bobby—
Need that babby mind?

Gin a nursey smack a babby
With a strength extreme,
Gin a nursey pinch a babby,
Need that babby scream?
Gin a bobby shake a babby,
Need that babby yell?
Gin a nursey kiss that bobby,
Need that babby tell?

Judy, December 10, 1879.

—:o:—

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* * * * *

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.,
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may go to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

* * * * *

ROBERT BURNS.

SAM SUMPH.*

SAM Sumph cam' here for Greek,
Ha, ha, the Greeking o't!

Frae Dunnet Head he cam' for Greek,
Wi' sair thirst for the Greeking o't;
Brains he had na unco much,
His schooling was a crazy crutch,
But like the crab he had a clutch,
Ha, ha, the Greeking o't!

Latin Syntax vexed him sore,
When he tried the Greeking o't,
For Cæsar stands at Homer's door
When folks try the Greeking o't.
Quod and *ut* he understood,
At "speech direct" they called him good,
But *qui* with the subjunctive mood
Was the crook in the lot at the Greeking o't!

One thing truth commands to tell,
Ha, ha, the Greeking o't!
English he could hardly spell,
But what's that to the Greeking o't?
English fits the vulgar clan,
The buying and the selling man,
But for the learned the only plan
Is a close grip at the Greeking o't.

How he wandered through the verb,
It pains my tongue the speaking o't,
He said it was a bitter herb,
When he tried the Greeking o't.
Wi' mony a wrench and mony a screw,
At last he warstled bravely through,
All except a tense or two,
When he tried the Greeking o't!

How he fared with ἡ and ἄν
When he tried the Greeking o't.
Δή and γε, and all their clan,
It's weel worth the speaking o't.
These feckless dots of words, quo' he,
They are nae bigger than a flea,
We'll skip them ow'r, and let them be,
They'll nae be missed at the Greeking o't!

A' the story for to tell,
Were nae end to the speaking o't,
But this thing in the end befell,
When he tried the Greeking o't;
Though his heart was free frae vice
(Men are sometimes trapped like mice),
They plucked him ance, they plucked him twice,
When he tried the Greeking o't!

Sair cast doun was learned Sam
At this end o' the Greeking o't;
He could dae nae mair wi' cram,
At this stage o' the Greeking o't,
But he was teugh as ony Scot,
He was plucked, but yield would not,
Sooner would he hang and rot,
Than thus be balked at the Greeking o't.

At the door he made a din,
Rap, rap, for the Greeking o't!
Is the Greek Professor in?
Yes, yes, for the Greeking o't!
Sam his plea wi' tears would win,
He fleeched and grat his een quite blin',
To pluck him twice was just a sin,
For a sma' fault at the Greeking o't!

Professor was a kindly man,
Ha, ha, the Greeking o't!

---

* In the letter which accompanied this song, Professor Blackie stated that "Sam Sumph," was a great favorite with the Edinburgh Students, but that it had not previously been published. Another great favorite with the Students is the eminent Professor himself, whose handsome presence, and genial character are so well known in Auld Reekie. There is an anecdote related of him, that having to transact some private business one day, he left a label on his door:

"Professor Blackie regrets that he cannot meet his classes to-day."

A Student coming up effaced the *c*, and left the message—

"Professor Blackie regrets that he cannot meet his lasses to-day."

But the Professor, returning sooner than he expected, removed another letter, and the intimation on his door for the rest of the day stood thus:—

"Professor Blackie regrets that he cannot meet his asses to-day."

Se non e vero, e ben trovato.

Felt for a' the student clan
That swat sair at the Greeking o't,
"Though your nae just in the van,
My heart is wae your worth to ban
Ye hae done the best ye can,
So ye may past at the Greeking o't!"

Sam Sumph is now M.A.,
Ha, ha, for the Greeking o't!
He can preach and he can pray,
That's the fruit of the Greeking o't.
He can thunder loud and fell,
An awfu' power in him doth dwell,
To ope and shut the gates of hell,
That's the prize o' the Greeking o't.

Wait a year and ye will see,
Ha, ha, the Greeking o't!
High upon the tap o' the tree,
Sam perch'd by the Greeking o't!
In the Kirk Assembly he
Sits as big as big can be,
Moderator Sam, D.D.,
That's the crown o' the Greeking o't!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

From *Alma Mater*; Aberdeen University Magazine, December 9, 1885.

—:o:—

THE WHIGS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

(*The Premier and the New Peers.*)

SHOULD auld supporters be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld Whigs be remembered not
By Whigs of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne my friends,
For auld lang syne;
We'll gie ye baith a Peerage yet,
For auld lang syne.

We three hae tasted aft, at times,
The sweets of office fine;
And sighed for place for mony a day,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We three hae paddled, in our turn,
The River down, to dine,
And whiles without the whitebait gane,
'Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

Noo, gie's a lift, my trusty friends,
And here's a lift o' mine;
And we'll tak' a right guid Johnnie-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang, &c,

And surely ye'll be your staunch votes,
As sure ye're friends o' mine,
And we'll tak' a stoup o' Gladstone yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c,

Punch, December 30, 1865.

SIR M. HICKS BEACH *singing*:—

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
As I've forgotten mine?
Yes, certainly; for it is rot
To talk o' auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne forsooth!
For auld lang syne!
I stabbed my auld frien'* in the back,
For auld lang syne!

He'd been a trusty frien' to me,
Right gude to me and mine;
And as I drove the foul blow home,
I cried "For auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, kind frien,'
For auld lang syne!
Take that!" and so I laid him flat,
"For auld lang syne!"

[*He goes out.*

Truth, Christmas Number, 1885.

—:o:—

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

Chorus.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

THERE'S nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

LIFE IN MALVERN.

WE'VE dinners, sprees, concerts and glees,
As yearly they come roun' O!
We've social teas, and grand soirées,
For ever in the town, O!
The town, O! the town, O!
The lively, pleasant town, O!
There's healthy strife and active life,
There's spirit in the town, O!

Though whiles we dream and whiles we scheme
How we will yet sit down, O!
And end our days in rural braes;
We'll never leave the town, O!
The town, O! the town, O!
The active, stirring town, O!
Old Zimmerman would change his plan
To live in Malvern town, O!

From *Health and Pleasure, or Malvern Punch*, by Dr. J. B. Oddfish, London, 1865.

HEY FOR SOCIAL SCIENCE, O!

A SONG FOR THE SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING, AT GLASGOW, IN 1860.

Air—*Green grow the rashes, O!*

A PLEASANT week I lately passed
In Glasgow town,—no city, O!

* Sir Stafford Northcote.

With men of state and merchants great,
And sages wise or witty, O!

CHORUS:—*Hey for social science, O!*
Hey for social science, O!
When wisdom, wine, and wit combine,
They make a good alliance, O!

We meet to show that all below
To ruin fast is tending, O!
That laws and schools and prison rules
Are much in need of mending, O
Hey for social science, &c.

But though, no doubt, t'was well made out
That things are old and wheezy, O!
O cursed spite! to set them right
Was not so very easy, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

Yet though the task may patience ask,
We're here convened to try it, O!
To see if schools will root out fools,
Or crime be cured by diet, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

The blood-red sun had scarce begun
To shine out strong and hearty, O!
When up we rose and donned our clo'es
To join Bell's breakfast-party, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

Delicious doles of meat and rolls
Disposed to mirth and laughter, O!
The inspiring tea brought out Macnee,
And others followed after, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

When hunger's rage we thus assuage,
Succeeds the thirst for knowledge, O!
Then, horse and foot, we take the *route*,
And hurry to the college, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

Here in we press for some address
That lasts two hours or longer, O!
And if a word is seldom heard,
The applause is all the stronger, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

The section meetings next we try,
Some worse and others better, O!
But if the days are somewhat dry,
The nights will prove the wetter, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

That sense alone conspicious shone
I can't declare in conscience, O!
But great's the use to introduce
A safety-valve for nonsense, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

A few who well their tale could tell
Did ably fill the rostrums, O!
While many a goose his clack let loose,
And quacks proclaimed their nostrums, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

Just ere the welcome hour of six
We gladly cut our cable, O!
And in some port of refuge fix,
Hard by a well spread table O!
Hey for social science, &c.

While all things good in drink and food
Our weary souls are cheering, O!
The ills of life, before so rife,
Seem quickly disappearing, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

Around us eyes and faces bright
Our softened hearts are winning, O!
Fair matrons in meridian light,
And morning stars beginning, O!
Hey for social science, O!
The best of social science, O!
Is when its power, in hall or bower,
To Beauty we affiance, O!

With ardour fired, by love inspired,
I rise and give "The Ladies," O!
And they who shrink the toast to drink
May hang and go to Hades, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

We talk, we quaff, we sing and laugh,
Then part with tears and sighing, O!
And when at last the week is past
We're dead with mirth—or dying, O!
Hey for social science, &c.

But I ordain that soon again,
These pleasant hours repeating, O!
We learn some more of social lore
At such an evening meeting, O!
Hey for social science, O!
For genuine social science, O!
A summons here to recompear
Would find a quick compliance, O!

This song was written by the late Charles Neaves, Advocate, who, on his elevation in 1854 to the Bench of the Supreme Court in Scotland, sat as Lord Neaves. He was an able judge, a genial, witty man, and a frequent contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. Some of his best pieces were collected and published in a small volume, entitled "*Songs and Verses, by an Old Contributor to Maga*," by W. Blackwood and Sons. Lord Neaves was over 77 years of age when he died in 1877.

—:o:—

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

The following Parody was written after thanksgiving services had been used in the churches on account of the victory at Tel-el-Kebir.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

(Supposed to be written by the Right Honourable W. E. G—dst—e, assisted by his G—ce the A—b—p of York.)

O Thou, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
Wha, since it pleased best thysel',
Sent Arabi, that chiel o' hell,
A' for thy glory,
To brew amaist as muckle ill
As ony Tory.

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands left our shores to fight,
Thou did'st uphaud Britannia's right,
And, by thy grace,
We gied the Egyptian deils a fright
Ower a' the place.

What was I or my ministry
That we should sae exalted be?
A glaikit mongrel company
O' bleth'rin' b——
Some three years syne—O L—— forgie
Our liein' speeches.

When frae my post aewhile I fell,
I fum'd and sulk'd, and swore mysel'
Wad never mair wi' office mell
In Church or State,
But wi' the blust'ring outcasts dwell
Outlaw'd by fate.

Yet here I'm i' the highest station,
To prove the power o' thy salvation,
I'm noo the bulwark o' the nation,
Strong as a rock,
Head maister o' tergiversation
'Mang a' the flock.

O L——, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When Liberals fyke, and Tories swear,
And speakin' here, and scoffin' there
Wi' great and sma',
O L——confound them everywhere,
Ilk ane an a'.

But yet, O L——, confess I must,
I'm fash'd wi' mad, ambitious lust,
Since me the doited fules still trust,
Thro' thick an' thin;
Sae I rave on, L——, I'm but dust,
Forgie my sin.

Besides, I further maun allow,
Wi' Ireland, three times I trow,—
But L——, my hands are always fu',
When I come near her,
Or else thou kens thy servant true
Wad safely steer her.

Maybe thou lets this Irish thorn—
Murder and outrage, night and morn—
Beset thy servant in their turn,
Cause he's sae gifted;
Obstruction's han' maun e'en be borne
Until thou lift it.

L——, bless my followers in this place,
Puir goavan coofs—a haverel race
Led by the nose—but curse the face
And blast the name
O' Northcote's crew; bring them disgrace
An' public shame.

L——, mind Rab Salisbury's deserts,
He flouts and jeers, by fits and stairts,
Yet has sae mony takin' airts
Wi' grit an' sma',
I fear least he the people's hairts
Should steal awa.'

And whan we chasten him therefore,
Thou kens how he breeds sic a splore,
As sets the country in a roar
O' boist'rous laughin';
Curse thou his ermine and his fur,
His sneers an' chaffin'.

L——, hear my earnest supplication
Against that cause o' my vexation,
The House o' Lords—bane o' the nation—
Curse on their heeds;
L——, visit them wi' swift damnation
For their misdeeds.

O! L—— my G——, that glib-tongued Cowen,
Wi' gall and bitterness o'erflowin',
And a' the ruck sae forward growin'
Still mair an' mair;
Wha keep thy servants' choler glowin',
An' fill wi' fear.

L——, since I am sae plaguit by 'em,
Confound the loons wha' do employ 'em,
And in the day o' vengeance try 'em,
Heed not their prayer,
But for thy servant's sake destroy 'em
For evermair.

But, L——, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
For aye let me and H—b—t shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' that glory shall be thine,
Amen, amen,

J. B. C., Northumberland.

The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, July 5, 1884.

THE FISHER'S WELCOME.

WE twa ha' fished the Kale sae clear,
And streams o' mossy Reed;
We've tried the Wansbeck and the Wear,
The Teviot and the Tweed;
An' we will try them ance again,
When summer suns are fine;
An' we'll throw the flies thegither yet,
For the days o' lang syne.

'Tis mony years sin' first we sat
On Coquet's bonny braes,
An' mony a brither fisher's gane,
An' clad in his last claithes.
An' we maun follow wi' the lave,
Grim death he heucks us a';
But we'll hae anither fishing bout
Afore we're ta'en awa'.

For we are hale and hearty baith,
Tho' frosty are our pows,
We still can guide our fishing graith,
And climb the dykes and knowes;
We'll mount our creels and grip our gads,
An' throw a sweeping line,
An' we'll hae a splash amang the lads,
For the days o' lang syne.

Tho' Cheviot's top be frosty still,
He's green below the knee,

Sae don your plaid and tak' your gad,
An' gae awa' wi' me.
Come busk your flies, my auld Compeer,
We're fidgen a' fu' fain,
We've fished the Coquet mony a year,
And we'll fish her ance again.

An' hameward when we toddle back,
An' nicht begins to fa,
An' ilka chiel maun hae his crack,
We'll crack aboon them a'.
When jugs are toomed and coggens wet,
I'll lay my loof in thine;
We've shown we're gude at water yet,
An' we're little warse at wine.

We'll crack how mony a creel we've filled,
How mony a line we've flung,
How many a ged and saumon killed,
In days when we were young.
We'll gar the callants a' look blue,
An' sing anither tune;
They're bleezing, aye, o' what they'll do,
We'll tell them what we've dune.

This old Border ballad was written by Mr. Doubleday before 1855, and, whilst being professedly an imitation of Burns, has exquisite pathos and spirit of its own.

—:o:—

TO BURNS.

AND wha is he that syngs sae weel,
And pens "Addresses to the Deil?"
Wha gies the sang syke bonny turns?
Daft Gowk! ye ken it's sonsie Burns!

His gabby tales I looe to hear,
They please sae meikle, run sae clear;
That ilka time, good traith, I read,
I'se wiser baith i' heart an' head.

I wad advise, when runkled care
Begins to mak ye glow'r and stare,
That ye wad furst turn ow'r his leaf,
'T'will mak ye sune forget ye'r grief!

And should auld mokie sorrow freeten,
His blythesome tale ye'r hearts will leeten;
And sure I am, ye grief may banter,
By looking ow'r his "Tam O' Shanter."

And, while I breathe, whene'er I'se scant,
O' cheerful friends—and fynde a want
Of something blythe to cure my glumps,
And free me frae the doleful dumps,

I'll tak his beuk, and read awhile,
Until he mak me wear a smile;
And then, if I hae time to spare,
I'll learn his "Bonny Banks of Ayr!"

From *The Bards of Britain*, contained in *The Remains of Joseph Blacket*, 1811, which work also contains imitations of Chatterton, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Young, Thompson, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith.

TAM O'SHANTER.

In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* (December 19, 1885), there was a long article, by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, on the origin of Burns's masterpiece. It contains so much interesting information that readers of Burns will, no doubt, be pleased to have the following extracts :—

"In the year 1790, when Burns wrote *Tam o'Shanter*, stories of witches were current in Scotland, and there was yet a large survival of popular belief in their power and the diabolical source thereof. The poem bears evidence of a reality that has hitherto failed of recognition.

The confession of certain Scotch witches at the assizes held at Paisley, February 15, 1678, must have been well known to Burns, for it was a theme of fireside conversation in his youth, and there were many living who remembered the whole of the circumstances. That confession establishes the reality of witchcraft. The confession is cited in *Demonologia* (Bumpus, 1827).

In a letter to Francis Grose, Burns gives three prose versions of the story. In one, a farmer who "had got courageously drunk in the smithy," saw the "infernal junto" play their antics in Alloway Kirk, and managed to carry off the cauldron in which the hell-broth was prepared from the bodies of the unchristened children. In another, a farmer of Carrick witnessed the incantation, and, losing his self-command in admiring a buxom lass who danced with peculiar liveliness, shouted the dread words, "Weel luppen, Maggie, wi' the short sark." In this case the speed of the horse was insufficient for his complete escape, for at "the keystane o' the brig" the witches despoiled the horse of its tail, and the stumpy steed became a witness of the truth of the farmer's declaration. The third story is of no account in this connexion.

In Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Burns*, iii. 152, we are told that "the country people of Ayrshire unmythicise the narration, and point to a real Tam and Souter Johnny," the first being Douglas Graham, farmer, of Shanter; the other, his neighbour, John Davidson, noted for telling the "queerest stories."

That a drunken freak and the lies told to cover it explain the form of the poem is well enough. But we have in these "facts of the case" no explanation of the motive, no indication of the source of the inspiration, no key to the supernatural business. The moral is obvious for the *dénoûment* proves the impotency of witches, and mocks the prevalent belief in their powers. These considerations, however, do not remove witches and witchcraft from the category of historical facts.

An important commentary on the subject will be found in a volume entitled *Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife*, by Rev. Andrew Small (Edinburgh, 1823.) In this work it is stated that near the Castle Law, Abernethy, were twenty-two graves of witches, and near by is the hill on which they were burned. A Mr. Ross, laird of Invernethy in the reign of James VI., became, as justice of the peace, responsible for the apprehension of certain witches, and made the discovery that their names were entered in a book. He set his mind upon obtaining this written record, and, as one step thereto, he persuaded a women who was a member of the gang to permit him to accompany her to a meeting. The laird went to the meeting on a fast mare, and kept his seat while the orgies proceeded, and obtained possession of the book wherein to inscribe his name with his own blood. But

instead of complying with the rule he put spurs to his steed and fled with the book, "while out the hellish legion sallied."

The witches swarmed upon him, but the laird kept his seat, and the mare kept her tail, and he outran them and got home, and quickly locked himself in and copied the names from the book. By this time the clamouring crowd had reached the house, and he dispersed them by throwing out the book, which they gladly seized and carried away.

In introducing the story Mr. Small says: "If ever the poet Burns had been in this part of the country, I would have said he had taken the leading ideas or hints from it in his humorous and excellent poem."

THE POLITICAL TAM O'SHANTER.

Adapted, Fragmentarily, from Burns. Application—obvious.

No man can tether time or tide,
And he who holds the reins must ride;
And such a night WEG takes the road in
As seldom rider was abroad in.
With Boreas at his fullest blast,
And Eurus whistling fierce and fast,
There was a shindy never fellowed.
Loud, deep, and long they raved and bellowed,
That night o' nights a Scot might say
The Deil (of Hatfield) was to pay.

Well mounted on his mare was WEG,
(A stouter never lifted leg,)
Through Irish-bog-like mud and mire,
Wartonian wind, and Woodcock fire,
Fought iron frame and shrewd head on it.
WEG, holding fast his good Scots bonnet,
Looked sharp around with prudent care,
Lest bogies take him unaware,
Or watchful foemen "wipe his eye"
With that confounded thing, a "cry,"

By this time he was cross the ford
(Where he was very nearly floored),
And passed the bog so dark and dank
Where Snobdom's "CHARLIE" sprawled and sank,
And through the sand-pit, Egypt-dark,
Where war-dogs seemed to lurk and bark;
And the thorn-thicket, wild and wide,
Where one had need be Argus-eyed.
Before him doom appears at flood,
Redoubling storm roars through the wood;
Tongued lightnings flash from pole to pole,
And vocal thunders fiercely roll.

* * * * *

But there was pluck in WEG's shrewd noddle,
He cared no more for threats than twaddle,
His mare, though, was a bit astonished,
Until, by hand and heel admonished,
She ventured forward on the light,
And eh! WEG saw a wondrous sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance,
Egyptian whirls, and jigs from France;
Drum-thumpings loud, and fife-like squeals,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
High on a seat, with flaming eyes,
There sat old Nick in human guise;
Mastiff-like, stern, black, grim and large;
To set the measures was his charge.
He pitched the pipes and made them skirl,
Till the wild troop seemed all a-whirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
And showed dead Bills in foolscap dresses,
And by some dark, prophetic sleight
Each held a boding spectral light,
By which our wary WEG was able
To spy, spread out upon a table,
Late-murdered measures; cord or knife
Had robbed the innocents of life.
A proud Peer's garter one had strangled,
And many more were maimed and mangled;
In short the scene was simply awful,
And WEG considered quite unlawful.

* * * * *

But WEG knew what was what right well,
And one young witch there bore the bell.
One late enlisted in the rout
(At Woodstock known and thereabout)
At many a measure she had shot,
And many a plan had sent to pot;
Made many a plucky wight feel queer,
And shook e'en her own side with fear.
Her "cutty sark" of true-blue yarn,
Which, up to now, the witch had worn,
In cut and fit was scant and strange,
Some thought she hankered for a change,
And that 'twas sad her youth's bright riches
Should e'er have graced a dance of witches.

But here my muse must faster flutter,
'Tis scarce within her power to utter
How RANNIE leapt, and twirled, and flung
(A supple jade she was and young),
And how WEG stood like one bewitched,
How his eyes gleamed, how his mouth twitched.
Even Satan glowered as though in pain,
And puffed and blew with might and main,
Till with one caper and another,
No longer WEG his words could smother,
But roars out "Well danced, Cutty Sark!"
When in a moment all was dark;
And scarce his mare and he had rallied
When out the yelling legion sallied.
As bees buzz round a sugar-tub,
Or workmen round an opening "pub,"
As M.P.'s rush to chase the grouse
When Prorogation clears the House,
So the mare runs, the witches follow,
With many an eldritch shriek and hollow.
Ah, WEG! ah, WEG! they're nearing, nearing,
Like hounds on trail of a red herring.
Midlothian, WEG, awaits thy coming;
They'll think you're lost, dear WEG, or humming,
Now, ride thy very hardest, WEG!
If the bridge key-stane feels her leg,
Thy mare at them her tail may toss,—
That running stream they cannot cross.
But ere the key-stone she could make,
The deuce a tail had she to shake,
For Nickie, far before the rest,
Hard on that nag so nimble prest,
And flew at WEG with hope to settle;
But little knew he that mare's mettle.
One spring brought WEG off safe and hale,
But left behind her own grey tail;
For with NICK's pull and the mare's jump,
WEG's nag was left with ne'er a stump!

Punch, August 16, 1884.

"HERE'S A HEALTH."

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sae sma.'
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue
It is guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's freedom to him that would read,
Here's freedom to him that would write,
There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they who the truth would indite.
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
It's guid to be wise, to be honest and true,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

The above is a modern Jacobite song, author unknown. The original song from which it was taken is old, and was altered by Allan Ramsay and Burns, and several verses added. This version of it was very popular, and the following is a parody of it.

"THE BROBDIGNAG BONNETS" OF BLUE.—A Parody.

(*Dedicated most respectfully to the Play-going Ladies of the Pit.*)

"If the following playful little parody should obtain a smile or two from some of the lady readers of the Mirror, the writer will feel amply rewarded. It will in some degree make up for the smiles of which he has been often deprived at the theatre, by having just before him three or four bonnets, three feet by two, or somewhere thereabout. He speaks feelingly, even if he has not written so."

HERE'S health to the ladies at home
Here's health to the ladies awa',
And wha winna pledge it wi' a' their soul,
May they ne'er be smiled on at a'.
It's guid to be pretty and fair,
It's guid to be smilin' like you!
It's guid to be stealin' the gentlemen's hearts,—
But na by broad bonnets of blue.
Awa' wi' those bonnets of blue,
Those Brobdignag bonnets of blue!
It's guid to be stealin' the gentlemen's hearts,—
But nae by sic bonnets of blue.

Here's health to the bright eyes at hame,
Here's health to the bright eyes awa',
Here's health to the beauties of every clime,—
But na to their bonnets at a'.
I've a bracelet for her wha is wed,
For the maiden a sweet *billet-doux*:
Dear darlings, I'd give them whate'er they might ask,—
Except a broad bonnet of blue.

Then hence wi' those bonnets of blue,
Those Brobdignag bonnets of blue!
Oh bright eyes beam brighter from bonnets when sma',
Than hid by broad bonnets of blue.

The Mirror, Vol, II., March 1828.

See Dr. Charles Mackay's "*Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland*," London and Glasgow, 1861.

——:o:——

WE TWA HAE DUNE A LITTLE BILL.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

SHOULD auld acceptance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acceptance be forgot,
All drawn, endorsed, and signed?
Endorsed, drawn, and signed, my friend,
Endorsed, drawn, and signed:
And noo 'tis time to tak' it up,
The siller we must find!

We twa hae dune a little bill,
To raise the bonnie wind,
And, tak' the matter hoo we will,
That document will bind.
Endorsed, &c.

And SHADRACH will nae time alloo,
And therefore a'm inclined
To think that we had better do
Anither o' the kind.
Endorsed, &c.

And surely ye'll be your bit stamp,
And I'll nae be behind,
And we'll do a richt gude billie-wacht
The needfu' cash to find.
Endorsed, drawn, and signed, my friend,
Endorsed, drawn, and signed,
We'll do anither billie yet,
Just the wherewitha' to find!

Punch, 1848.

There was a paraphrase of "*Auld Lang Syne*" in the second volume of "The Comic Offering," for 1832, and a long, but very dull, parody of "*Willie brewed a peck o' Maut*," in *Punch* of November 29, 1884, apropos of Bismarck and the Congo question. *Funny Folks*, for June 14, 1879, had a few lines on a young man who kissed a girl on Peckham Rye, and was fined for so doing. They ran thus:—

If a body meet a body
Coming through the Rye,
Can a body kiss a body?
Yes—if no one's nigh.
Every bobby has his hobby,
And some like to spy
In a way distinctly "snobby,"
At young lovers spry.

In the same journal there was a poem (singularly

appropriate at present), referring to the importation of American meat, which the butchers retailed as Scotch, in the same way that they now openly sell Australian, or New Zealand frozen mutton as English, and realise enormous and unfair profits by so doing.

"Scots!" although in New York bred;
"Scots," whom Yankees well have fed,
Welcome either live or dead
Safely o'er the sea.

Now we're in the butcher's power,
Who, complaining every hour,
Grudge to see us meat devour—
Cheap and savo-ree.

Every one has need to save,
Times are bad and prospects grave:
Why should butchers play the knave,
Or such tyrants be?

Wha sells "Scot" fat, firm and braw,
At a price that's fair to a',
Butcher stand, or butcher fa',
He's the man for me!

Funny Folks, February 10, 1877.

There was also a political Parody of "*For a' That*" in *Funny Folks* of March 14, 1885.

—:o:—

FOR A' THAT AN A' THAT.

The following imitation of Burns's song was written by Sir Walter Scott, in praise of the "Holy Alliance," and was sung at the first meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland; and published in the Scots Magazine for July, 1814.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1814.

THOUGH right be aft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leilfu' cause at length
Shall bear the grie for a' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
Guns, guillotines, and a' that,
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,
Is Queen again for a' that!

We'll twine her in a friendly knot
With England's Rose and a' that;
The Shamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made braw that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we'll no misca' that,
She shelter'd in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine
(For Blucher's sake, hurra that),
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that.

Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity scorn to thaw that
The Devil's elbow be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags and a' that,
The lads that battled for the right
Have won the day, and a' that!

There's ae bit spot I had forgot,
America they ca' that!
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father's flag to gnaw that:
Now see it fly top-gallant high,
Atlantic winds shall blaw that,
And Yankee loon, beware your croun,
There's kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land or on the sea,
Where'er the breezes blaw that,
The British Flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a' that.

WALTER SCOTT.

TO WOMEN OF THE PERIOD.

Is it because she cannot rule,
That curls her lip and a' that?
Such froward dame is but a fool,
And shames her sex for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Poor worldly fame and a' that,
She strives but for a gilded badge,
Herself's the gold for a' that.

What though we will not let her vote,
"Electioneer" and a' that;
'Tis best that man should wear the coat,
The "breeches," vest, and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
She's but a "rib" for a' that!
Man's work requires a man complete,
Not "half" a man for a' that.

She does not need Newmarket tribe,
The walking-stick and a' that;
They but expose to jest and gibe
The cause they plead and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their wrongs and rights and a' that,
The woman who respects herself,
Just looks and laughs at a' that.

"Master Henpeck," give a lady place,
At vestry boards and a' that;
But she with bonnie modest face,
Will stay at home for a' that.
For a' that and a' that.
"Equality" and a' that,
She was not made to rush and race,
And elbow man for a' that.

The hearth and home are woman's sphere,
Her proper place and a' that;
Where she may bear and nurse and rear,
The "Babes of Grace" and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
She shows most sense and a' that.
Who wins and wears the rank and name,
Of mother, wife, and a' that.

ANONYMOUS.

——:o:——

THE BALLAD OF SIR T. TEA-LEAF.

(Being a humble Parallel to the Ballad of Sir John Barleycorn.)

IT was three gallant Chinamen,
With long tail and pig eye,
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
Sir T. Tea-leaf must die.

And they have ta'en and flung him down
Upon an iron bed,
And underneath, with cruel hand,
Have heaped the ashes red.

They've spread him out, and pressed him down,
And turned him o'er and o'er,
They've dried him up, until he curled,
And writhed in suffering sore.

In vain he twisted and he turned,
In vain he cried for grace;
They kept him so, and scorched him till
He grew black in the face.

But finding he was still alive,
Their malice waxed more keen;
They dosed him first with Prussian blue
Till his poor face turned green.

What sparks of life might still remain
Determined to foredo,
They gave him next a bitter draught
Of gum and catechu.

And on his death his name they changed,
Lest men their crime should know,
And when men asked, "Who's that lies there?"
They answered, "Young Pekoe."

Whereas his name and family,
It really was Souchong,
Related to the old Congous,
A race both rough and strong.

Lest men should recognise his dust,
To dust when passed away,
His calcined bones they kneaded up
With lumps of China clay.

Their poison'd victim then they wrapp'd
In lead, with well-feign'd grief,
And wrote the epitaph outside,
"Here lies Sir T. Tea-leaf."

And though their grief was all a sham,
The epitaph was true,
For "here" it said, "a Tea-leaf lies."
And "lie" such Tea-leaves do.

Now Tea-leaf's name is in repute
In lands beyond the sea,
Where maiden ladies love him much,
Under the name Green-tea.

Ah! little dream these ancient maids
Of Chinaman's vile craft,
Nor think, while chatting o'er their cups,
There 's poison in the draught.

And little know they of the fate
Poor Tea-leaf had to dree,
Or in their teapots they would weep
Tears bitter as their tea;

Till with the water of their woe
E'en the first brew was spiled,
And the presiding maid would be
Obliged to draw it mild!

Then to poor Tea-leaf drop a tear,
By poison doomed to fall;
And when there's green-tea in the pot,
May I not drink—that's all.

Punch, November 29, 1851.

——:o:——

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

* * * * *

SONG FOR A SCOTCH DUKE.

(Equally applicable to a Yankee Dog in the Manger.)

MY harts in the Highlands shall have their hills clear,
My harts in the Highlands no serf shall come near—
I'll chase out the Gael to make room for the roe,
My harts in the Highlands were ever his foe.

Punch, November 8, 1856.

——:o:——

"O, WHISTLE, AND I WILL COME TO YOU."

[A youth was prosecuted at Newcastle Petty Sessions, County Limerick, in 1881, for having whistled at Mr. Hugh Murray Gunn, J.P., in a tone of derision.]

O WHISTLE, and I will arrest you, my lad,
O whistle, and I will arrest you, my lad;
Though your father and mother and all should go mad,
O, whistle, and I will arrest you, my lad,

But warily act, when you're passing by me,
And do not indulge in irreverent glee;
Derisive deportment let nobody see,
And pass as you were not a passing by me.

O whistle, &c.

But mind you are always respectful to me,
Since rudeness with magistrates doesn't agree;
But far from the converse of naughty boys flee,
For fear they should set you a-laughing at me.

O whistle, &c.

JOHN BARLEY-CORN, MY FOE.

JOHN Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
The song I have to sing
Is not in praise of you, John,
E'en though you are a king.
Your subjects they are legion, John,
I find where'er I go;
They wear your yoke upon their necks,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
By your despotic sway
The people of our country, John,
Are suffering to-day.
You lay the lash upon their backs;
Yet willingly they go
And pay allegiance at the polls,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
You've broken many a heart,
And caused the bitter tear, John,
From many an eye to start.
The widow and the fatherless
From pleasant homes to go,
And lead a life of sin and shame,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
May heaven speed the hour,
When Temperance shall wear the crown
And rum shall lose its power;
When from the East unto the West
The people all shall know
Their greatest curse has been removed,
John Barley-Corn, my foe!

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

TO THE DARING DUCKLING.

(*By a Moderate Liberal.*)

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my Joe, Sir,
You seemed but lately bent
On preaching Liberal Unity,
To our extreme content.
But now you say you will not play,
Unless your pace we go.
How about Liberal Unity, now,
Joe Chamberlain, my Joe?

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, Sir,
We're facing roughish weather;
Our only chance of victory, Joe,
Seems pulling all together.
Though slow the pace, why should you stop?
Up hill we all would go,
And we'll meet together at the top,
Joe Chamberlain, my Joe!

Punch, October 3, 1885.

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, OUR JOE.

(*A Radical Parody.*)

[Mr. Chamberlain still adheres to the famous "three points" of the South London speech.]

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, our Joe, lad,
Conservatives may ban,
But more and more the rest of us
Support the "Grand Young Man."
We do not grumble at your pace,
We would not have you slow,
So put your best leg foremost still,
Joe Chamberlain, our Joe!

Joe Chamberlain, our Joe, lad,
Though Stanhopes rise and row you,
You will not let their silly talk
"Three-acres-and-a-cow" you.
You wait not for the "jumping cat,"
Your mind you seem to know,
Which counts for something nowadays,
Joe Chamberlain, our Joe.

Joe Chamberlain, our Joe, lad,
Your colours are attractive,
And now you've nailed them to the mast,
The Whigs will grow more active.
Keep up the stride—press home those "points"
That rankle in the foe,
And leave the polls to do the rest,
Joe Chamberlain, our Joe.

Funny Folks, October 17, 1885.

—:o:—

Many short Parodies of Burns's poems are scattered about in various old periodicals, but comparatively few are worthy of preservation, whilst some of the best, which have appeared in Scotch newspapers, are so broad in their dialect that few English readers would understand them. Trading on this ignorance of the northern dialect, some authors have composed poems, in imitation of Burns, which, whilst retaining some of the sound, contain none of the sense of the original.

A good example of this style of Parody is to be found in Cruikshank's Comic Almanac for 1846, it is entitled:—

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

By Robert Burns.

"*Lilt your Johnnie.*"

WI' patchit brose and ilka pen,
Nae bairns to clad the gleesome ken;
But chapmen billies, a' gude men,
And *Doon* sae bonnie!
Ne'er let the scornfu' mutchit ben;
But lilt your Johnnie!

For whistle binkie's uneo' biel,
Wad haggis mak of ony chiel,
To jaup in luggies like the deil,
O'er loop or cronnie:
You wadna croop to sic a weel;
But lilt your Johnnie!

Sae let the pawkie carlin scraw,
And hoolie, wi' outlandish craw,
Kail weedies frae the ingle draw
As blyth as honie;
Amang the thummart dawlit wa'
To lilt your Johnnie.

A still funnier parody was published in *Punch*, also said to be an unpublished poem by Burns.

It consisted of three verses, but the first is quite sufficient to show the nature of the joke:

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.
(Communicated by the Edinburgh Society for promoting civilization in England.)

O MICKLE yeuks the keckle doup,
An' a' unsicker girns the graith,
For wae and wae! the crowdies loup
O'er jouk an' hallan, braw an' baith.
Where ance the coggie hirpled fair,
And blithesome poortith toomed the loof,
There's nae a burnie giglet rare
But blaws in ilka jinking coof.

* * * * *

Some Parodies of National Songs have appeared in *Judy*, amongst them was the following:—

SCOTCH NATIONAL SONG.
AIR—"*The Breeks o' Balquidder.*"

GREET na mair, ma sonsie lassie,
Greet na mair, ma pawkie chiel,
Mither's yout the wee bit hallan,
An' ye ken I loe ye weel!
Gin your tocher's guid, ma hinnie,
What for gar the tear-draps fa',
Bring it ben, and pin the door, lass,
An' your jo will tak' it a'!

There's a hantle Kebbuck waitin',
Bonnie farls, and haggis richt,
Pit yere haffits gaily frae ye,
Brawly a' will gang the nicht!
Dinna croon, the braxy's ready,
Tane a tither's i' the brae,
Daddy's fou ahint the bothy,
What suld gar ye fashin' sae?

Loup an' leuch, an' skirl, ma lassie,
Blithely toone the collops ben,
Heed na lang thripplin—kame, luve,
Fear na mair the tappit-hen;
Till the kirk we'll gang the morrow,
Whiles the pipes sae gaily blaw,
Syne we'll crack o' auld Balquidder,
Soughing 'neath the simmer snaw!

Judy, Sept. 16, 1884.

—:o:—

A HISTORY OF THE BURNS' FESTIVAL;
or, Centenary Celebration of the Birth of Robert Burns, held at the Crystal Palace, on January 25, 1859.

On November 9, 1858, the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company published an advertisement, stating their intention of celebrating the Centenary of the birth of Robert Burns, by a grand festival at the Crystal Palace. At the same time, they offered a prize of Fifty Guineas, under certain conditions, for the best poem celebrating the occasion, to be recited during the Festival, while they solicited the loan of relics and memorials of the Poet, which were to be exhibited on the occasion. An ample response was made. On the 2nd of January, 621 poems were collected, of which 9 came from America. Shortly before this, the Directors had solicited Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., Tom Taylor, Esq., and Theodore Martin, Esq., to act as judges to award the prize; and these gentlemen having kindly consented, commenced their examination. In order to carry out the competition with the utmost fairness, it was decided that the names of the authors should not be communicated, but that two mottoes should be inscribed, for identification, on each poem, and that the name of the author should be forwarded in a sealed envelope, which should bear corresponding mottoes to the poem which it accompanied. The Judges reported in favor of a poem bearing the mottoes "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*," and "*A man's a' man for a' that.*" On the day of the Festival there was a large attendance at the Crystal Palace, many interesting relics and several portraits of Burns were exhibited, and there was a concert of Scotch music, including many of Burns's own songs.

The late Mr. S. Phelps opened the sealed envelope, and announced that the Prize poem was composed by a lady, named "Isa Craig." He then recited the ode which, it must be confessed, was a somewhat disappointing work, with little that was either distinctively Scotch, or reminiscent of Burns in its composition. The poem was printed in full in the Crystal Palace programme for the day, also in the *Times*, of January 26, 1859.

That the Prize poem was unworthy of the occasion was pretty generally admitted, the *Times* sneered at the whole concern, principally because it was used by the C.P. Company as an attraction to the Palace, though why that should be a rebuke to managers of public entertainments is not very clear. And, of course, as in the case of all advertised poetical competitions, a collection of burlesque poems was published about the same time as the Festival, by Routledge, Warne and Routledge. This little volume has since been assigned to the pen of Samuel Lover, and it contains a few pieces of really smart, clever burlesque, but the general effect is not very inspiriting. It is entitled:

RIVAL RHYMES,
In honour of Burns;
With curious illustrative matter.
Collected and edited by
BEN TROVATO

"*If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spight,*
There are who judge still worse than he can write."
POPE.

Contents.

The Bard of Ayr. By Father Prout,
A Remonstrance to the Directors of the Crystal Palace. By a Proverbial Philosopher.
A Spirit Lay from Hades. By Thomas Campbell.
A Voice from the Far West. By H. W. Longfellow.
A FewWords on Poets, &c. By the Ghost of Thomas Hood.
Ode by an Ardent Admirer of Milton.
Letter of Fergus McFash, enclosing an unpublished Poem, supposed to be by Robert Burns.
The Penny-a-Liner's Hope. By Barry Cornwall,
The Poet's Birth; a Mystery. By the Poet Laureate.
Groves of Sydenham. By an Enraged Bard.
Battle of the Lake Glenlivit. By Lord Macaulay. Author of "The Lays of Ancient Rum."
Lay of the Rapt Spirit. By the Ghost of Alexander Pope.
Letter to the Directors of the Crystal Palace. By W. M. Thackeray (prose).
APPENDIX.
Lord Brougham on Burns and the Language of Scotland.

(At the Burns' Centenary Festival, held in the Music Hall in Edinburgh, when Lord Ardmillan presided, a letter from Lord Brougham was read by the Chairman. It was dated from Cannes, January 17, 1859.)

Several of the poems in this little volume have already been quoted in "*Parodies.*" It is only necessary here to give the lines, supposed to be from an early and unfinished work by Robert Burns. These lines are introduced with a statement that they were found in an old escritoire, and are worthy of being preserved with the other relics of Robert Burns.

GANG wi' me to Lixmaleerie, *
Couthie dearie,
Paukie dearie,

* *Lixmaleerie* a corruption of *L'Eglise de Marie.*

Where Clinkumbell is clatterin' cleerie,
And lasses buskit gaily, O!
Waukrife a' the nicht I lay,
Whigmaleerie's toom to spae,
Laith and lang, till blink o' day
Wad gie to me my Mallie, O!

Gang wi' me to Lixmaleerie,
Couthie dearie,
Paukie dearie,
Where Clinkumbell is clatterin' cleerie,
We're aiblin's baith expeckit, O!
The hushion'd cowt afore the yett,
Wi' chaup o' cloot, and crankous fret,
Seems bletherin "Lassie, bide ye yet?
Mess-John maun't be negleckit, O!"

* * * * *

Scotchmen are ever ready to do honour to the memory of Burns, and enthusiastically celebrate his birthday every year.

Last year the Aberdeen Burns Club had a dinner at the Imperial Hotel, after which, one of the members, Sir William Cadenhead read some poems on Burns, purporting to have been composed for the occasion by Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Oscar Wilde.

Unfortunately these Parodies are too long to reproduce here, but they may be found in *The Aberdeen Daily Free Press*, of January 26, 1885.

Sir Walter Scott,

Born August 15, 1771. *Died September* 21, 1832.

THE immense popularity of the writings of Sir Walter Scott is attested by the number of Parodies and imitations both in verse and in prose, they have given rise to.

Thackeray's well known burlesque continuation of *Ivanhoe* entitled "*Rebecca and Rowena*" will be fully described, with several others of a similar nature, when dealing with prose parodies.

Several complete parodies of Scott's poems exist, such as *Jokeby*, *The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle*, and *Marmion Travestied*, these are long, and rather tedious, the topics touched upon being now somewhat out of date. But there are many excellent parodies of his shorter poems, and of detached passages from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, etc.

Undoubtedly the finest imitation of Sir Walter Scott's style is that contained in *Rejected Addresses*, the celebrated little volume by the Brothers James and Horace Smith. Horace Smith was the author of this imitation of Scott, a poem which was especially singled out for praise by the reviewers.

The Quarterly Review said "from the parody of Walter Scott we know not what to select—it is all good. The effect of the fire on the town, and the description of a fireman in his official apparel, may be quoted as amusing specimens of the *misapplication* of the style and metre of Mr. Scott's admirable romances;" whilst *The Edinburgh Review* spoke of the poem as being admirably executed: "The burning is described with the mighty minstrel's love of localities." The authors of *Rejected Addresses*, in their very interesting preface to the eighteenth edition, state that not one of those whom they had parodied or burlesqued ever betrayed the least soreness or refused to join in the laugh that they had occasioned:—

"From Sir Walter Scott, whose transcendent talents were only to be equalled by his virtues and his amiability, we received favours and notice, which it will be difficult to forget, because we had not the smallest claim upon his

kindness. 'I certainly must have written this myself!' said that fine-tempered man to one of the authors, pointing to the description of the Fire, 'although I forget upon what occasion.'"

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase."—DON QUIXOTE.

(To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's armour, borrowed from the Tower.)

SURVEY this shield, all bossy bright—
These cuisses twain behold!
Look on my form in armour dight
Of steel inlaid with gold:
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.
These once belong'd to sable prince,
Who never did in battle wince;
With valour tart as pungent quince,
He slew the vaunting Gaul.
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,
While from green curtain I advance
To yon foot-lights, no trivial dance, *
And tell the town what sad mischance
Did Drury Lane befall.

THE NIGHT.

On fair Augusta's † towers and trees
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast
A spangled light, like dancing spray,
Then re-assumed its still array;
When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power
That cot and castle, hall and bower,
And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appeared to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul;
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,
To Redriffe, Shadwell, Horsleydown,
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep reposed.
They might have thought, who gazed around
Amid a silence so profound,
It made the senses thrill,
That 'twas no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead—
All was so hush'd and still.

THE BURNING.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise
When light first flash'd upon her eyes—
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke—
"The playhouse is in flames!"
And, lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window-pane;
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new Brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the height
Where Patent Shot they sell;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket-Porters' House of Call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,‡
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.
Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields, the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound.
As from a lofty altar rise,
It seem'd that nations did conspire
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all:
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.
And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopped at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had, his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang—
His name was Higginbottom. Now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
The others came in view;
The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound:
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,

* Alluding to the then great distance between the picture frame, in which the green curtain was set, and the band.

† The old name for London.

‡ Old Bedlam, at that time, stood "close by London Wall." It was built after the model of the Tuileries, which is said to have given the French king great offence. In front of it Moorfields extended, with broad gravel walks crossing each other at right angles. These the writer well recollects; and Rivaz, an underwriter at Lloyd's, has told him that he remembered when the merchants of London would parade these walks on a summer evening with their wives and daughters. But now as a punning brother bard sings, "Moorfields are fields no more."

And Clutterbuck who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all.
The firemen terrified are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Witford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls!
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When, lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew,
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins! to the rescue, ho!"
And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire),
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphry stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'erwhelm'd him quite.
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
"You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
"Why are you in such doleful dumps?
"A fireman; and afraid of bumps!—
"What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.*

THE REVIVAL.

Peace to his soul! new prospects bloom,
And toil rebuilds what fires consume!
Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,
"Joy to the managing committee!"
Eat we and drink we, join to rum
Roast beef and pudding of the plum;
Forth from thy nook, John Horner, come,
With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,
For this is Drury's gay day.
Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,
And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,
Crisp parliament* with lollypops,
And fingers of the Lady.

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train,
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane
Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,
And nimble workmen trod;
To realise bold Wyatt's plan
Rush'd many a howling Irishman;
Loud clatter'd many a porter-can,
And many a ragamuffin clan
With trowel and with hod.
Drury revives! her rounded pate
Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate;
She "wings the midway air" elate,
As magpie, crow, or chough;
White paint her modish visage smears,
Yellow and pointed are her ears,
No pendant portico appears
Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears †
Have cut the bauble off.

Yes, she exalts her stately head;
And, but that solid bulk outspread,
Opposed you on your onward tread,
And posts and pillars warranted
That all was true that Wyatt said,
You might have deem'd her walls so thick
Were not composed of stone or brick,
But all a phantom, all a trick,
Of brain disturb'd and fancy sick,
So high she soars, so vast, so quick!

—:o:—

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

[Scott introduces the following song in Chapter XXV. of *The Monastery*, with the remark that it was sung to the ancient air of "*Blue Bonnets over the Border*."]

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the blue bonnets are bound for the border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory!

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come from the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the border!

WALTER SCOTT.

* "'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on'
Were the last words of Marmion."

* *Parliament*—A sweet biscuit now seldom met with.

† Whitbread's shears. An economical experiment of that gentleman. The present portico, towards Brydges Street, was afterwards erected under the lesseeship of Elliston, whose portrait in the Exhibition was thus noticed in the EXAMINER: "Portrait of the great lessee, in his favourite character of Mr. Elliston."

Blue Stockings over the Border.

Read, quickly read, for your honours, ye Oxford men!
Why don't you read Greek and Latin in order?
Pass o'er the Ass's Bridge, sons of the Cambridge Fen!
All the Blue Stockings are crossing the Border!
Their banner is flying,
They're "victory" crying,
They'll solve every problem in Euclid before ye—
Come from the rowing match,
Glee club, and merry catch,
Read for a class and the old College glory!

Ye Dons and Professors, arise from your slumbers,
Open your books,—set your studies in order—
The danger is pressing in spite of your numbers,
For the Blue Stockings are crossing the Border.

Descend from your Tilburies, Gents of the long robe,
Read briefs—for their steps to the Woolsack they bend:
The depths of your science, ye Doctors, they'll soon probe,
With old Esculapius the *Blues* would contend!
Their clack is resounding,
With hard words abounding,
Steam guns their weapons, which cause great disorder.
By Gas they're enlightened—
By nothing they're frightened,
The dauntless Blue Stockings who pass'd o'er the Border.

Read for your honors, then, Oxford and Cambridge men!
Look, lawyers, look, are your Green Bags in order?
Oh! Sons of Galen, you will not escape the ken
Of the Blue Stockings who pass'd o'er the Border!

Look well to your counsels, ye sage Politicians—
They'll change all your projects and plans for the State;
Examine your arguments, Metaphysicians—
In every department the Blues are first-rate.
Famed Craniologists!
Learned Phrenologists!
You'll find, though each bump in their skulls is in order;
The organ of Prying
All others defying,
Stands first in the Blues who are crossing the Border.

Strain every nerve, then, all ye who have place and sway,
From Wellington down to the City Recorder.
Ye'll be found bunglers, in office unfit to stay,
If the Blue Stockings come over the Border.

Stand to your posts, ye adepts in Astronomy,
A comet they'll see whilst your glass ye arrange—
Find out some fault in Dame Nature's economy—
Spots in the moon, which betoken a change.
Quake, ye Geologists!
Tremble, Conchologists!
Put Retorts and Crucibles, Chemists, in order!
Beware, Antiquarians,
They're Disciplinarians,
These *talented* Blues who are passing the Border!

Put on your spectacles, star-gazing gentlemen—
Steam-boat inventors, avoid all disorder—
If there's a blunder committed by Englishmen,
Each Blue will see it who passes the Border!

'Tis said they've discovered perpetual motion,
Attached to *their tongues*, 'twill be henceforth their own;
And this job completed, some folks have a notion
They're all seeking now the Philosopher's Stone.
An enemy slanders
Their ablest commanders,
Their heads vacuum engines he calls ('tis a joke),
Says Watts' Steamer teaches
The plan of their speeches,
Beginning in noise, and concluding in smoke,

Believe not, my countrymen, this foolish story—
Come when they will, let them find you in order—
Delay not, I pray, till each Blue, crown'd with glory,
By paper kites drawn shall pass o'er the Border.

The above appeared in *The Mirror*, vol 11, 1828, p. 239 About that period "intellectual females" were in fashion as well as the Brobdignagian bonnets, mentioned in the parodies on Burns. The origin of "Blue Stocking" is given in Boswell's Life of Johnson, edition 1835, vol. 8, p. 85, "About this time (1781) it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue Stocking Clubs*; the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*;' and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue Stocking Club* in her '*Bas Bleu*,' a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned."

Write, Write, Tourist and Traveller.

Write, write, tourist and traveller,
Fill up your pages and write in good order;
Write, write, scribb'ler and driveller,
Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead flutters around your head,
Many a *tome* is your *memento mori*!
Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen,
Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms where the farthing wick's burning,
Come with your tales full of gladness or woe;
Come from your small-beer to vinegar turning,
Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow!

Fame's trump is sounding, topics abounding,
Leave, then, each scribb'ler, your high attic story;
Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,
"He wrote for the snuff-shop, he wrote not for glory!"

Write, write, tourist and traveller,
Fill up your pages and write in good order;
Write, write, scribb'ler and driveller,
Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

Robert Gilfillan, 1828.

Read, Read!

Read, read, Woodstock and Waverley,
Turn every page and read forward in order;
Read, read, every tale cleverly,
All the old novels are over the border!

Many a book lies dead, dusty, and never read,
Many a chiel wants a thread to his story;
While Walter, that king o' men, just with his single pen,
Like a giant, well *grogged*, marches on in his glory!

Come from your tales full of murders amazing,
Come from romaunts gone to bed long ago;
Come from the scribb'lers whom pye-men are praising,
Come to Redgauntlet and brave Ivanhoe!

Scott's fame is sounding, readers abounding,
May laurels long circle his locks thin and hoary!
Scotland shall many a day speak of her bard, and say,
"He lived for his country, and wrote for her glory!"

ROBERT GILFILLAN, 1831.

TAX, TAX!

TAX, tax Income and Property,
Why the deuce don't ye tax both in fair order?
Tax, tax, Genius and Industry—
Aye; but not so as on plunder to border!
Many, by hand or head
Earning precarious bread,
Suddenly ruin'd's an often-told story.
Do, JOHNNY RUSSELL, then,
Justice to working men;
If you refuse, we must call in a Tory!

Punch, May 17, 1851.

VALOUR UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MARCH, march, pipe-clayed and belted in,
That is to say you must march in good order;
March, march, broiling sun melted in,
Stocks all so tight that on choking you border.
Martinet's anger dread
If you can turn your head,
Martinet, stiff as the knights of old story,
Shave and make ready then,
Half-strangled Englishmen!
March on, as well as you're able, to glory!

Punch.

LOBSTER SALAD.

TAKE, take, Lobsters and lettuces;
Mind that they send you the fish that you order;
Take, take, a decent-sized bowl,
One that's sufficiently deep in the border.
Cut into many a slice
All of the fish that's nice,
Place in the bowl with due neatness and order;
Then hard-boiled eggs you may
Add in a neat array
All round the bowl, just by way of a border.

Take from the cellar of salt a proportion;
Take from the castor both pepper and oil,
With vinegar, too—but a moderate portion—
Too much of acid your salad will spoil.
Mix them together;
You need not mind whether
You blend them exactly in apple-pie order!
But when you've stirr'd away,
Mix up the whole you may—
All but the eggs, which are used as a border.

Take, take plenty of seasoning;
A teaspoon of parsley that's chopped in small pieces.
Though, though, the point will bear reasoning,
A small taste of onion the flavour increases.
As the sauce curdle may,
Should it, the process stay;
Patiently do it again in due order.
For, if you chance to spoil
Vinegar, eggs, and oil.
Still to proceed would on lunacy border.

Punch.

SONG BY A SURGEON.

TAKE, take, blue pill and colocynth:
Hey, Sir! your liver is much out of order.
Take, take, rhubarb and aqua menth:
Close on acute inflammation you border.
Symptoms about your head,
Make me congestion dread,
When I take them with the rest in conjunction;
Leave off wine, beer and grog:
Arrowroot all your prog,
Let organs rest to recover their function.

Punch, November 12, 1859.

RIFLEMEN BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER.

DRILL, drill, London and Manchester,
Shoulder your Enfields and shoot in good order;
Drill, drill, Glasgow and Edinburgh;
Don't be behind us, on your side the border.
Foreigners oft have said BRITAIN'S old fire is dead,
Let your array tell a different story:
Arm and make ready then, Squires, Shop, and Warehousemen,
Scotchman and Englishman, Liberal and Tory.

Come from the shops, where your goods you are praising,
Come from your moors, from the red deer and roe:
Come to the ground where the targets they're raising,
Come from your ledgers, per contra and Co.
Bugles are sounding, drill sergeants grounding,
Practice your wind in loose skirmishing order,
Foes will think twice, I lay, 'ere they provoke a fray—
Once Britain stands in arms, both sides the Border.

Punch, December 3, 1859.

Written at the time the great Rifle Volunteer movement was starting into life in England and Scotland.

—:o:—

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

On taking leave of the Edinburgh Stage.

Mr. Kemble's last appearance in Edinburgh was on the evening of Saturday, March 29, 1817, on which occasion he performed *Macbeth*. At the close of the tragedy Mr. Kemble recited a beautiful farewell address, which had been com-

posed for him by Walter Scott. It is only necessary to quote a few lines from the commencement and the end of this well-known poem :—

As the worn warhorse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground,
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near ;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that these valued plaudits are my last.

* * * * *

But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue ;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail ! and FARE YOU WELL !

In "Reminiscences of the Court of Session (Scotland), as it was a few years ago," by George Outram, Esq., Advocate, 1856, there is a parody of "Mr. Kemble's farewell Address." The subject of it is Mr. Patrick Robertson's taking leave of the Bar on his promotion to the Bench. "Before assuming the judicial vestments, Robertson was entertained at a farewell dinner by the sorrowing friends he was to leave without the bar, and from whom he was henceforth by judicial decorum to be separated. The following address (written probably by either Douglas Cheape, Esq., Advocate. or by the late Lord Neaves, one of the judges,) was prepared to be spoken by the guest of the evening."

As the worn show-horse whom Ducrow so long
Has taught to prance before the applauding throng,
Now all unfit to play his wonted part,
Turns the dull mill or tracts the ignoble cart ;
If, midst his daily toils, perchance he hears
Great Wombell's trumpets, and the attendant cheers,
Strives from his rear the cumbrous load to fling,
And longs to circle in his ancient ring—
So I, when loud your festive laughter swells,
Would gladly don once more my cap and bells,
So sad it is to deem my triumphs past,
And think these joyous plaudits are my last.
Warned by some symptoms of a certain age,
To-night a veteran quits the mirthful stage ;
A certain age a certain post requires—
Not prematurely Robertson retires.
At eight-and-forty, when the locks are grey,
'Tis time to doff one's comedy array,
And leave, while youth's excesses we retrench,
Some space between the banquet and the Bench.
Time was, when even the rigid and the wise
Might scan my levities with lenient eyes ;
Cast in a mould denied to other men—
(Great Jove will hardly use it soon again)—
If not with wit, at least with words at will,
The wish to please—and, shall I say, the skill ?
Peers, patsons, players, applauded as I spoke,
And Huntly loved, and Scott endured the joke.
Each look would set the table in a roar :
And when the look was grave, men laughed the more.
Hard task ! and how performed, Jove best can tell,
To serve two masters, and to serve them well ;
For Momus can with Mammon ill agree,
And jealous Themis hates Euphrosyne.
But, now, farewell the mimic look and tone,
The general question, and the big trombone
That makes the orchestra nothing—Oh ! farewell
To Oscar's melody and Ossian's shell ;
The stammering cornet, the Italian air ;
Farewell the bagman, and farewell the beer ;
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious fun,
Farewell—for Peter's occupation's done.

Yet still the fire, that burned too fierce before,
May shed a chastened light your evenings o'er ;
Sometimes the mountain may bring forth its mouse
To please the laughers in the Outer-House.
Nay, even in yonder niche installed on high,
Some jest or pun Lord Peter may let fly,
Clerk, counsel, agents, mid the weekly roll,
Shall vainly strive their muscles to control ;
Wide spreads the infectious laugh, and even a while
The losing litigant consents to smile ;

* * * * *

All but the macer, grieved to see no more
The classic gravity that Corehouse wore.

But to return : if you have owed to me
One witless jest, one pointless repartee—
If I at good mens' feasts too long have lolled,
And seldom stirred when bells to church have knolled—
If censuring tongues might of my errors tell,
As loving mirth, not wisely but too well—
If even in caution's course I missed my aim,
Tried jokes by stealth, and blushed to find them fame—
The few preposterous efforts I have made
By this too partial tribute are repaid.
Could my big bosom prop the sinking line,
Then I could speak what feelings now are mine.
But fancy fails, expression dies away ;
In feeble murmers I can only say,
Amidst my throbbing heart's tumultuous strife :
"This is the proudest moment of my life !"

LAMENT FOR TABBY ;

or, *The Cat's Coronach.*

AND art thou fall'n, and lowly laid,
The housewife's boast, the cellar's aid,
Great mouser of thy day ;
Whose rolling eyes, and aspect dread,
Whole whiskered legions oft have fled
In midnight battle fray.
There breathes not kitten of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.

O ! could I match the peerless strain,
That wailed for Black Sir Roderic slain,
Or that whose milder tone
O'er Gertrude, fall'n in beauty's prime,
The grace of Pennsylvania's clime,
Raised the sepulchral moan !
Such strain might burst th' eternal bar,
And reach thy spirit from afar.

But thou remote from pain and strife.
Now reap'st the meed of virtuous life
In some Elysian grove,
Where endless streams of milk abound,
And soft valerian paints the ground,

Thy joyous footsteps rove ;
With Tasso's cat, by poets named,
And Whittington's in story famed,
Requiescat in pace !

From *The Satirist*, March 1814.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

The numerous Parodies of this poem are principally founded upon passages in the introduction, and the opening verses of Cantos the second, third, and sixth, a few lines from each of which will be given to recall them to the reader's mind for comparison.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day !
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, well a day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppress'd
Wish'd to be with them them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door.
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear,

WALTER SCOTT.

* * * * *

ANOTHER

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE Tide was low, the wind was cold,
Upon the sands the minstrel strolled ;
His burnt-cork cheek and croaking lay
Seemed to have known a better day ;
His banjo, sole remaining joy,
Was thrummed by an obstreperous boy ;
The last of all the band was he
Who sang of nigger minstrelsy.
For, well a day ! their date was fled—
His tuneful brethren earned their bread
In other channels. He confessed
That had he done so it were best.
No more to fiddle, harp and horn,
He sang his melodies forlorn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
The tenor squared his manly chest,
And poured to lord and lady gay
His unpremeditated lay.
Old times were changed, old music gone,
The folks had "scientific" grown,
Neglected his untutored chime,
Pronouncing *Wagner* quite sublime.
A wandering nigger, scorned and poor,
He hummed and strummed from door to door,
And tuned, to please a vagrant ear,
The banjo swells had loved to hear.

Funny Folks, May 22, 1875.

THE GRAND OLD M—INSTREL.

["Mr. Gladstone, attired in a light summer suit, and without any wrapper round his throat, walked on Tuesday afternoon up Whitehall from his residence in Richmond-terrace. On reaching Trafalgar Square the right hon. gentleman was closely followed by a considerable number of people. He repeatedly raised his hat in acknowledgment of the salutes he received from many persons as he proceeded. Turning up the Strand, Mr. Gladstone made his way in the direction of Covent Garden, still followed by about a hundred persons."—*Daily News*, July, 1885.]

THE sun was hot, the day was bright,
The statesman found his collars tight ;
He threw the starchy things aside,
And round his neck no choker tied ;
In summer suit he quickly dressed—
True Paisley cloth, and of the best,
Presented by admiring Scots
Who gave him presents, lots on lots.
"Ah, now," he cried, in accents gay,
"I think I'll take a walk to-day ;
The crowd that oft my footsteps dogs,
Will never know me in these togs ;
Not one can recognise in me,
The potent statesmen, W.G.!"
He first from Richmond Terrace hied,
Without policeman at his side ;
And then up Whitehall took the air
Until he reached Trafalgar Square ;
By twos and threes the folks came out
And welcomed Gladstone with a shout ;
Others, attracted by the sound,
In tens and dozens gathered round ;
Desiring but to be alone,
The baffled Statesman hurried on ;
With eager steps he paced along,
But always followed by the throng ;
He fled from crowded street to street,
Precipitately in retreat ;
And yet, despite the pace he flew,
The crowd only the greater grew ;
And now, though several days have gone,
That Statesman still is hurrying on ;
And strangers in a London street
Perchance may any moment meet
An old man in a summer suit
Endeavouring to avoid pursuit,
But vainly ; for where'er he goes
The crowd behind him cheers and grows.

The Weekly Echo, July 25, 1885.

THE LAY OF THE LAST CAB-HACK.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The cab-hack was infirm and old.
His withered hide, a dirty grey,
Seemed to have known a better day;
His nose-bag, sole remaining joy,
Was pilfered by a ragged boy.
The last of all the hacks was he,
Of bony frame and broken knee:
For, well-a-day, their date was fled,
His wretched brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more 'neath damsel lightly borne,
He caracolled like lark at morn;
No longer curried and caressed,
Snug placed in stall of corn the best,
He pranced for lord and lady gay
Throughout the equine-octial day.
His form was changed, his strength was gone,
A stranger owned his frame of bone;
His master of the iron time
To starve him thought it not a crime—
A wandering cabby, scorned and poor,
He urged his hack from door to door,
And drove, to win a peasant's fare,
The horse that once a lord did bear.
He crawled where London's smoky Tower
Looks out from Thames' muddy bower;
The cab-hack gazed with wistful eye,
Alas! no resting-place was nigh,
With weak and faltering step at last
The glaring sausage-shop he passed,
Whose ponderous chopping-up machine
The rest of all his race had seen.
The shopman marked his weary pace,
His hang-dog mien and bony face,
And bade his boy the cabby tell
He'd buy if he the hack would sell;
For he had bought much worse than he,
Though born of racing pedigree,
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom—
They'd gone unwept to this same tomb.

Funny Folks.

THE BRAY OF THE LAST DONKEY.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The donkey was infirm and old;
His wrinkled nose and rough coat grey,
Seemed to have known a better day;
A whip, that sadden'd all his joy,
Was wielded by an awful boy;
The last of all his race was he,
Who lived in age of chivalry.
For, well-a-day, their date had fled,
His long-ear'd brethren all were dead;
And he, o'er-loaded and oppress'd,
Would soon be with them—and at rest.
No more with light load gladly borne,
He caracolled from night till morn;
No longer well-fed and caress'd.
High placed in stall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay
His most unmusical of bray;
Old steeds were changed, the donkeys gone,
The stalls with horses filled alone,
Proud favourites of degenerate time—
Even his braying call'd a crime,
A groggy donkey, starved and poor,
He carried sand from door to door,
Hard words and blows still doomed to bear.
Till death relieves him from his care.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINISTRY.

THE way was long, the voters cold,
The Minister was weak—not old;
His wither'd hopes and messes gay
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The lyre, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by the Office Boy;
The last of the stop-gaps was he,
And which his name was Salisbury.
His brethren to the towns had fled,
Expecting to be shortly dead,
And he, dejected and oppress'd,
Wished they were back, and feared for rest.
No more on wings of fancy borne
He chortled light as lark at morn;
No longer standing on the boards
As leader of the House of Lords,
To nobles young, and nobles grey,
He pour'd the Governmental lay:
His occupation nearly gone,
He felt he must vacate his throne;
For many at Election-time
Look'd on his policy as crime.
A Premier on a touting tour,
He begged for votes from door to door,
And tried to please the peasant's ear
With tunes that few might care to hear.

Et cetera.

Fun, November 18, 1885.

This was accompanied by a cartoon representing the Marquis of Salisbury as the aged minstrel, with Lord Randolph Churchill as his boy carrying the lyre.

CANTO III.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love;—
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green,
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

WALTER SCOTT.

* * * * *

W. E. GLADSTONE in March, 1880.

AND thought they I was growing old?
And hoped they that my hate was cold;
And that my vengeful fire was fled,
And, that my hopes of power were dead;
And that I might not sigh for place?

How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a statesman's dream
Prove recreant so foul and base?
How could I name its very name,
Nor wake to life its smould'ring flame?

In Session prudence tunes the reed,
'Tis otherwise across the Tweed!
In Parliament, one's forced to wear
Restraint that one can doft elsewhere!
St. Stephen's needs a smoothened tongue,
In Scotland fierce can be my song!
Blest he who has a double face,
When place is Heaven and Heaven is place!

From *They are Five*, by W. E. G, (London, David Bogue, 1880,)

—:o:—

CANTO VI.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

* * * * *

WALTER SCOTT.

A DECLAMATION.

By Miss Mudge, *the Blue Stocking.*

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never several times has read
The works of Spencer and of Mill!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As o'er the pages he has turned
Of Hamilton upon the Will!
If such there breathe, go rate him well,
For him no student's raptures swell.
High though his titles, what of them?
I want a man whose diadem
Is the Binomial Theorem!

What matters it how proud his look,
He knows not Euclid's second book!
His wealth is boundless—that may be;
But how about his Rule of Three?
Despite his titles, pride and pelf,
And all the books upon his shelf,
The wretch not knowing Algebra,
Shall greeted be with shouts of "Bah!"
Whilst many an one, his soul to vex,
Shall ask him what's the power of x;
And give him, heeding not his groans,
Equations with the three unknowns.
Until at last, his torture's o'er,
He seeks a School Board's open door;
And there, by jeers to action stung,
Begins on learning's lowest rung,

O Conic Sections! oft reviled,
How sweet thou art to this young child!
And book eleven of Euclid too,
How sweet it is thy props. to do!
And then to draw from them deductions!
There's but one thing still better—Fluxions!

Geometry! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the knotted band
That knits me to thy propositions,
Thy postulates and definitions!
Strong too's the cord which fastens me
To Statics and Geology!
Still stronger those which mé affiance
To thee, my own, my Natural Science!
But strongest are the heavenly ones
That join me to Mars' late-found suns!

[*She collapses.*

From *Finis.*

ON SCOTCH PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there a Scot with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said
Farewell for aye, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As he his willing steps hath turned
To wander on a foreign strand!
Who has not with a spirit gay
From his loved Scotia trudged away
To join the fortune-hunting band!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no canny raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
He is an idiot all the same.
No pupil apt of Gaelic school,
He is a patriotic fool,
A simple and un-Scottish clown
Who, living, forfeits fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unsnuffed, unwhiskied, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Thou did'st not suit the Scottish child!
Thy lovely scenery but tells,
On those brave Scots who keep hotels;
Thy plain and mountain, loch and moor,
Are only dear to those who tour.
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Could e'er invite me to thy strand?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
I think of what things might have been

And shudder as I think once more
That I might ne'er have left thy shore.
Whilst songs of triumph fill my mouth,
That I so early went down South.

O. P. Q. P. SMIFF.

The Figaro, August 1, 1874.

PILOSAGINE..

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"To have moustaches would be grand."
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As o'er the paper he hath turned
And Wright's advertisement hath scanned?
If such there be, go, mark him well,
And in his ears the good news tell:
Pilosagine has gained a name,
All who have tried it own its fame:
While thousands prove its great renown
By the moustaches they have grown;
Whiskers and beards on many a face
Their origin likewise to it trace,
It contains no oil, is free from grease,
And now forsooth our rhyme must cease.
But what, you ask, is the expense?
'Tis sent post free for eighteenpence.

OLD ADVERTISEMENT.

LIVES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to his wife has said,
"I love a bit of home-made bread!"
Or can a man of aught be prouder,
Than to have cried in tones still louder,
"I like it made with Borwick's Powder!"

SPECIMEN OF SMIFF'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Poetic Style.

BREATHES there a man with taste so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is the spirit of my choice,"
As he his steaming glass hath stirred?
Who hath not slightly raised his voice,
So that his words might all be heard—
O *something* Whiskey, strong yet mild,
Sweet spirit, pure and undefiled;
From thee, as doctors oft have proved,
The fusil oil has been removed;
Unlike the other spirits, thou
Bring'st not an aching to the brow.
Of thee no biliousness is born,
No coppers hot the following morn;
Men drink of thee at noon, at night,
And rise quite fresh at morning light;
Men drink of thee, and drink again,
To guard 'gainst rheumatism's pain.

* * * * *

But there are some, I grieve to say,
Who act in quite a silly way;
Who every day their vitals spoil,
By drinking lots of fusil oil.
Yes, such there be, go—mark them well!
Their sallow cheeks the secret tell.
Sound though their stomachs may have been,
Their livers active, palates clean;
Yet, thanks to fusil's deadly force,
Fell indigestion comes, of course.

The Figaro, October 4, 1876.

CANTO VII.

O, CALEDONIA! very stern and wild, *
And only dear to those who travel through you;
The poet says you're lov'd by each Scotch child,
But you do not believe such nonsense, do you?
What Scotchman is there that would not be riled,
If he was bound for life to stick close to you?
No, Land of heath, and loch, and shaggy moor,
You're only dear, say we, to those who tour.

O, Land of Whisky, Oatmeal, Bastards, Bibles;
O Land of Kirks, Kilts, Claymores, Kail, and Cant,—
Of lofty mountains and of very high hills,
Of dreary "Sawbaths," and of patriot rant
O land which Dr. Johnson foully libels,
To sound thy praises does our hero pant;
And to relate how, from engagements freed,
He calmly vegetated north of Tweed.

He saw "Auld Reekie," climbed up Arthur's Seat,
And thought the modern Athens a fine ci' ;
Admired the view he got from Prince's Str t,
And wished the lassies could have been ore pretty—
With smaller bones, and less decided feet;
He found the cabmen insolent, though witty:
The Castle "did," and, ere he slept, had been on
The Calton Hill, and seen the new Parthenon.

The Edinburgh "Sawbath" bored him, though,
'Twas like being in a city of the dead;
With solemn steps, and faces full of woe,
The people to their kirks and chapels sped,
Heard damning doctrines, droned some psalms, and so
Went home again with Puritanic tread;
Pulled down their blinds, and in the evening glooms,
Got very drunk in their back sitting-rooms.

* * * * *

From *Jon Duan.*

Ye Grand Adventures
of some
MODERN MEN OF MIGHT.

Showing how Don Salisbury Quixote de la Hatfield set

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* A Scotchman, who was on his dying bed was asked by the clergyman of his parish "And where do you think you are going to now?" replied "Hech, meenister, ye ken this is neether the time nor place to be asking conundrums." So, too, it may be said, this is neither the time, nor the place to discuss questions of political economy. Yet—in answer to the writer of these bigoted lines—it may be pointed out that the great, the chief reason for Scotchmen leaving their own country, is to be found in the iniquitous land laws, which doom so many of the finest parts of Scotland to be depopulated for the formation of dear runs, and game preserves.

And a Scotchman may point with pardonable pride to the fact, that wherever Scotchmen go they are welcomed as honest, thrifty, and law abiding citizens. Whilst by their industry, their intelligence, and integrity, they win the success which is denied them in their own country, through the survival of an obsolete feudal system, not at all in keeping with the spirit of the age.

out to keep watch over his arms and armour, ere he could be admitted a Knight of the Primrose.

The Don's Midnight Vigil.

THE sky was dark, the air was cold,
But firm Don Salisbury was and bold,
As, undeterred by nights alarms,
He vigil kept to watch his arms.

Above him, as he humbly kneel'd,
Rose the bronze form of Beaconsfield—
The man whom once he had reviled,
But whom long since, with fervour wild,
He'd seemed to love; but who looked down
As 'twere with a sardonic frown,
As, very far from being at ease,
Don Salisbury groaned upon his knees.

Each side him, on the Statue's base,
He for his armour'd found a place,
And there he watch'd it, till, so sore,
That he could bear to kneel no more,
He staggered to his feet again,
And sighing from excessive pain,
His lance he grasped, and with a moan
Limped lamely on his vigil lone.

The gas-jets round but flickered dim,
And in their light it seemed to him
That with a look of scorn intent
The Statue's eyes were on him bent.
Nay, more, as he returned the gaze,
He thought he saw the Statue raise
Its dexter arm and point south-west,
As though his notice to arrest.

Nor was the intimation vain,
For as the Don his eye did strain,
He saw folks in Victoria Street,
Caught, too, the tramp of many feet;
And, listening still, soon overheard
Such sounds that he at once inferred,
It was the promised delegation
Sent by the Primrose Habitation
To take him to the Hall of Light
Where he was to be dubbed a Knight.

* * * * *

Truth, Christmas Number, 1885.

ALBERT GRAEME.

IT was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish Knight,
For love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

* * * * *

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle Wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

WALTER SCOTT.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI.

THE LAY OF THE POOR FIDDLER.

WILLIE.

IT was a toper one Saturday night,
(The fire shines bright on yon Ale-house wall,)
And he would spend a shilling so bright,
For strong liquor will still be lord of all.

Blithely he posted with jolly red face,
To where the fire shines on yon Ale-house wall,
But that night was scarce o'er when in piteous case,
He found that strong liquor was lord of all.

He pawned his shirt and his breeches both,
Where the fire shines bright on yon Ale-house wall;
He then did swear a terrible oath,
For ire that liquor was lord of all.

In a hurry home he naked ran
From where the fire shines on yon ale-house wall;
The night was too cold for a naked man,
Tho' strong liquor was still the lord of all.

His limbs were cold, though his face was red
As the fire that shines on yon ale-house wall;
He craved for admission, his wife was in bed,
For strong liquor was there the lord of all.

She looked through the window and bade him go
Where the fire shines bright on yon ale-house wall;
Or she on his hot skull would throw
The liquor that is not lord of all!

He shivering ran with might and main,
To where the fire shines on yon ale-house wall;
But the door was locked he bawled in vain,
For strong liquor was there the lord of all.

When morning came, quite dead he lay,
Close by the door in yon ale-house wall;
The frost his blood had chilled they say,
And strong liquor is still the lord of all.

Now all ye topers when ye view
The fire shining bright on an ale-house wall;
Pray for his soul who once did rue
That strong liquor was e'er the lord of all.

This ballad is from *The Lay of the Poor Fiddler*, by an admirer of Walter Scott. B. and R. Crosby & Co., London, 1814.

This scarce little volume of 167 pages, is a tolerably close Parody of "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*" It is, like the original, in six Cantos, and is accompanied by numerous notes, in which the legendary lore, and archæological learning of Scott, are humourously and ingeniously burlesqued.

The opening lines of each Canto are modelled upon those of Scott's poem, a few extracts may be given :—

INTRODUCTION.

THE night was dark, the wind did howl,
When Tom the Fiddler left his bowl;
His nose once of a fiery hue,
Was now deep tinged with modest blue;
Fierce o'er the heath the wind did blow,
And swiftly fell the drifting snow.
Tom was returning from the fair
With lightsome heart devoid of care;
His fiddle, as I've heard it sung,
Across one ample shoulder hung
In leathern case, and by his side,

A horn of snuff was well supplied;
A huge nob-stick he firmly grasped,
And to his breast a loaf he clasped,—
Poor Tom had once seen better days
Than fiddling for a looby's praise;
At country club, or wake, or fair,
He would have scorned to scrape a hair;
But now alas! old times are gone,
He roams neglected and unknown;
And strangers claim that high renown
Which Tommy once had thought his own.

At length he reaches a large mansion, he craves admission and shelter from the storm:

The lady happened to be nigh,
She heard his voice and language high,
She marked his wet and dirty clothes,
His pimpled cheek and reverend nose,
And bade her maid the servants tell,
That they should use the fiddler well:
For she had known adversity,
Tho' raised to such a high degree;
And sorrow too, for in her bloom
She wept o'er her third husband's tomb.

After due attention to the creature comforts of the Fiddler, he obliges the company with his lay, in the manner of Scott's last Minstrel, and at the end of each Canto refreshes himself with a draught of good October ale. The opening lines of the third Canto describe his partiality for strong liquor:—

I.

And said I that my throat was dry;
And said I that no cheer was nigh,
And that all giving souls were dead,
And that the good to heaven were fled,
And that I ne'er should put my nose
Again into a tankard's brim;
And that I ne'er again should dose,
Before an ale-house hearth so grim?
How could I fancy such mishap,
Would e'er fall from Dame Fortune's lap,
On me the happiest of mankind,
The merriest mortal you may find?

II.

In peace, malt liquor's cheap and good;
In war, 'tis poor and badly brewed;
In kitchens, now they drink small beer;
Malt, hops and water, grow so dear.
Good liquor rules both church and state,
It brightens many a stupid pate;
And men and saints, to my own thinking,
Are often prone unto hard drinking.
Heaven, we are told, through a glass is seen;
A glass of grog is what they mean.

* * * * *

The poem closes with a description of Tommy's fate:—

Hushed is the fiddle—Tommy's gone;
But did he roam, unhoused, unknown,
Again thro' wilds and deserts drear?
No succour nigh, or alehouse near?
Oh no:—close by this stately hall,
So snug, with newly white-washed wall,
Appears Tom's cot; with lattice clean,
And window-shutters painted green,
A garden, hen-pen, and a stye,
Well stock'd with sundries, stand close by;
And every want is well supplied,
And every blessing is enjoyed.

* * * * *

BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Confound that horrid Little-Go
Whose heart within him ne'er has burned,
As from the papers he has turned,
When them he found he did'nt know.

If such there be—go! mark him well
For him no Poll will do as well
As honours high, or wrangler's name
A fellowship's his only aim.
Not *his* to lie upon the shelf;
Poor wretch sustainer of himself
A living comes thro' his renown.
Nor unrewarded goes he down
To the small hamlet whence he sprung,
A hero great as bards have sung.

From *The Lays of the Mocking Sprite.* (Metcalfe and Sons, Cambridge.)

THE LAY OF THE FIRST MINSTREL.

By Sir Walter Scott-free, Bart.

IT was an Oxford Scholar bright,
(The sun shone fair on Charsley's Hall,)
And he would get him thoroughly tight,
For Gilbey'll still be lord of all.

Blithely he saw the coming dun,
As bright as sun on Charsley's Hall,
Alas! his race was well nigh run
And Gilbey'll still be lord of all.

The dun drinks wine, and tastes it well,
(The sun shone fair on Charsley's Hall,)
Then came Cremation and he fell,
So Gilbey'll still be lord of all.

He fell not by the "Old Red Heart,"
(The sun shone fair on Charsley's Hall,)
He fell by Gilbey's fiery art,
To prove that Gilbey's lord of all.

The scholar spurned the knife and fork,
(The sun shone fair on Charsley's Hall,)
And cut his throat with Gilbey's cork,
So Gilbey'll still be lord of all.

From *The Shotover Papers* (Oxford), October 17, 1874.

The following extract is taken from a very amusing volume entitled *"Lays of the Saintly,"* by Mr. Walter Parke

published by Vizetelly and Co., London. The ballad introduced is a Parody of the style of ballads contained in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

ST. FILLAN'S ARM.

(A Lay of Scott-land.)

HARP of the North, that hangs, or used to hang,
"On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring"
(*Which* elm I know not), wake thy tuneful twang,
And keep thy wires in order while I sing
In verse of true Sir Walter Scottish ring;
And lest your Minstrel's strength should haply faint
Glenlivat shall its inspiration bring;
Thus will we make the Sassenach acquaint
With blessed Fillan's life, thy friend and patron Saint.

I.

If thou would'st view old Pittenweem aright,
Go visit it by the broad daylight,
For if the night were murky, pray
How couldst thou ken that fair Abbaye!
And should it eke come on to rain,
Thy pleasure would be turn'd to pain;
But when the golden sunbeams smile
On ruin'd nave and barren aisle,
When noontide rays enlivening fall
On thirstly floor and weedy wall.
So that thou need'st not break thy bones
Or shins against the rugged stones,
Then go, but take a trusty guide
Who knows the country far and wide,
And give him half-a-crown or so,
To tell thee all that he may know;
But should he show thee Fillan's tomb
Within some cloister's ivied gloom,
Believe him not, although he swear,
Because the Saint's not buried there.

II.

Breathes there the man who having read
All that the Northern Bard has said,
All the particulars supplied
By travellers' tomes and Murray's Guide,
Of Scotia's landscapes fair and grand,
Longs not to see that favour'd land?
Oh, would that *I* could get the chance
To view those regions of romance,
What pleasure to be climbing now
Ben Dizzy's stern and lofty brow!
How sweet to stand, beside the Frith
That owes its waters to Loch Smith,
To mark Bel-hangar's ruin'd pile,
And Ion-munga's charmed isle,
Whilst in the distance can be seen
The giant peaks of Ben Zoleen,*
And, if the weather be not dull,
The fragrant isle of Sneeshin-Mull;
And, floating like a mirage there,
That phantom ship, the "*Brig* of *Ayr*"
Sails where Loch Toddy's smile creates
A beauty that intoxicates.
Then view, my fancy, if thou wilt,
Knights tourneying within Glen-*Tilt*,
Hear Roderick Dhu and brave Fitz-James
Calling each other dreadful names,
And see them chase, through bosky dells
The *hart* that "in the Highlands" dwells.
Oh, if some friend would pay my fare,
How "like a bird" I'd wander there!

III.

The meal was over at Pittenweem;
The monks had gone to their cells to dream,
Or heavily sleep, as the case might be,
Till waked by the bell at half-past three;
The Abbot had gone to his private tower,
For *he* sat up till a later hour,
And oft he would have his under-prior
To sit and talk by the cosy fire;
For Abbots of old, you may suppose,
Could do in such matters as they chose,
And here, from the mill-stream's outer loch
To the tippest top of the weather-cock,
Good Fillan the Abbot ruled supreme—
Such was the custom of Pittenweem.

IV.

The night was long, the weather cold;
A Minstrel, neither young nor old,
Whose ragged coat and shoes in holes
Wrung pity from those monkish souls,
Entered the Abbey's lower hall,
Whence, duteous to the Abbot's call,
He brought himself and harp upstairs
And 'gan show off his Scottish airs.
It was a charity to bring
Such warbler in the place to sing.
St. Fillan gave him ample cheer
And copious draughts of home-made beer,
Till, while that inspiration work'd,
This music from the wires he jerk'd:—

V.

BALLAD.

THE BLUE BROTHER.

(Parody of a Ballad in "Percy's Reliques.")

'TWAS on Maxwelton's bonny braes
("Where early fa's the dew.")
That at the set of sun I met
A Friar of Orders blue.

With sigh, and frown, and eyes cast down,
His face was sad to see;
Some heavy care was settled there—
Whatever could it be?

"Come hither, come hither, thou Holy Friar,
Why dost thou look so blue?"
He answer'd stern—"I've yet to learn
What that's to do with *you*."

"Wert thou" I asked, "a baron bold,
Who sought a hermit's lot,
Because thy love so false did prove?"
He answer'd, "I was *not*."

"And hast thou fought in distant climes,
Seen mighty cities fall,

* The writer will not guarantee the absolute correctness of all these names of localities, but he has carefully consulted the best authorities on the subject.

And wounded been a score of times?"
He answered, "Not at all."

"And did thy true love follow thee,
In page's garb disguised?
And when thou foundest it was she,
Say, wert thou not surprised?"

"No true love ever follow'd me
Thus garbed; or if she had,
At once, I ween, I must have seen
'Twas she, and not a lad."

"And did she, stricken by thy side
In thy embrace expire?"
"Good gracious! no—who told you so?
He *must* have been a liar."

"Or hadst thou woed some ladye fair,
And wast about to wed,
But saw or heard that she preferr'd
Another knight instead?

"And didst thou seek their trysting-place,
And fiercely slay them both,
And there inter both him and her?"
"I did'nt, on my oath!"

"Or did'st thou quarrel with a maid,
Who loved thee all the time,
And seek a hermitage's shade?
Far in a foreign clime;

"And did the maiden seek thee out,
Dress'd like a pilgrim-boy!
And, having found thee safe and sound,
Die, there and then, for joy?"

Fire flash'd from that Blue Brother's eye;
"'Tis well," he cried, "for you,
That I'm a Friar, else in mine ire
Some mischief might I do!

"Why should I tell to such as thou
The story of my youth?
My patience is exhausted now,
Denying each untruth.

"You're right, so far, if you suppose
I've seen some woes and cares,
But, mark you well, I never tell
To strangers my affairs."

The vesper-bell rang thro' the dell;
Abrupt he sped away,
And not another syllable
Did to this minstrel say.

And tho' upon Maxwelton's braes
Since then I've often been,
I know not why, but never I
Have that Blue Brother seen.

VI.

The Abbot praised the Minstrel's skill,
And gave him siller—better still;
What wonder that such vagrant men,
Encouraged thus, should come agen?
For Fillan's heart was warm and large,
He never gave these folks in charge,
And tho' the bagpipe made him groan,
He let his torturer alone.

Well used, I wot, were one and all
Within St. Fillan's Abbey-wall;
Even the cats were fed on cream—
Such was the custom of Pittenweem.

* * * * *

Another imitation of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was "*The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*," a poem in Five Cantos (with notes in galore) supposed to be written by W——. S——., Esq., London, 1814. This parody was at first attributed to the pen of Washington Irving, but is now generally ascribed to his brother-in-law, James Kirke Paulding, a voluminous author, well-known on the other side of the Atlantic. The parody appears to have been first published in the United States, and then re-produced in London. The author, for the purpose of his burlesque, describes the unhappy war then raging between Great Britain and his own country, as predatory, and treats of the British officers as border chieftains and free-booters. Such poetical license, especially on the part of an avowed foe, seems quite excusable, yet the Editor of the English Edition, in his preface, is very severe both on the poem and the notes which accompany it. These notes are voluminous, occupying nearly as many pages as the parody itself, and they are partly humorous and satirical, but principally descriptive of events alluded to in the poem, which had occurred during the war.

There were some imitations of Scott's *Lay* in *Truth*, January 18, 1877, and also in the Christmas number of *Truth* for 1877.

"*A Lay to the Last Minstrel*," inscribed to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, by Edward Churton (London, John Murray, 1874), is not, as one might suppose from the title, either an imitation, or a parody of Scott. It is merely an essay on his poetical genius, with some lines in his praise.

——:o:——

MARMION.

This was the next poem published by Scott after *The Lay*. It contains several passages which have been singled out for frequent imitation, notably Lady Heron's Song, *Lochinvar*, and the well-known lines in Canto VI.:—

"O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"—

* * * * *

AN ENGLISH POET TO A SCOTCH CRITIC,

OH! SCOTSMAN! in thine hour of ease
Uncanny, slow, and hard to please,—
And querulous in thy tirade
As shrewish wife or sour old maid—
When too much "whusky" stings thy brow,
An unco' sarcy devil thou!

(Slightly!) altered from Scott (to Scot).

A Good Wife.

"But, on the whole, Chloe is a good wife. If I have a cold she dresses me in linseed poultices, and doses me with all kinds of potions; and even in my suffering I can appreciate the poetic exclamation—

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Impatient, coy, and hard to please:
As ineffectual as the shade
By a defective gingham made:
As difficult wherewith to deal
As any sly and cunning eel;
But, oh! when hoarseness grasps the thorax,
How nimble, thou, with soothing borax!"

A Dedication.

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Yet, barring pins, how soft to squeeze!
Unequall'd too at making cheese—
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
And "very able," too thou jade,
In managing a shopping raid—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
Well, one of two things then art thou:
That is, thou'rt either a born nurse;
Or else a nuisance, if not worse!
O Woman! too, in hours of woe,
Into hysterics apt to go:
When trouble levies its distraint,
How prompt art thou thereon to faint!
When danger's for the time supreme,
How ready art thou, too, to scream!
In fact, what hour of night or day
Is there when thou'rt not in the way?

From *Finis*, 1877.

—:o:—

The Mansion House Marmion.

[In 1883, when there was much talk of impending and very desirable reforms in the Government of the Metropolis, Lord Mayor Fowler gave a dinner to the City magnates. He then expressed his great surprise that Mr. Forster should have recommended him to become first Lord Mayor of the new Corporation. "Far from that," he asserted, "he would fight the new Bill, line by line and clause by clause;" and he then proceeded to declaim to his vociferous fellow-citizens Marmion's speech to King James.]

The City Carlton merrily
With wassail rung, and mirth and glee,
For Tory City-Fathers there
Feasted the Marquis and Lord Mayor.
The spread outshone all banquets past;
The wine and wit flowed free and fast;
Till, 'midst approving sound,
The loyal toasts were drunk in turn;
And then, whilst civic hearts waxed stern,
The Loving-Cup went round.
And easy was the task, I trow,
The Marquis' manly form to know,
When, his great courtesy to show,
He drank with Fowler, bending low
To meet the goblet's brim;
And City men who saw the sight,
Demonstrative in their delight,
Gave several cheers for him.

Ere long, uprising from his chair
To toast the City, Mr. Mayor
Stood, in his new-found fame;
But for some moments could not speak—
His Tory heart swelled nigh to break—
And presently adown his cheek
A bitter tear there came.
Then memory did his wrath inspire,
Then burn'd his furrow'd face with fire,
And shook his very beard with ire,
As "This to me!" he cried.
"From Forster, too, a friend who knows
How I persistently oppose
Reforms on every side!
He little kens the thoughts that roll,
Like storm-clouds, through my haughty soul,
Or he would not declare
That I, a City Tory true,
Would of the Corporation new
Become the first Lord Mayor!"

Still on his cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age,
As he went on, "How dare he, then,
Thus beard the Lion in his den—
The Fowler at Guildhall!
Or thinks he Harcourt can o'erthrow,
And lay our Corporation low?
No! by St. Margaret Pattens, No!
Up, Tories, then! What, Carden, ho!
For your stout aid I call."

Then Fowler turned and laughed, "Ha! ha!"
Deep quaffed the bowl and shouted "Bah!
Let Harcourt know, if he dare try
The City Fathers to defy,
That London has its treasures great—
Its funds invested, and its plate;
That turtle now is cheap as beef
(That Conger *canard's* past belief);
And that, ere his vile Bill be passed,
Those hoards of wealth we have amassed
Shall be entirely spent,
In Swords of Honour by the score;
In Golden Boxes, rained galore,
In Banquets gross as those of yore,
In jobs still grosser than before,
And greater in extent!

"That we will many a time persist
In opening a Subscription List,
Far-off distress to aid;
Whilst those who starve about our gate,
We'll leave to their unhappy fate,
And hunger unallayed.
Know, too, that ere from power we start,
We'll patronise again High Art,
And raise the Griffin's counterpart
To dominate the City;
That Billingsgate unmoved shall stay,
And block the fish-producing-way,
Spite what in Parliament they say,
Or argue in Committee.

"Know, too, that ere all London taste
This new reform, we oft will haste
Funds left in Charity to waste
In gorging and in guzzling;

And we, as Aldermen, will mock
At justice still; and surely shock
Those who are bound to us to flock
For our decisions puzzling.

"Yes, know, ere Harcourt shall succeed,
Shall many a poor man die of need,
And thousands suffer for the greed
Of our smug Corporation;
And London for long years shall bear
Fresh burdens that we still may share
The plunder, and well bait the snare
With which we trap the nation,
Pretending that at our own cost
We've freed the lands the City'd lost,
With generous intent;
Whereas it safely might be sworn
No penny from our hoard's been torn—
'Tis duties placed on coal and corn
That we've so freely spent!"

Again, 'midst vehement applause,
Did Fowler for a moment pause;
Then, facing round to his brave band,
And fiercely shaking his clenched hand,
He with a sip his voice restored,
And once again defiance poured:
"Let Harcourt, Firth, and all their crew,"
Cried he, "their spiteful ends pursue,
I still am here, my friends, with you,
My opposition to renew;
And ere that Bill shall pass,
Full many a brother shall secure
Knighthood by rank expenditure;
Full many a Scandal we'll commit;
Absorb full many a perquisite;
Full many a well-known man we'll bribe
To join some Civic thievish tribe;
Full many a day reforms oppose;
Full many a time strike coward's blows;
And often to the nation show
How small we are, how rude, how low,
How stubborn, ignorant, and dense,
How totally devoid of sense,
And how intensely crass!"

Here Fowler ceased, and sat him down,
While cheers from all sides came to crown
His spirited appeal;
Thrice went the Loving Cup around,
And thrice did fresh applause resound
As those brave City Tories found
Fresh impulse for their zeal!

Truth, November 29, 1883.

—:o:—

LOCHINVAR

This song, sang by Lady Heron, in *Marmion*, was partly founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie," which may be found in the "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*"

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented!—the gallant came late!—
For, a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word—
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?—
Or to dance at our bridal?—young Lord Lochinvar!"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!—
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet! The knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh—
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near—
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea—
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

WALTER SCOTT.

Benet College, Cambridge, 1820.

DEAR MR. NORTH,

We are rather flat here at present, but I enclose you a squiblet, which was written when Sir J. E. Smith, that knight of the gilly-flower, made his grand charge on our Botanical Chair.

LOCK-AND-BAR.

A Botany Bay Eclogue.

O GALLANT Sir James is come out of the North,
Through all that wild region his fame had gone forth;
Yet, save the Vice-Chancellor, friend he had none;
He came all unask'd, and he came all alone.
So daring in heart, and so dauntless in pith,
There ne'er was Professor like President Smith.

He staid not for frown, and he stopp'd not for groan;
He put in his clamour where claim he had none;
But e'er he arriv'd at a Lecturer's state,
The tutors conspir'd—and the lectures came late.
For a Churchman, God wot! and a botanist too,
Was to sit in the chair that Sir James had in view

In a rage, then, he stalk'd into College and Hall,
Among Bedmakers, Bachelors, Doctors, and all;
Then spoke Mr. Marsh in a civilish way,
(For some of the Tutors had little to say),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dine with the Fellows, or—what come ye for?"

"I long wish'd to lecture, my suit you denied,
I know you'd have lik'd them, if once you had tried;
And now am I come with this Pamphlet of mine,
To try a last measure—then leave you to pine;
There are students in London more civil by far,
That would gladly have welcom'd so brilliant a star."

Sir James shew'd his Pamphlet, and Monk read it through;
He gulp'd the hard bits, but he saw 'twoul'd not do;
He look'd down to laugh, and pretended to sigh,
With a smile on his lip, and a sneer in his eye,
Then down comes the rogue with an "answer" forthwith.
"This is dealing hard measure!" says President Smith.

So stately the tone, and so lovely the print,
Even Freshmen conceiv'd there must something be in't.
While Socinians did fret, and Professors did clap,
And Webb tore the tassel that deck'd his new cap;
And Reviewers did whisper, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd your brave knight in some gooseberry war."

A hint such as this had just rung in his ear,
When he reach'd the stage-coach, and the coachman stood near;
So light to the box that tight coachman he sprung,
So snugly the reins o'er the dickey were flung—
We are off! we are off! over bank and o'er hill,
"Your pamphlet may follow," cried James, "if it will."

There is quizzing 'mong wags of the Trinity clan;
King's, Queen's-men, and Johnians, they all laugh that can,
There is joking and smoking in Norwich citie,
But the lost Knight of Botany ne'er do we see,
—So daring in heart, and so dauntless in pith:
Was there e'er such a callant as President Smith.

This Parody appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for November, 1820. Many other excellent parodies and imitations are to be found in the early volumes of Blackwood, (which first appeared in April, 1817) but unfortunately most of them are quite out of date, and would be of little, or no interest to the modern reader.

Songs of the Rail.

O YOUNG WILLIAM JONES is come out of the West,
Of all the bright engines, his engine's the best!
And save his grim stoker, he helper had none,
He drove all unhelp'd, and he drove all alone,
So dauntless he rush'd midst his engine's loud moans;
Did you e'er hear of driver like young WILLIAM JONES?

He stopp'd not for water, he stopp'd not for coke,
And he skimm'd o'er the streams render'd black by his smoke;
But when at the station he slacken'd his rate,
The up-train had started, the down-train came late;
And a laggard in travel, a luggage-train guard,
Was to wed the fair POLLY of JONES'S regard.

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like a steam-valve, and bursts when it's tied;
And now I am come, with my lost POLLY B.
To walk once the platform, drink one cup of tea:
There are maidens who'd gladly give body and bones,
To jump at the tender of young WILLIAM JONES."

The bride stirred the Congou, the spoon took it up,
He quaff'd off the tea, and he put down the cup;
She stoop'd on the pavement her sandal to tie,
And she show'd her neat foot with a tear in her eye:
He took her soft hand, ere her mother said nay;
"Now walk on the platform," said young WILLIAM J.

So stately his form, and so beauteous her face,
That never a plank such a couple did grace;
While the stoker did fret, and the engine did fume,
And the station-clerk wink'd in his little back-room,
And the navvys all whisper'd, "Ay, BILL, what d'ye say?
They'd make a neat couple, that gal and young J."

One touch of her hand, and one word in her ear,
And they open'd a carriage that by them stood near;
So light o'er the cushions the fair lady sprung—
So light the policeman the bright brass bell rung—
"She is won! we are off! there's no train in the way,
And the next does not stop here" said young WILLIAM J.

There was laughing and roaring with every man;
They laugh'd and they roar'd till their eyes briny ran:
They must get a new maiden to hand out the tea,
For the fair MRS. JONES there they never will see;
And each one that knows her will laughingly say,
"That's a deucid 'cute fellow, that young WILLIAM J.!"

Punch, January 22, 1848.

The Russian Lochinvar.

[The first encounter in the Crimean War took place at Oltenitza, on November 4, 1854, when the Russians were defeated. A few days later the Turks retired to Kalafat where they kept the Russians in check for some time.]

THE big-booted Czar had his eye on the East,
For treaties and truces he cares not the least,
And save his good pleasure he conscience hath none,
He talks like the Vandal and acts like the Hun.
So faithless in peace, and so ruthless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of King like the big-booted Czar?

He stayed not for speech, but with sabre and gun,
He rushed into Turkey, though cause there was none;
But when he got near to the old Iron Gate,
He found certain reasons which urged him to wait.
For down by the Danube stood Omar Pasha,
Prepared to encounter our big-booted Czar,

So he drew up his legions—serf, vassal and thrall,
His footmen, and horsemen, and cannons, and all,
Then out spake bold Omar, his hand on his sword,
In an attitude fitting an Ottoman Lord,
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to see St. Sophia, you big-booted Czar?"

"I've long asked your homage, my suit you denied,
And my holy religion you've scorned and decried,
So now I've come down with this army of mine,
The rights and the wrongs of the case to define,
And you have not a chance, for the Musselman star
Must pale when it looks on the flag of the Czar."

He flung down his challenge, the Turk took it up
(Remarking on slips 'twixt the lip and the cup),

And deigned to his logic the briefest reply,
"That the claim was unjust, and its proof was a lie,"
And he brought up some thousands of swords as a bar
To further advance by the big-booted Czar.

So before Oltenitza the battle took place,
And the Russian thought proper to right about face,
For the guns of Stamboul had a menacing boom,
And a bombshell sent flying the Dannenburg plume,
And the Cossacks all grumbled, "'Twere better by far
To eat tallow at home than dine out with the Czar",

One hint would not do, nor one word in his ear,
The despot commands, and his men persevere—
So again to the breezes their standards are flung,
And Kalafat echoes the war-trumpet tongue,
And the Ottoman, charging, has scattered afar
The ill-fated troops of the big-booted Czar.

There was wild disarray in the rear and the van,
The Moslem they rode, and the Cossacks they ran.
There was racing and chasing—'twas pleasing to see
The Russ as well beat as a Russian can be.
May this, and much worse, be all fortune of war
That awaits the old pirate, the big-booted Czar.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1854.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RIDE.

(à la Lochinvar.)

The Prince of Wales was present at the autumn manœuvres in 1871, and the *Times* gave the following account of a part he took in a sham fight:—

"A party of the dashing 10th Hussars had pushed on too far up the hill, and were captured by our cavalry, and given in as killed by an umpire. They were standing—dead men all—on the ridge, when the Prince and his staff rode up the hill-side, and made towards three of STAVELEY'S guns. In a few seconds His Royal Highness had discovered whose the guns were, and galloped up to the troop of the 10th, who were prisoners (but he did not know it), placed himself at their head, and ordered them to charge the guns. The gunners, perceiving this manœuvre, with great smartness, but little loyalty, put four rounds into the Prince and his Hussars before they were ridden down. The Prince claimed the battery, and an umpire was sent for. Sir H. GRANT, Sir C. STAVELEY, and others came, and the Prince and his party were given in as prisoners; but when Sir CHARLES claimed them, the Prince laughed and galloped off. Then was seen the Heir Apparent, flying before a general of division and his staff, who kept up the pursuit with a will, to loud cries of "Stop him!" "Don't let him go!" "Seize the Prince!" One of Sir CHARLES's aides-de-camp got so close that he could have laid his hand on the Prince's shoulder, but neither for big guns, nor small arms, nor shouts would the Prince draw bridle, and he got clear away, and vanished into the woods below the hill."

IT was ALBERT OF WALES and his troop of Hussars,
Who took horse one fine day to go off to the wars;
And their trappings were brilliant, their sabres were bright,
As they rode to the Sham (for it *was* a sham) Fight.
"And if any would take the wind out of our sails,
They must look sharp about it!" says ALBERT OF WALES.

"It is rather slow work, this," then ALBERT said he.
"And to stand and do nothing will hardly suit me.
At the side of yon hill, where those clouds of smoke hang,
Are the enemy's cannon—hark! there they go—BANG!
Let us try to surprise them—a rush seldom fails:
Balaclava the Second!" shouts ALBERT OF WALES.

With a crash and a waving of sabres in air,
Down they swoop on the gunners—and how these last stare!
But although they are startled, not one of them runs:
They are Britons, and doggedly stick to their guns,
"Now surrender!" (a bombardier thus the PRINCE hails):
"Do you yield?"—"No, but *you* do!" says ALBERT OF WALES.

"You are captured, each man Jack!" says he with a laugh.—
"I beg pardon, your Highness, it's you and your staff."—
"Oh dear, no!"—"Yes, yes, really," the umpire submits,
"As your Highness's men would be knocked all to bits,
You must yield yourselves up—no resistance avails."—
"Don't you wish you may get it?" says ALBERT OF WALES.

With a jerk at his rein, and a stroke of his whip,
Then the Prince turns his charger, and gives them the slip.
"You have not got me yet," says he: "follow who may,
He must gallop who's going to take me to-day!
You'll excuse my not stopping to talk of details—
I am off in a hurry!" says ALBERT OF WALES.

Then in haste follows STAVELEY, and off gallops GRANT:
"Hallo there!"—"Hold him, now!"—"Oh, I'll stop him!"—"You can't!"
Down the Hill the Prince goes, seeming little to reck
That the Heir to the Throne can break only one neck.
"It's at this sort of speed that they carry the mails;
Let who can overtake me!" cries ALBERT OF WALES.

Judy, October 11, 1871.

THE LATE LIGHT OF THE BAR.

CHOICE of Stoke-upon-Trent, lo, KENEALY* confest,
Pledged to see the foul wrongs of SIR ROGER redressed!
Save his grievance and gingham he weapons had none;
He went unabashed, and he went all alone,
As though stainless in 'scutcheon, in fame without scar,—
Who e'er equalled for brass this late Light of the Bar?

He stayed not for scoff, and he stopped not for groan;
What were "Orders" to him, who takes orders from none?
But ere he alighted at Westminster Gate,
The House was well-filled, though the doctor came late;
For the night's blushing honours were shared, and at par,
'Twixt JOHN MITCHEL and him, this late Light of the Bar.

So boldly he entered the High Commons' hall,
Among Whigs, Rads, Conservatives, alien all,
While calm, cold, and cutting, the SPEAKER was heard,
Through the silence, unbroken by cheer or by word,
"In breach of the House-Standing-Order you are,
Without introducers thus passing our Bar!"

"I stuck to the Claimant: his claims were denied:"
Bench might beard me and Bar; Bar and Bench I defied!
And now I am come, with this lost cause of mine,
Like CROMWELL, to bid hence that 'bauble' of thine:
Learn how wide-spread my fame, whom the much-wronged Gaikwâr
Had retained,† had there not been that sinister Bar."

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* The late Dr. E. V. Kenealy, M.P., for Stoke-upon-Trent, and counsel for the Claimant in the famous Tichborne case.

† So says the *Englishman*. It is true the Gaikwar's agents in this country deny the assertion point-blank, but that is nothing in the Doctor's way.

Dropped by all like hot poker. JOHN BRIGHT took him up—
"Not e'en from such lips should this House dash the cup.
If WHALLEY has spirit to lend me a hand,
By Stoke-upon-Trent's new-made Member I'll stand."
But DISRAELI moved, "Waive the rule, better far:
Some will force their way over, some under, the Bar."

So the Order was waived, and unblushing in face
He shook hands with the SPEAKER, swore, scowled at the Mace;
'Twas some time e'er the House could its business resume,
What with Deceney's fret and Propriety's fume:
While an old stager whispered, "We're best as we are;
Stick to Orders, that serve, now and then, as a Bar."

He touched WHALLEY's hand, who fought shy, it was clear,
And he reached the Hall-door, with the cabs standing near;
So light in the air his green gingham he swung;
So light to his faithful four-wheeler he sprung—
"I have won! The trick's done! To the knife it is war!
See *The Englishman!*"—quoth this Ex-light of the Bar.

There were posters (four-sheet) on *The Englishman's* van
With its damp quires the newsboys they roared and they ran:
Vollied dirt at M.P.'s, as at Judges, there flew,
But the lost case of ORTON they would not review!
So persistent to pelt, from the mark though so far,
Was e'er Member like this late Light of the Bar!

Punch, March 6, 1875.

YOUNG STEPHEY CAVE.*

O, YOUNG Stephey Cave is come out of the East,
Through borders Levantine his steed was the beast!
And save his grey goosequill he weapon had none;
He rode all unharm'd, and he rode all alone.
So renowned at accounts, so financially brave,
There never was knight like the young Stephey Cave.

He staid not for passport, he stopped not for Stone;
He took the first steamer where train there was none;
But ere he alighted at Ismail's gate
The Khedive was ruined; the banker came late,
For a babe at accounts and a scripholding slave
Had forestalled the proud mission of young Stephey Cave.

So boldly he entered proud Ismail's hall,
Among Pashas and Agas, Effendis and all.
Then spoke those Egyptians, ineffably bored,
(For the poor craven Khedive said never a word,)
"O, come ye to fleece us, or come ye to save,
Or to prove us insolvent, thou young Stephey Cave?"

"I long thought ye bankrupt—the truth ye denied;
Loans swell like the Solway, but ebb like its tide,
And now I am come with this ledger of mine
To go through your figures. You dare not decline!
There are countries in Europe as bankrupt, proud knave,
Who'd gladly be tipped by the young Stephey Cave."

They threw down the records, bills, bonds, and such stuff;
He tested the figures through sums on his cuff;
He bent down to blush, and he got up to sigh,
With a curl on his lip and disdain in his eye;
He gave his right hand a most tragical wave—
"They've swindled thee proper," said young Stephey Cave.

One pull at the bell, and one crocodile's tear,
And they ope'd the hall-door, and the Khedive stood near.
So plain to his Highness the plan that he showed,
So strongly perceiving the same he avowed—
"We are saved! We are saved! spite of loan, bond, and knave!"
"They'll have sharp wits that beat us," said young Stephey Cave.

There was raving and stamping 'mong Pashas galore;
Frenchmen, Germans, and Yankees, they cursed and they swore;
There was hoping and waiting 'mong bondholders free,
But the fruits of his mission ne'er did they see.
So renowned at accounts, so financially brave,
Have ye e'er heard of banker like young Stephey Cave?

BENJAMIN D——. *His Little Dinner*, 1876.

* The Rt. Hon. Stephen Cave, M.P. for New Shoreham

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

The True Story in Blank Verse.

OH! young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
Thro' all the wide border his horse has no equal,
Having cost him forty-five dollars at the market,
Where good nags, fresh from the country,
With burrs still in their tails are selling
For a song; and save his good broad sword
He weapon had none, except a seven-shooter
Or two, a pair of brass knuckles, and an Arkansaw

Toothpick in his boot, so, comparatively speaking,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone,
Because there was no one going his way.
He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for
Toll-gates; he swam the Erke River where ford
There was none, and saved fifteen cents
In ferriage, but lost his pocket-book, containing
Seventeen dollars and a half, by the operation.

Ere he alighted at the Netherby mansion
He stopped to borrow a dry suit of clothes,
And this delayed him considerably, so when
He arrived the bride had consented—the gallant
Came late—for a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen, and the guests had assembled.

So, boldly he entered the Netherby Hall
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and
Brothers-in-law and forty or fifty cousins;
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom ne'er opened his head):

"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in anger,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"
"I long wooed your daughter, and she will tell you
I have the inside track in the free-for-all
For her affections! my suit you denied; but let
That pass, while I tell you, old fellow, that love
Swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one glass of beer;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to yours very truly."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the nectar and threw down the mug,
Smashing it into a million pieces, while
He remarked that he was the son of a gun

From Seven-up and run the Number Nine.
She looked down to blush, but she looked up again
For she well understood the wink in his eye ;
He took her soft hand ere her mother could
Interfere, "Now tread we a measure ; first four
Half right and left ; swing," cried young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger
Stood near on three legs eating post hay ;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
Then leaped to the saddle before her.
"She is won ! we are gone ! over bank, bush, and spar,
They'll have swift steeds that follow"—but in the

Excitement of the moment he had forgotten
To untie the horse, and the poor brute could
Only gallop in a little circus around the
Hitching-post ; so the old gent collared
The youth and gave him the awfullest lambasting
That was ever heard of on Canobie Lee ;
So dauntless in war and so daring in love,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

Free Press Flashes, 1883.

—:o:—

Marmion Travesty.

Marmion was published in February, 1808, when the Duke of York was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. A scandal in connection with this office gave rise to a very successful burlesque of *Marmion*, about which a few explanatory notes must be given. Frederic, Duke of York (the second son of George III., born in 1763), having proved his utter incapacity as a general in the field, during several disastrous campaigns in Flanders and Holland, was raised to the lucrative post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Notwithstanding that he was married to a daughter of the King of Prussia, he took several ladies under his protection, one of whom, Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, was also married. The Duke, in addition to an unfortunate attachment to the pleasures of the table, was also an inveterate and unlucky gamester, consequently the allowance of £1,000 a year which he had promised to Mrs. Clarke was always in arrear.

Unable to support the expensive establishment which she had started at the Duke's instigations, Mrs. Clarke proceeded, with much business aptitude, to sell Commissions in the Army, to arrange promotions, and to effect transfers, pocketing very large sums for her services, which, in most cases, were crowned with success. Colonel Wardle, M.P. for Oakingham, brought the subject before the House of Commons, an enquiry was instituted, Mrs. Clarke was examined as a witness, and stated that she always found the Duke of York willing to promote the gentlemen whose names she recommended to his notice. The evidence taken before the Committee was so damaging to the character of the Duke that he resigned his office before the House had fully decided on its report. Sir David Dundas was appointed Commander-in-Chief, but he only held the position for a short time. As soon as the public indignation had in some degree subsided, the Duke of York resumed the office, having by the clever ruse of a temporary resignation, escaped the almost certain vote of censure of the House of Commons.

Upon these circumstances was founded "*Marmion travestied*; a tale of Modern Times, by Peter Pry, Esq. London ; Thomas Tegg, Cheapside. 1809." The key-note of this amusing volume is given by the motto, taken from Gay ;—

'Tis Woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first are taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind;
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.

The Travesty was inscribed by its author to "Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate." Each canto is introduced by lines addressed either to Sir Francis Burdett, R. B. Sheridan, Sir David Dundas, Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Ellenborough.

The poem consists of 277 pages, octavo, and deals very closely with the Clarke case, so that unless the reader has by him the Report containing the evidence taken before the House, some of the allusions would be unintelligible, especially as the names are only indicated by italics, and the volume is destitute of any explanatory notes.

As one of the longest and most important burlesques in the language it could not be passed over, but unfortunately it offers few passages, which detached from the context, would interest the modern reader, and even these might be considered rather broad in their allusions.

The parody it contains of Lady Heron's song, *Lochinvar*, is entitled "The Bishop," an allusion to the fact that the Duke of York was Prince-Bishop of Osnaburg, a post for which his high moral character admirably fitted him.

The Bishop.

O, A Bishop from *Surrey* is come here to pray,
Throughout our dominions no man is more gay ;
And save one in a corner, he favourites had none,
For he was so moderate, he lov'd only one ;
So faithful in love and so fervent in *pray'rs*
That never did man better manage affairs.

He staid not for cash—tho' he ask'd for a loan,
But he that cur'd tooth-aches, provided him none ;
And ere he'd neglect *things* of love or of state
He came without money, for fear he'd come late,
For a laggard in love, is a fool, he declares,
Unworthy of Cupid, or e'en state affairs.

To worship his saint did he thus take a trip,
And, quite pilgrim-like, with no cash in his scrip ;
When one of the vestals, the Bishop attacked,
(It seems that the altar some sacrifice lack'd),
Oh ! come you with money, or come you with pray'rs,
Or come you with vows that you'll settle affairs ?

Without you have cash must your suit be denied,
Love swells like the ocean but ebbs like its tide ;
So now I observe—and observe very true,
That if you've no money, your kissing won't do ;
Your *Grace* need not take empty pockets upstairs,
It is a *long-purse* that must manage affairs.

The saint then appear'd and the Bishop soon pray'd ;
His vows—but not one of the house-bills—were paid.
She look'd up for more and she look'd down in vain,
For searching his small clothes, they nought did contain.
She wish'd to know how she should settle arrears,
"Good morrow," said he, and thus managed affairs.

How sudden his exit—how wild was her look,
For now his departure she scarcely could brook ;
While her sister did fret and her housemaid did fume,
And her friends in a passion walk'd all round the room,

And the servants too whisper'd, "She's wrong, who e'er dares,
To *meddle* so much with a Bishop's *affairs.*"

One hint by the way—and one word in your ear
If ever you wish to be *darling* and *dear*—
Ne'er talk to a Bishop 'bout *mammon,* but know
His *blessing's* enough, as the sequel will show;
"She is false—then farewell—let her rail, but who cares;
Another I'll find that can manage affairs."

And to manage affairs is a business of art,
A secret which prudence forbids to impart,
A secret which e'en in the Cabinet reigns,
For statesmen can always display ways and means;
In love or in war whoe'er stratagem spares,
Deserves not a blessing to prosper affairs.

The Duke of York died early in 1827, to the great regret of all—his numerous creditors, and the nation erected an expensive monument to commemorate his military genius, and domestic virtues.* Perhaps the money might have been as well employed in the payment of some of his debts.

—:o:—

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

The success of *Marmion* encouraged Scott to produce another poem, and in May, 1810, was published *The Lady of the Lake,* which met with equal favour. In the preface to his new poem Walter Scott made the following sensible remarks:—

"If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. *On this principle I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level;* and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as school-boys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering that they are in such cases apt to explode in the handling."

The philosophical temperament of which he here boasts was soon put to a severe test, for George Colman the younger produced a parody in which every technical blemish in *The Lady of the Lake* was mercilessly ridiculed, and every improbability maliciously exaggerated, whilst Scott's long Notes on antiquarian and philological topics were imitated with very comical mock gravity. This clever satire was entitled, "THE LADY OF THE WRECK; *or Castle Blarneygig,*" by George Colman the younger, inscribed to the author of "*The Lady of the Lake:*" This poem was published by Longmans and Co., London, and was illustrated by some curious and very well executed little woodcuts. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, and the author thus explains his reason for selecting that country:—

"LET not the reader, whose senses have been delightfully intoxicated by that Scottish *Circe,* the "*Lady of the Lake,*" accuse the present author of plagiary. The wild Irish and wild Caledonians bore a great resemblance to each other, in very many particulars; and two Poets, who have any "method in their madness," may, naturally, fall into similar strains of wildness, when handling subjects equally wild and remote. 'Tis a wild world, my masters! The author of this work has merely adopted the style which a northern GENIUS has, of late, rendered the Fashion, and the *Rage.* He has attempted, in this instance, to become a maker of the *Modern-Antique*; a vendor of a new coinage, begrim'd with the ancient ærugo; a constructor of *the dear pretty sublime,* and *sweet little grand*; a writer of a short epick poem, stuff'd with romantick knick-knackeries, and interlarded with songs and ballads, *à la mode de* Chevy Chase, Edom o' Gordon, Sir Launcelot du Lake, &c., &c. How is such a writer to be class'd?"

Scott's descriptions of scenery, his love of sport, and chivalrous tone are all, in this burlesque, reduced to a very prosaic level; thus the lines in Canto I commencing:—

"THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

are, by Colman, rendered thus:—

"THE Pig, at eve, was lank, and faint,
Where Patrick is the Patron Saint,
And with his peasant Lord, unfed,
Went, grunting, to their common bed:
But when black night her sables threw
Athwart the slough of Ballyloo,
The deep-mouth'd thunder's angry roar
Re-bellow'd on the Ulster shore,
And hailstones pelted, mighty big,
The Towers of Castle Blarneygig.

* * * * *

And all the Vassals' senses lay
Drown'd in the whisky of the day.
Still raged the storm!—still, records run,
All slept in Blarneygig, save one,
Lord of the Castle, and Domain,
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane."

In Canto II. of *The Lady of the Lake* occurs the celebrated and often quoted

BOAT SONG.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

EPIGRAM	EPIGRAM
(*On placing the Bankrupt Duke of York's statue on a high column*).	(*On the Column to the Duke of York's memory.*
To put the Duke upon so high a column,	In former times th' illustrious dead were burned,
Appears to me a mockery rather solemn.	Their hearts preserved in sepulchre inurned.
Such lofty place for him cannot be meet;	This column, then, commemorates the part
Surely the project they should straight abandon	Which custom makes us single out—the heart;
Of placing him, who'd scarce a *leg to stand on*	You ask "How by a column this is done,"
Upon a thing of *near one hundred feet.*	I answer, "*'Tis a hollow thing of stone.*"
Figaro in London, Dec., 1834.	*Figaro in London,* March, 1833.

Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

* * * * *

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!
O that the rose-bud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

In Colman's version the Lord of Castle Blarney-gig is the hero of the song:—

"Soon did the deep Cream Crutin twang,
And, thus, as loud the chorus rang,
The Vassals, at the Banquet, sang.

BANQUET SONG.*

HAIL our Chief! now he's wet through with whiskey;
Long life to the Lady come from the salt seas!
Strike up, blind harpers! skip high to be frisky!
For what is so gay as a bag-full of fleas?
Crest of O'Shaughnashane!—
That's a Potato, plain,—
Long may your root every Irishman know!
Pats long have stuck to it,
Long bid good luck to it;
Whack for O'Shaughnashane! Tooleywhagg, ho!

Our's is an esculent lusty and lasting;
No turnip nor other weak babe of the ground;
Waxy or mealy, it hinders from fasting
Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round.
Wants the soil, where 'tis flung,
Hog's, cow's, or horse's dung,
Still does the Crest of O'Shaughnashane grow;
Shout for it, Ulster men,
Till the bogs quake again!
Whack for O'Shaughnashane! Tooleywhagg, ho!

Drink, Paddies, drink to the Lady so shining!
While flouret shall open, and bog-trotter dig,
So long may the sweet Rose of Beauty be twining
Around the potato of proud Blarneygig!
While the plant vegetates,
While whisky recreates,
Wash down the root from the horns that o'erflow;
Shake your shillalahs, boys!
Screeching drunk, scream your joys!
Whack for O'Shaughnashane! Tooleywhagg, ho!

[* Here is to be observed the astonishing similarity of manners and customs, between the Irish and Scotch, in former days. How close is

"*Whack for O'Shaughnashane! Tooleywhagg, ho!*

to "*Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu! ho ieroe!*"—See *The Lady of the Lake.*

In the present instance, 'tis a *Song at a Banquet*; in the latter, 'tis a *Song in a Boat.* 'Tis merely the difference betwixt wine and water. The vassals on both occasions express their attachment to their Chief, and their ardour for his *Crest*; one being an *Evergreen Pine*, the other a *Potato.*

The Song in Canto III. commencing thus:—

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

* * * * *

is thus parodied:—

SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

DON'T, now, be after being coy;
Sit still upon my lap, dear joy!
And let us at our breakfast, toy,
For thou art Wife to me, Judy!
And I am bound, by wedlock's chain,
Thy humble sarvant to remain,
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane,
The Husband unto thee, Judy!

* * * * *

The skins of Wolves,—by me they bled,—
Are covers to our Marriage-Bed;
Should one, in hunting, bite me dead,
A widow thou wilt be, Judy!
Howl at my wake! 'twill be but kind;
And if I leave, as I've design'd,
Some little Tooleywhaggs behind,
They'll sarve to comfort thee, Judy!

Several other parts of this parody might be quoted, but unfortunately Mr. Colman's muse was not quite so chaste as that of Walter Scott.

The libretto of an Italian opera was founded upon *The Lady of the Lake* (and such librettos are always burlesques on the original poem), besides which it has been frequently represented, in various forms, on the stage. One very amusing version, by Andrew Halliday, entitled "MOUNTAIN DHU; or, the Knight, the Lady, and the Lake," was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, on December 26, 1866. This burlesque was full of parodies of Scotch songs with topical allusions. The leading parts were performed by Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Furtado, and Paul Bedford, with J. L. Toole as Rhoderick Dhu. About the same time Miss M. Oliver produced "*The Lady of the Lake* plaid in a new Tartan, an ephemeral burlesque," by R. Reece, at the New Royalty Theatre, London, but this was decidedly inferior in literary merit to Mr. Halliday's *Mountain Dhu.*

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF!"

(*A Popular Pæan. After Sir Walter.*)

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Sharp be his axe, and resplendent its shine,
Long may the light of his fire-flashing glances!
Fervently flame in the front of our line!

Heaven his strength renew,
Still keep him stout and true,
Gaily to battle, and greatly to grow;
While all true Englishmen
Send forth the shout agen,
"Gladstone victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

Ours is no stripling, no Knight of the Carpet!
Blooming at seventy, when shall he fade?
Him, of the People, in Peace or in War, pet,
Years cannot fetter, nor foes make afraid,
Firm as the fixéd rock,
Braving the tempest's shock;
Faster he roots him the fiercer it blow.
England and Scotland then
Echo his praise agen,
"Gladstone victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

Far in Midlothian his pibroch pealed loudly,
And Torydom's shout to his slogan replied.
Dauntless Dalkeith there confronted him proudly,
But little the Veteran recked of his pride.
"Fagots" all prostrate laid
Long shall lament his raid,
Think of "Old Gladstone" with wonder and woe:
Buccleuch's brave voting men
Shake when they hear agen
"Gladstone victorious! Ho-ieroe!"

Shout, bearers, shout, for the Pride of the Party!
Lift on your shoulders the evergreen Chief.
Stalwart at seventy, stout, hale, and hearty,
Who of his laurels will grudge him a leaf?
And there's a stripling gem,
Worthy the ancient stem—
Middlesex missed him, but Leeds won't say "No."
Loud shall all England then
Shout for the pair agen,
"Gladstone and Gladstone's boy! Ho-ieroe!"

Punch, April 24, 1880.

—:o:—

The following lines are in imitation of the opening of Canto III., entitled *The Gathering*. They are *apropos* of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Scotland in August, 1884, during the agitation about the Franchise Bill.

RAISING THE "FIERY CROSS."

(Some way after Sir Walter Scott).

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. That fight of yore,
When the Great Earl was beaten to his knee,
When Gladstone's rhetoric rolled from shore to shore,
Herald and harbinger of victory,
Is not yet blotted from man's memory.
How few, how weak and withered of their force
The Tory remnant, which all men might see
Like stranded wrecks. The tide returning hoarse
Sets them afloat again! Time rolls its ceaseless course.

There yet live those who can remember well
When last the Liberal Chief his bugle blew;
When county broad and borough big, as well
As far Midlothian's heart, the signal knew,
And fast the faithful clan around him drew.
And now again his warning note is wound,
Again the banner floats as then it flew;
Whilst now the clamorous war-pipes shrilly sound,
And now the Fiery Cross gleams like a meteor round.

The Summer Sun's effulgent hue
Gilds Scotia's skies of bluest blue;
Autumn's at hand, but a brisk breeze,
Born of conflicting policies,
Blows o'er the land, and leisure coy,
And sport's supreme soul-stirring joy,
Are not for Members sorely prest,
The prospect of unbroken rest
In dull uncertainty still lies
Far off, 'neath drear December's skies.
The Peers have crossed the People's right,
And there is bound to be a fight!
Against the ermine and the lawn
The proletariat blade is drawn,
Members must leave the mountain's side,
The trout stream's swift and silvery glide;
To raise the sword and shout the cry
Amidst the roused democracy.
Good-bye to grouse, to health's fair flush,
The pheasant's whirr, the salmon's rush,
War's raven croaks, the cushat dove
Hushes her notes of peace and love.

No thought of peace or Autumn rest
Hath harbour in the Chieftain's breast.
With unsheathed broadsword in his hand,
He'll pace the war-awakened land.
Strife's rising he has heard and laid
His hand upon his ready blade,
His foot's a rock. His vassals' care
Midlothian promptly will prepare,
Where he aforetime lessons taught
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
Where they shall meet and whence abroad
The Cross of Fire shall take its road.
The land would hear his vocal blasts,
And see the flashing glance he casts:
Such glance the mountain-eagle throws,
When high among the peaks and snows
He spreads his pinions on the wind,
And, like an albatross reclined
Mid-air, with his broad shadow hushes
The chirpers of the brakes and bushes.
'Tis all prepared! Firm as a rock,
And bold to brave the stormiest shock,
With kindling eye, with floating plaid,
Wide waving hair and flashing blade,
The Chieftain stands, heroic, grim,
Of dauntless front, and sinewy limb.
The Cross is shaped, and held on high;
The Chieftain of the eagle eye
Rears it aloft with clutch of steel,
Whilst far resounds his fierce appeal:—
"When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Gladstone's summons to his clan,
Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol, loved of followers true,
Forgetful that when last the blue
Beheld its blaze its beaconing drew
Beaconsfield's glory low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He shall be scattered like the dust,
And from all loyal gatherings thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe!"
He stops;—the word his followers take
With forward step and fiery shake
Of naked brands that lightnings make,
And clattering shields that echoes wake;
And first in murmur low,
Then like a Demonstration's course

That Hyde parkwards doth hie in force,
And purple shouts itself, and hoarse,
Burst from that thousand-throated source,
"Woe to such traitors, woe!"

The Chief's grey locks defiant wave,
The Tories scarce that Cross may brave;
The exulting Rads hurrah afar—
They know the voice of Gladstone's War!

Punch, August 30, 1884.

———:o:———

ROKEBY.

Rokeby was the next important poem produced by Scott,—it appeared early in 1813, and was quickly followed by a burlesque, entitled "JOKEBY; *a Burlesque on Rokeby*. A Poem in Six Cantos, by an Amateur of Fashion." To which are added *Occasional Notes*, by our most popular characters. London, printed for Thomas Tegg, 1813. The notes are in imitation of the style of learned commentators, and are signed by Sheridan, Kemble, Colman, and others. The only portion of this now-forgotten parody which is worth quoting, is a song founded on that in Canto III. *Rokeby*, commencing:—

"O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen."

SONG.

Oh, Giles's lads are brave and gay,
The pride of Dyott Street,
And though in dwellings low they stay,
Yet snug is their retreat.
And as I walked thro' Russel-square,
To see what I could see,
A fair one from a window there
Was singing merrily

Chorus—

"Oh, Giles's lads are brave and gay,
The pride of Dyott Street;
I'd rather with my Cymon stray,
Than live in country seat."

If, fair, thou wou'dst for me agree,
To leave this house and place,
Thou first must guess what boys we are,
Who sweet St. Giles's grace.
And if thou can'st this riddle tell,
As tell you may with ease,
Then shalt thou enter soon our cell,
As merry as you please.

Chorus—

Yet sung she "Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott Street;
I'd rather with my Cymon stray,
Than live in country seat."

"I guess you by your awkward feet,
And by your stoop to boot;
I guess you for a taylor meet,
To make a marriage *suit*."
"A taylor, madam, bends his knees,
And not for sake of prayer;
His legs are always fix'd at ease,
And mine are here and there."

Chorus—

Yet sung she, "Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott Street;
I wish I could with Cymon stray,
And see his snug retreat."

"By the fine compliments I've met,
And by your gallant airs,
I guess you for a 'Squire's valet,
Who for him lies and swears."
"No servant I to any Squire,
Nor yet a place have I,
And when that trials hard require,
I can both swear and lie."

Chorus—

And, oh! though Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott Street,
Yet never lass with me shall stray,
To see our snug retreat.

"Lady, a shameful life I lead,
A shameful death I'll die;
The man who labours hard for bread
Were better spouse than I.
And when I meet my comrades rare,
In places distant far;
We all forget what once we were,
Nor think on what we are."

Chorus—

Yet Giles's lads are bold and gay,
The pride of Dyott Street;
And ever true and merry they,
Within their snug retreat.

Jokeby went through many editions, although to a modern reader it seems almost destitute of humour or talent. It has been attributed to John Roby, and also to Thomas Tegg, its publisher, whilst the Editor of *Parodies* copied the following note from a copy of *Jokeby*, which had belonged to the late Shirley Brooks, Editor of *Punch*:—"This was written by the Brothers Smith (of Rejected Addresses). I picked it up at a bookstall near Baker Street. The work is not good for much, but I suppose is now scarce, so this may as well be kept.—*Shirley Brooks*, 17th October, 1873." But it seems most improbable that this poor imitation should have been the work of either of the Smiths, whose admirable parody of Scott in the *Rejected Addresses*, which was given on page 72, shows what they could do in that way.

There was also *Smokeby* a Parody of the same poem, which appeared in an early number of the *Ephemerides*, a literary serial, published in Edinburgh in 1813. *Rokeby the Second* is the title of a long, and rather dull, parody which appeared in *The Satirist*, of March. 1813. The events recounted in the poem are supposed to have occurred immediately after the dreadful fight between Tom Cribb and Molineux. The chief aim of this production was to ridicule Scott for the inordinate length of the notes to his poems, for in a preface entitled "An Essay on the Art of Book Making," the author remarks: "It must be known to everyone, that in modern bookmaking, little depends on the *poetry* of a *poem*. The notes are the thing on which success depends. In these, difficult as it may seem to come up to the authors of Childe Harold and Rokeby, I am vain enough to think I shall not be found wanting." Accordingly, the notes are very long (as well as rather broad), and have very little connection indeed with the parody itself.

THE SATIRIST, *or Monthly Meteor* (London), first appeared on October 1, 1807, and was discontinued in 1814. It contained numerous political parodies, and with each number there was a large coloured folding cartoon. The tone of the *Satirist* was decidedly Tory, and both in its cartoons and its letterpress the Whigs were roundly abused and ridiculed.

The parts published December, 1808, and January, 1809, contained two articles entitled "*Second Sight*," which professed to be a review of a new poem entitled "MACARTHUR, *an Epic Poem*, in six Cantos, by Walter Scott, Esq." This review not only gave the plot of the supposed work, but also quoted several extracts from it, such as the following :—

"AND every eye was turn'd to see
What such a goodly smell might be!
When, lo! upon the sideboard plac'd,
With mottoes quaint and scutcheons grac'd,
And crest erect on high;
In noble dish of china-ware,
Adorn'd with gold and pictures rare,
Stood, and perfumed the neighbouring air,
A lofty pigeon-pie!
And round its edge, in *bas relieve*,
The curious gazer might perceive
S.W. and P.I.!

* * * * *

Knows well, no doubt the curious sage,
And poet's mind, and head of age,
What such devices mean;
Who made this pie, of high renown,
A baker was, of Derby town,
His sire reap'd beards at Horsleydown,
An honest wight, I ween;
His sister a damsel of Etwall-ash,
His mother a matron of Enfield-wash,
And laundress to the Queen!
And long could he trace his ancestry,
Too long for my weak minstrelsy."

* * * * *

—:o:—

VALENTINES.

A Fragment.

. . . . . "It was then proposed that we should each of us compose a poem for the next St. Valentine's Day. The idea was readily adopted, and the MINSTREL, who has a knack of pouring the unpremeditated lay, after a very short prelude on the bagpipes, sang the following irregular lines, accompanying his voice with great taste on that expressive instrument :—

I who, of Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
Built of the thickest stone :—

Of stalworth knight and champion grim
With square-turn'd joints and strength of limb;
Of Haco's floating banner trim;
Of Wallace wight, and Martin Swart,
Who came on baker Simnel's part;
Of abbots, monks and jovial friars,
Of simple nuns and purblind priors,
Of heralds, pursuivants, and squires;
And wanton lady's charms;
Of painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, argent, or, or azure glowing,
And him, that Satirist, so knowing,
Of whom we still make some account,
Sir David Lindsay, of the mount,
Lord lion king at arms :—

* * * * *

I, who have sung of all of these;—
And eke of that same cuckold lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twissel and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
Who led the Falcon knight to the deas,
And posted him full high
With a fresh broach'd pipe of Malvoisie
And a savoury venison pie:
From the bare north, my distant home
A border minstrel, lo! I come;
Who much, I ween, have pored
On many a huge unwieldy tome
Imprinted at the antique dome,
Of Caxton, or de Worde:

To dear St. Valentine no thrush,
Sings livelier from a Springtide bush;
Then pay me half-a-crown a line,
And I will be thy Valentine."

This Valentine parody appeared in *The Satirist* for February, 1810, with another poem imitating the style of M. G. Lewis.

In January, 1811, there was another long parody of Walter Scott, in the same journal. It was entitled *The Ovation of the Empty Chair*, and commenced :—

O THAT I had the muse I wot,
The buxom muse of Walter Scott,
Whose wand'ring verse and vagrant rhymes,
Recite the tales of other times;
Then should that simple muse declare,
Th' ovation of the empty chair.

This parody relates to the imprisonment in the Tower of Sir Francis Burdett, the Radical Member for Westminster, and father of the present Lady Burdett Coutts.

—:o:—

On the death of Mr. Henry James Pye, the Poet Laureate, in 1813, and during the discussion which ensued as to his probable successor, *The Satirist* published a collection of applications for the post. These applications (supposed to have been written by the most eminent poets of the day), contained specimens of such odes and addresses as they would have been prepared to manufacture in praise of the monarch, and his family, on appointment to the office. The authors thus parodied were Hannah More, George Colman, Lord Byron, W. Wordsworth, Thomas Campbell, Robert Southey, Walter Scott, and George Crabbe. The notes which accompanied the parodies were more interesting than the poems themselves, of which, indeed, the only one which would be worth quoting was a parody on Robert Southey. That on Walter Scott was poor stuff, and most of the others are quite out of date.

—:o:—

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ., TO HIS PUBLISHERS.

BE not discouraged—gentlemen,
Tho' criticism has run me down—
Tho' burlesque has assum'd my pen,
And Plagiary stole my renown—
Give me more cash—I'll take more pains,
And far surpass my former strains
In Metaphor and thought.
My fancy too shall soar so high,
That burlesque writers I'll defy,
And critics set at naught.

Successful in my first essay,
My friends began to greet—
My *First*, entitled the *Last* Lay—
No minstrel sung more sweet—
Then envy slept and I became,
At once a Poet of great fame;
For much applause I had—
Proud of the offspring of my pen,
I was resolved to write agen,
And to my laurels add.

My *Marmion* I then gave the town,
In strains energetic and bold;
The critics were ready to own,
The battle sublimely was told.
But one *Peter Pry*,
His humour must try,
To burlesque the poem I'd written;
To me it did seem
A wonderful theme,
For any to exercise wit on.

Resolved another work to make,
I wrote the *Lady of the Lake*;
The Lady was so much the rage,
That she was brought upon the stage;
But grief to tell!
The younger Colman must think fit,
(In order to display his wit)
My Lady, who the Lake did deck,
To make *the Lady of the* WRECK;
Nor was this all—for—oh, for shame!
Presumptuous Plagiary, I wot,
Stole all my sentiments and plot,
And made a *novel* of the same.

I'll nought of *Don Roderic* say,
For that, sirs, had never fair play
And well the poor author may rail
In oblivion Don Roderic lay;
For all must allow,
There wer'nt puffs enow,
And how could it then have a sale?

I then my dear *Rokeby* devised—
By MURRAY 'twas well advertised;
For he made a boast
In the *Times* and the *Post*,
(And many the puffs too believed)
That he the *first copies* received—
But oh my unfortunate Rokeby;
Who e'er of a parody dream't,
To bring thee thus into comtempt,
Metamorphosing thee into JOKEBY.
When I saw—oh, how great was my passion,
The bills upon Edinburgh wall—
Fit dress for this writer of fashion*—
I sent men to cover them all.

Now, gentlemen, as I have hinted,
I wish a new work to be printed—
Another's already prepared,
Then don't let your money be spared.
I hate in my price to be stinted—
'Tis such—it will baffle all wit,
'Tis such that no burlesque can hit;
'Tis such so sublime and so grand—
The critics will not understand.
And I long—ah, I long now to show 'em,
The charms of my forthcoming Poem.

From ACCEPTED ADDRESSES, or *Præmium Poetarum*. London, Thomas Tegg. 1813.

* *Jokeby* was said to have been written by an Amateur of Fashion.

——:o:——

"THE POETIC MIRROR, *or the Living Bards of Britain*," is the title of a small volume published by Longmans & Co., London, in 1816 This contains poems which are ascribed, in the index, to Lord Byron, Walter Scott, W. Wordsworth, James Hogg, S. T. Coleridge, J. Wilson, and Robert Southey. In the introduction the Editor remarks that he claims no merit save that of having procured from the authors the various Poems contained in the volume, and he leads one to believe that the names affixed to the Poems represent the real authors.

The Editor of *Parodies* purchased this little old book in March, 1879, and by a singular coincidence he picked up in the same shop "*The Altrive Tales*," by the Ettrick Shepherd (London, 1832). This contains a memoir of the author, James Hogg, written by himself. In it Hogg thus describes the origin of *The Poetic Mirror*: "My next literary adventure was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune. I applied to Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, Paterson, and several others, all of whom sent me poems. Wordsworth reclaimed his, Byron and Rogers both promised, but neither of them ever performed. Walter Scott absolutely refused to furnish me with even one verse, which I took exceedingly ill, as it frustrated my whole plan. I began, with a heavy heart, to look over the pieces I had received, and lost all hope of the success of my project. After considering them well, I fancied that I could write a better poem than any that had been sent to me, and this so completely in the style of each poet, that it should not be known but for his own production. It was this conceit that suggested to me the idea of "The Poetic Mirror, or the Living Bards of Britain." I wrote nearly all of it in three weeks, and in less than three months it was published. The second poem in the volume, namely, the Epistle to R——— S——— is not mine. It was written by Mr. Thomas Pringle, and was not meant as an imitation of Scott's manner, although in the contents it is ascribed to his pen. I do not set any particular value on any poem in the work by myself, except "The Gude Greye Katte," which was written as a caricature of "The Pilgrims of the Sun," and some others of my fairy ballads. It is greatly superior to any of them."

It is only just to the memory of James Hogg to add that the poems in the *Poetic Mirror* cannot be termed *Parodies*; they are rather imitations of style, and all the authors mentioned are treated with forbearance; Wordsworth, alone comes in for some slight criticism, called forth by his intense egotism, and offensive self-assertion, of which Hogg, in his memoir, gives some amusing instances.

Besides the Epistle addressed to Southey, in the name of Walter Scott, there is a long poem, in three Cantos, entitled

"*Wat o' the Cleuch*," which would pass very well as a minor poem by Walter Scott himself. In style it somewhat resembles *Marmion*, whilst *Lochinvar* was evidently in the author's mind when he wrote the following sketch of his robber hero :—

WALSINGHAME'S SONG.

O HEARD ye never of Wat o' the Cleuch?
The lad that has worrying tikes enow,
Whose meat is the moss, and whose drink is the dew,
And that's the cheer of Wat o' the Cleuch.
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
Woe's my heart for Wat o' the Cleuch!

Wat o' the Cleuch sat down to dine
With two pint stoups of good red wine;
But when he looked they both were dry;
O poverty parts good company!
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
O for a drink to Wat o' the Cleuch!

Wat o' the Cleuch came down the Tine
To woo a maid both gallant and fine;
But as he came o'er by Dick o' the side
He smell'd the mutton and left the bride.
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
What think ye now of Wat o' the Cleuch?

Wat o' the Cleuch came here to steal,
He wanted milk, and he wanted veal;
But ere he wan o'er the Beetleston brow
He hough'd the calf, and eated the cow!
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
Well done, doughty Wat o' the Cleuch!

Wat o' the Cleuch came here to fight,
But his whittle was blunt, and his nag took fright,
And the braggart he did what I dare not tell,
But changed his cheer at the back of the fell.
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
O for a croudy to Wat o' the Cleuch!

Wat o' the Cleuch kneel'd down to pray,
He wist not what to do or to say;
But he pray'd for beef, and he pray'd for bree,
A two-hand spoon and a haggies to pree.
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
That's the cheer for Wat o' the Cleuch!

But the devil is cunning as I heard say,
He knew his right, and haul'd him away;
And he's over the border and over the heuch,
And off to hell with Wat o' the Cleuch.
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
Lack-a-day for Wat o' the Cleuch!

But of all the wights in poor Scotland,
That ever drew bow or Border brand,
That ever drove English bullock or ewe,
There never was thief like Wat o' the Cleuch.
Wat o' the Cleuch! Wat o' the Cleuch!
Down for ever with Wat o' the Cleuch!

—:o:—

"WARRENIANA; *with Notes Critical and Explanatory*, by the Editor of a Quarterly Review," is the title of a small volume of imitations, published by Longmans and Co., London, in 1824. The Editor signs his prefatory remarks "W.G." but there is every reason to believe that the work was written by a Barrister, Mr. William Frederic Deacon, who died in, or about 1845. The motto on the title-page gives the key-note to the motive of the poems, "*I have even been accused of writing Puffs for Warren's Blacking*," LORD BYRON. Warren's Blacking inspires each composition, but whether seriously or in jest, can be best judged by the following extract from the dedication to the King: "Deign then, oh best of Princes, to justify the Editor's appeal, that posterity may learn how Warren enlarged the bounds of science, and his Sovereign bowed approval. Long after the trophies of a Wellington shall have floated down the Lethe of oblivion, the name of Guelph, eternised by the gratitude of Warren, shall flourish to after ages, the Medici of modern art. That as yet this mighty manufacturer has lived comparatively unnoticed, he casts no reflection on your Majesty; he resigns that office to his Blacking, but feels with the sensitiveness of neglected genius, that intellect, like the oak, is but tardy in the attainment of its honours."

This dedication is followed by an introduction stating that Robert Warren had lately engaged all the intellect of England in his behalf, each author being required to furnish a modicum of praise in the style to which he was best adapted. The result being a collection of writings attributed to Washington Irving, William Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Robert Southey, Lord Byron, S. T. Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, and other authors of less note.

The imitation of Scott is entitled :—

THE BATTLE OF BRENTFORD GREEN.

"*In the autumn of* 1818, *a serious affray took place between those illustrious rivals, Warren, and Day and Martin. The parties, as I learn from the black letter record of the fray, met at Brentford, and after a 'well-foughtenfield,' victory was decided in favour of the former Chieftain.*"

The first Canto describes a Wassail in the banquetting-hall of Robert Warren. The second Canto, which is the better of the two, is entitled :—

THE COMBAT.

'Tis merry—'tis merry on Brentford Green,
When the holiday folk are singing,
When the lasses flaunt with lightsome mien,
And the Brentford bells are ringing;
Well armed in stern unyielding mood,
High o'er that Green the Warren stood;
A burly man was he,
Girt round the waist with 'kerchief blue,
And clad in waistcoat dark of hue,
And thick buff jerkin gay to view,
And breeches of the knee:
Beside him stood his trusty band,
With hat on head, and club in hand,
Loud shouting to the fight;
Till answering shrill, street, alley, lane,
O'er hill and heather, wood and plain,
Sent forth the deepened sounds again,
With voice of giant might.

Charge, Warren, charge; yon battle Green,
Glitters afar with silvery sheen,
The lightning of the storm;
Where bands of braggarts bluff in mien,
With ragged Irishmen are seen,
Dreadful and drunken all, I ween,
A phalanx fierce to form:
Saint George! it was a gallant sight,
To ken beneath the morning light,
The shifting lines sweep by;

In mailed and measured pace they sped,
The earth gave back their hollow tread,
'Till you mote think the charnelled dead
Were howling to the sky.
"Hark, rolls the thunder of the drum,
The foe advance—they come, they come!
Lay on them," quoth the Day;
"God for the right! on Brentford Heath,
Our bugles stern and stormy breath,
Summons to victory or to death;
Hurrah then, for the fray!"

Hurrah, hurrah! from rear to flank,
In vengeance rung along each rank;
And the red banners (formed by hap
Of two old shirts stitched flap to flap) *
Waved lordlier at the cry:
'Till every proud and painted scrap,
Shivered like plume in 'prentice cap,
Or cloud in winter sky.
The Warren first this squad espied,
Ranged man to man in ruffian pride,
And to each warrior at his side
In vaunting phrase began,
"Rush on, ye ragamuffins, rush,
All Brentford to a blacking brush,
My foeman leads the van."

On rushed each lozel to the fight,
Ruthless as flood from mountain height,
The bludgeons clattered fierce and fast,
And dealt destruction as they past,
While high as some tall vessel's mast,
Warren o'erlooked the shock;
Thence bore him back with might and main;
Brickbats and bludgeons fell like rain,
Stones, sticks and stumps, all, all in vain,
He stemmed them like a rock;
His foeman chief with wary eye,
The flickering of the fight could spy,
And shouted as his bands he led,
To Pat O'Thwackum at their head,
"Thwackum, press on—ne'er mind your scars,
Press on—they yield—and oh, my stars!
Each nose is bleeding fast;
Strike, strike,—their skulls like walnuts cracking
For Day, for Martin, and his blacking,
The battle cannot last."

Vain charge! the Warren dauntless stood,
Though ankle deep flowed seas of blood,
Till Thwackum fierce towards him flies,
His breast with choler glows,
Rage flashes from his mouth and eyes,
And claret from his nose.
The foemen meet—they thump, they thwack!
Hark! burst the braces on their back!
And, hark! their skulls in concert crack!
And, hark! their cudgels clatter, whack!
With repercussive shocks;
See, see they fall—down, down they go,
Warren above, his foe below,

While high o'er all ascends the cry
Of "Warren," "Warren," to the sky,
And "Thwackum" to the stocks.

Oh! for a blast of that tin horn,
Through London streets by newsmen borne,
That tells the wondering host
How murder, rape, or treason dread,
Deftly concocted, may be read
In Courier, Times, or Post;
Then in dramatic verse and prose,
The martial muse should tell
How Warren triumphed o'er his foes,
How Thwackum fought and fell,
And how, despite his cartel, Day
Hied him, like recreant, from the fray.

'Tis done—the victors all are gone,
And fitfully the sun shines down
On many a bruised and burly clown,
The flower of whose sweet youth is mown,
To blossom ne'er again;
For e'en as grass cut down is hay,
So flesh when drubbed to death, is clay,
As proved each hind who slept that day
On Brentford's crimson plain.
Sad was the sight, for Warren's squad
Bravely lay sprawling on the sod;
They scorned to turn their tails,—for why?
They had no tails to turn awry,
So dropped each where he stood.

First Ned of Greenwich kissed the ground,
Then Figgins from Whitechapel pound,
Mark Wiggins from Cheapside,
Whackum and Thwackum from Guildhall,
The two O'Noodles from Blackwall,
Noggins the Jew from London Wall,
And Scroggins from Saint Bride:
Tim Bobbin tumbled as he rose
To join the motley chase,
Joe Abbot, spent by Warren's blows
Lay snug ensconced, and Danson's nose
Was flattened to his face:
Stubbs too, of Brentford Green the rose,
Would have essayed to pour
On one—on all, his wrath red hot
As blacksmith's anvil, had he not
Been hanged the day before.

Illustrious brave if muse like mine
May bid for aye, your memories shine
In fame's recording page;
Each wounded limb, each fractured head,
Albeit tucked up in honour's bed,
Shall live from age to age;
And still on Brentford Green while springs
The daisy, while the linnet sings
Her valentine to May,
The sympathising hind shall tell
Of those who fought and those who fell,
At Brentford's grim foray.

L'Envoy to the Reader.

Now, gentles, fare ye well, my rede
Hath reached an end, nor feel I need
To add to Warren's fame, my meed
Of laudatory rhymes;
Far loftier bards his praise rehearse,
And prouder swells his daily verse

* The indefatigable researches of my friend, Mr. Francis Douce, have at last enabled him to procure me one of these celebrated banners. It is quartered according to the most received military practices, and in the midst appears a portrait, which I at first mistook for the effigy of a goose and trimmings; but now find to compose the head and wig of my friend Robert Warren. On either side are blazoned two blacking brushes rampant, armed and langued gules, with a pair of top boots argent. The whole forms a striking heraldic curiosity, and is now deposited in the British Museum.

In Chronicle or Times.
Enough for me on summer day,
To pipe some simple oaten lay,
Of goblin page or border fray,
To rove in thought through Teviotdale,
Where Melrose wanes a ruin pale,
(The sight and sense with awe attacking,)
Or skim Loch Katherine's burnished flood,
Or wade through Grampian Moor and mud,
In boots baptized with WARREN'S BLACKING.

——:o:——

In 1822 a volume of Poems was published by Hurst, Robinson and Co., of London, and in Edinburgh by Archibald Constable and Co., entitled "THE BRIDAL OF CAÖLCHAIRN, *and other Poems*, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

In the same year another edition was published by T. Hookham, Old Bond Street, London, on the title-page of which the work was said to be "by John Hay Allan, Esq." The volume was dedicated to the Duke of Argyle, it had no preface, nor any explanation of the author's impudent attempt to pass off his work upon the public as that of Sir Walter Scott.

The poems are of a serious nature, and would not have been mentioned here, had it not been for the hoax as to their authorship.

——:o:——

Rejected Odes, edited by Humphrey Hedgehog, Esq. (London, J. Johnston, 1813), contains an imitation of Scott's poetry, but it is not worth quoting.

When George IV, visited Scotland in August, 1822, Scott wrote an imitation of an old Jacobite ditty, *Carle, now the King's come*, it was in two parts, and was published as a broadside. This was parodied, under the title of *Sawney, now the King's come*, of which it is very difficult now to obtain a copy.

In the third volume of the works of the late Thomas Love Peacock (London, R. Bentley and Son, 1875) there is a *Border Ballad* written in imitation of Sir Walter Scott.

This was one of the "Paper Money Lyrics" which were written by Peacock in 1825, and published in 1837, it has little to interest modern readers.

Several other Parodies of Scott have appeared in *Punch*, in addition to those here reprinted. One, entitled *The Battle of Wimbledon*, which appeared on July 19, 1862, consists principally of an enumeration of the most famous shots amongst the Volunteers of the day. Another, *The Nile Song*, June 6, 1863, in imitation of "Hail to the Chief," celebrates the announcement made by Sir R. Murchison, at the Royal Geographical Society that Messrs. Speke and Grant had discovered the sources of the Nile.

A few other Parodies of detached passages of Scott's poems are to be found in the early numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, some of which were written by Professor Wilson (Christopher North.)

Many of Scott's novels have been dramatised, and also burlesqued, these will be enumerated when dealing with his prose works. It may here be mentioned, however, that a burlesque of *Kenilworth*, written by R. Reece and H. B. Farnie is now being performed at the Avenue Theatre, London.

PARODIES OF SOME SCOTCH SONGS.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

MARCH, march, dustmen and coal-heavers,
Doff your great castors for brims of less border,
Assume trencher caps in the room of your old beavers,
And march off to school at great Intellect's order;
For many a poet, who now does not know it,
Professor, historian, logician and great wit,
Mathematician, and famed rhetorician,
Shall start from the dust-cart, or rise from the coal-pit.

March, march, &c.

Come from your shop-boards, ye tailors so nimble,
Come forth, ye Crispins, from out your snug stalls,
No more waste your time on your needle and thimble,
Nor trust to your lapstones, your lasts, and your awls,
Big wigs are debating, professors are waiting,
To make ye all gentlemen, linguists, and great men,
Turn tinkers and tailors to soldiers and sailors,
And qualify dunces and asses for statesmen.

Then march, march, &c.

From *The Spirit of the Age*, 1829

The London University was founded mainly through the exertions of Lord Brougham, and Thomas Campbell, the Poet. It was opened in October, 1828, and was for some time the object of great opposition and ridicule. It was said that every sweep was going to have a college education, and a song, entitled *The Literary Dustman*, became exceedingly popular :—

At sartin schools they make boys write
Their alphabet on sand, sirs,
So I thought dust would do as well,
And larnt it out of hand, sirs;
Took in the "Penny Magazine,"
And Johnson's *Dixionary*,
And all the Perio-di-calls
To make me *literary*.

They calls me Adam Bell, 'tis clear,
As Adam vos the fust man,—
And by a co-in-side-ance queer,
Vy, I'm the fust of Dustmen!

Smoking's quite Regular.

"When pigs run wild about the streets, with straw in their mouths, it is a sign of rain."—Old Saying.

Smoke! smoke! Arcade and College-green,
Light your cigars, for smoking's quite regular.
Smoke! smoke! shop boys and chimney sweeps;
Smoking's the fashion from *gemman* to *higgler*.

Blow! blow! smokers and pugilists;
Let there be piping and blowing no matter how.
Blow! blow! zephyrs and organists,
Piping and blowing there's nothing else thought of now.

Puff! puff! that's doing what is right.
Puff till you've blinded his majesty's lieges,
Puff! puff! bakers and pastry-cooks,
Bacca-pipe odour each nostril besieges.

Spit! spit! all who love *bacca* smoke,
For it produces great expectoration;
Spit! spit! smokers and cook wenches,
Let there be spitting without a cessation.

Pipe! pipe! pipers and naughty brats;
Here end my verse, my muse she is rather hoarse,
Quid! quid! what do you think of it?
Excellent metre! I know you all cry of course.

From Wiseheart's New Comic Songster, Dublin (about 1832, when smoking was first becoming prevalent).

——:o:——

"Oh, Where, and oh Where."

(Written by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, "On the Marquis of Huntly's departure for the Continent with his Regiment in 1799.")

Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.

Oh where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?
He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid *Spey*,
And many a blessing followed him, the day he went away.

Oh what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across his manly breast, that yet shall wear a star.

Suppose, ah suppose that some cruel cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound!
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye!

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds,
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.

Punch's Serenade.

Oh where, and oh where, is my Harry Brougham gone?—
He's gone to see the French, and Philippe upon his throne,
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish him safe at Home.

Oh where, and oh where, does my Harry Brougham dwell?—
He dwells at Cannes in bonny France, and likes it very well;
But recollect 'tis not the Cann's where gravy soup they sell.

In what clothes, in what clothes, is your Harry Brougham clad?—
His hunting coat's of velvet green, his trowsers are of plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart, he can't look very bad.

Suppose, and suppose, that your Harry Brougham should die!—
Dog *Toby* would weep over him, and *Punch* himself would cry:
But it's oh! in our hearts, that we hope he will not die.

Punch, October 1846.

Lord Brougham went to his château at Cannes.—Passing through Paris, he, as usual, paid his respects to Louis Philippe. *Life of Lord Brougham.*

Song of the Slighted Suitor.

Oh where, and oh where, has my learned counsel gone?
He's gone to the Queen's Bench, where a case is coming on,
And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish my case his own.

What fee, and what fee did your learned counsel clutch?
Five guineas on his brief he did not think too much;—
And it's oh! if he's a barrister, I wish he'd act as such.

In what court, in what court is your learned counsel found?
I cannot catch him anywhere, of all he goes the round;—
And it's oh! in my heart, that to one I wish him bound.

What excuse, what excuse can your learned counsel make?
None at all, none at all, but his head he'll gravely shake,
And it's oh! in my heart, that the fee he's sure to take.

Punch, 1848.

The Great Kilt Reform.

Oh where, and oh where, is your Highland Laddie gone?
Oh, he's gone into the hospital, with pains in every bone;
And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he'd breeks put on!

What clothes, oh what clothes, did your Highland Laddie wear?
Oh, his shoulders were well covered, but his legs were left all bare;
And it's oh! how that part must have felt the wintry air!

Oh why, and oh why, was your Highland Lad not dress'd?
Oh, some people say with half his clothes the Highlander looks best;
But it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he'd wear the rest!

Suppose that his dress, now your Highland lad reform,
Oh, I think 'twould be more decent, and I know 'twould be more warm;
And it's oh! in my heart, that I hope he will reform.

Suppose and suppose that they make your Highland lad
Wear decent coat and trowsers, 'stead of kilt and tartan plaid!
Then it's oh! in my heart, but just should'nt I be glad!

Suppose and suppose that they keep the costume old ;
Oh ! this winter's so severe, I'm sure he'll catch his death of cold ;
And it's oh ! bless my heart ! how my Laddie would be sold !

Diogenes, p 22, Vol. 3, 1854.

Wandering Willie.

Oh where, and oh where, has our Wand'ring Willie gone ?
He's gone to fight in Scotland for Radicals forlorn,
And it's oh, Greenwich town is left alone to mourn.

Oh where, and oh where, has our Wand'ring Willie been ?
He's been down into Scotland to sweep the Tories clean,
And it's oh, what on earth does our Wand'ring Willie mean ?

Oh why, and oh why, did our Wand'ring Willie roam
So far from Greenwich Hospital, so far from Oxford's dome?
For he knows in his heart he had better stop at home.

In what way, in what way, was our Wand'ring Will addressed ?
As if he of all statesmen was wisest, truest, best,
And it's oh, he must feel this was but a sorry jest.

Oh what, and oh what, does our Wand'ring Willie need ?
'Tis hoping to get office he's gone across the Tweed ;
But it is oh, in my heart I hope he won't succeed.

And oh how, and oh how, would our Wand'ring Willie act
If by his will the Government were out of office packed ?
And it's oh, he don't know, and oh, that's a solemn fact.

Judy, December 31, 1879.

Bonnie Dundee; or, the Strike in the Kitchen.

(Another strike is announced, the malcontents being on this occasion gentlemen's servants. A crowded meeting of butlers, coachmen, footmen, gardeners, and stablemen was held at Leamington; the butler of Leamington College being in the chair. The demands were for shorter hours and increased pay; while the separation of married couples was deprecated as conducive to immorality. Cheers were given at the conclusion of the meeting for "The Maids of Dundee."—*Daily Paper*, April 30th, 1872.)

To the gents of the pantry 'twas Yellow-plush spoke,
"This gentleman's-gentleman's life is no joke ;
And so, fellow-servants, I votes as how we
Go ahead with the maidens of bonnie Dundee.
For, be it a maid, or be it a man,
Our rule is, Do nothing and get all you can.
To compass that object no method I see
Like that of the maidens of bonnie Dundee.

"'Tis true that their meeting all ended in smoke,
What can you expect, though, from weak women-folk ?
But that which we like is the pluck—the *esprit*—
Displayed by the maidens of Bonnie Dundee.
So go out on strike, gents, that is your plan ;
Of course our arrangements are quite spick and span.
And all our manœuvres more perfect you'll see
Than the foolish flare up of the maids of Dundee.

"What may not result from this union of schemes,
If only Jemima is aided by Jeames?
We'll soon be installed in the *salon*, you know,
With masters and missises all down below.
So go in for 'union' each Benedict man.
No longer on Hymen let caste lay its ban.
While every Lothario provided shall be
With a mate from the maidens of bonnie Dundee.

"Then come from the pantry, the kitchen, the hall,
From footman gigantic to buttons the small,
And follow your leaders the butlers, as we
Condescend to be led by the girls of Dundee.
Quick ! down with the master, and up with the man,
Since that nowadays is society's plan.
You'll each one deserve a poor curate to be
If you don't join your lots with the maids of Dundee."

The Hornet, May 8, 1872.

The Maidens of Bonnie Dundee.

("The Dundee servant maids have quarrelled with the reporters, whom they charge with having made their meetings ridiculous. They refused to have their last meeting reported.")

And did they its meeting turn into a joke,
And fun journalistic presume for to poke?
Could anyone aught that's ridiculous see
In the "platform" assumed by the maids of Dundee?
O be it a maid, or be it a man,
Let each be placed rigidly under the ban.
And henceforth resolve no reports there shall be
Of the talk of the Maidens of Bonnie Dundee.

Dare we hope, as result of this last little game,
The Lords and the Commons will soon do the same?
How much more inviting the papers would be,
If the House followed suit to the Maids of Dundee.
For be it in earnest, or be it in joke,
A deal of the talkee-talk *does* end in smoke.
Of course the reports are in fault, as *in re*
The counsels astute of the Maids of Dundee.

Should St. Stephen's be wise, and this maxim adopt,
Every sort of reporting we soon might have stopped.
No longer that twaddling bosh should we see,
"The Toast of the Evening"—all thanks to Dundee
Then go on and prosper, each striking young maid,
You are sweet as the taste of your own marmalade.
From henceforth we'll hope no memorial to see
Of the doings of maidens in Bonnie Dundee.

The Hornet, June 19, 1872.

Bonnie Bar-gee.

"'Tis a jolly conception !"—'twas Truscott who spoke—
"Though Temple Bar's gone, we can still have our joke ;
So let each civic wag who loves humour and me,
Vote for putting this Stone where the Bar used to be.
Come, out with your trowels, and up with the Stone,
Though Cabmen may cavil, and Bus-drivers groan,
We care for no pleadings or warnings—not we !
For it's up with the cry, 'Calipash ! Calipee !'"

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Now the Stone is erected, objectors are beat,
And the Civic wags laugh at the block in the Fleet,
While Truscott, the joker, cries, "Well, as you see,
'Tis a noble memorial of humour and Me!"
So crash goes the hansom, and smash goes the van,
There's a mingling together of horse, wheel, and man,
Just over the spot where the Bar used to be
They triumphantly cry, "Calipash! Calipee!"

There are fools in the East as in West, South, or North,
But there yet may be time ere the edict go forth,
Since there *are* sober men who the reason can't see
For obstructing the Fleet where the Bar used to be,
Come, put up the trowels, and leave well alone;
Come, abandon the scheme, and have done with the Stone!
For if once set up, 'twould a laughing-stock be,
To be fitly inscribed "Calipash! Calipee!"

Punch, September 18, 1880.

The Temple Bar memorial, erected in the centre of a narrow and very busy thoroughfare, cost London over £12,000. So great was the annoyance it caused, both on account of its obstruction and its ugliness, that two policemen were placed to guard it night and day, yet, in spite of their watchfulness, the carvings were smashed wherever they could be reached. The grotesque Griffin which surmounts the memorial is still the laughing stock of every passer-by.

THE DISSOLUTION.

In the House of St. Stephen's Britannia thus spoke:
You will now be released and can take off the yoke.
As you've meddled and muddled till all is at sea,
The majority of you can go to the D.!
You have squandered my money in powder and shot;
Whom you should have protected you gave it to hot.
You did this, and much more, in the name of the free,
So away you incompetents! Go to the D.!

You have fostered intolerance—bigotry's ban;
Like cowards you turned on a stout-hearted man,
Compensated iniquities lavishly free—
Nearly everything's gone to the dogs or the D.!
But now my affairs which you've scattered and strown,
Perhaps will come right when you leave 'em alone.
Two million! Ah, they to my future will see!
Farewell, then, I've done with you—go to the D.!

D. EVANS.

The Weekly Despatch, November 15, 1885.

JAWING "J. C." (AIR, "BONNIE DUNDEE.")

To the lords of creation 'twas Chamberlain spoke,
"Ere my power go down the Queen's crown shall be broke!
So each jolly Rad who loves plunder and me,
Let him follow the system of jawing J. C.

Come fill up my inkpot and whittle my pen,
To meeting my radicals! Sing out like men,
Come, open the best way to let us go free,
For plunder's the system of jawing J. C."

J. C. he is started, he puffs through the land;
The Whigs they sink backward, dismayed at his "hand;"
But the Leader, douce man, says "Just e'en let him be,
For the party must stick to that deil o' J. C."

"Come fill up," &c.

There are games beyond Gladstone, and fields beyond Forth;
If there's farms in the Southland, there's crofts in the North;
There are braw whiskey-drinkers, three thousand times three,
Who'll "go blind" on the system of jawing J. C.

"Come fill up," &c,

"Then away to the garrets, the cellars, and slums—
Ere I own to a leader, I'll funk like my chums.
So tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye have nae seen the last of my system and me.

Come fill up my inkpot and whittle my pen,
To meeting my Radicals, sing out like men;
Fling everything open, we all will be free,
For plunder's the system of jawing J. C.".

The Globe, December 1, 1885,

—:o:—

"THE CAMPBELL'S ARE COMING."

Dr. John Cumming, minister of the Scotch church, in London, frequently introduced controversial matters into his sermons, and was at times rather violent in his denunciations of the Pope, and Roman Catholicism. The Pope wrote inviting him to go to Rome, but intimated that he would not consent to reopen a discussion on theological questions which had long since been decided by his august predecessors. The two following parodies on the subject appeared in *Punch*, which has always been exceedingly bitter in its attacks on the Roman Catholics and their priesthood. So much so that Richard Doyle (himself a Catholic), one of the most talented artists who ever drew for *Punch*, retired from its staff on that account.

THE POP' AN' JOCK CUMMING.

THE Pop' an' Jock Cumming, oh dear, oh dear!
They winna foregather, I fear, I fear;
For Jock certain questions has got to speer
That the Pop' wad na fancy to hear, hear, hear.

The Pop' till his Council did all invite,
Wha coudna see Truth, to receive their sight,
"For me" answered Jockie, "noo that's a' right;
Just what I wad hae is your light, light, light.

"Ye've sic an' sic points I could ne'er mak' oot,
An' want my puir vision illumed aboot;
Mair light is the cure my complaint wad suit;
Sae lighten my darkness an' doot, doot, doot.

"Do show me your light, abune Lime, or Bude,
Magnesian, Electric—do be sae gude!
Sin' I've been invited, I dinna intrude;
When I cry for light ca' me not rude, rude, rude."

The Pop' to Jock Cumming mak's no reply;
Non possumus, noo, he may truly cry.
'Tis not as it was in the days gane by,
When a Pop' could his questioner fry, fry, fry.

The Pop' and his Cardinals sing fu' sma',
An' they grin, an' they glow'r in their Conclave Ha',
An' their auld shaven chaps wi' dismay do fa,'
Jock Cumming's dumfounded 'em a', a', a'!

Punch.

HEY, JOHNNY CUMMING!

(Air—"*Hey, Johnny Cope!*")

HEY, Johnny Cumming! are ye waukin' yet!
Or aboot the Millennium talkin' yet?
Gin ye were waukin' priests wad wait,
To shrive *Johnny Cumming* i' the mornin'.

Johnnie wrote a challenge to the *Pop' o' Rome*,
Sayin', "Sin' till the council ye've bid me come,
Gin I gang, can I speak as nae doggie dumb?
I wad speer ye for light i' the mornin'."

When *Pawpie* read the letter on,
He took him pen and ink anon,
We'll mak' short wark wi' this heretic son
O' *Scotia* an' *Knox* i' the mornin'."

A line through *Manning* the douce auld *Pop'*
To *Johnnie* did in answer drop;
"Thae questions ye'd speer we canna stop
To re-open the noo of a mornin'.

"There's nane can doot or deny that we
Are the Lord-Lieutenant o' Christendie.
D'ye spy ony green in our Paternal ee?
Get hoot wi' your chaff of a mornin'!

"Ye're welcome at our council Ha',
Doon on your marrowbones to fa'
An' your errors recant, and haud your jaw,
Nae mair o' your gab i' the mornin'!

Ye'll come to mak' submission mute,
We dinna argue or dispute,
Shall naething say but, 'There's Our fute,
Kiss that, *Johnny Cumming*, i' the mornin'!

When *Johnnie* gat the *Pop's* reply,
Said he, "I baith doot an' deny
An' sae do mony mair forbye,
The commission ye claim of a mornin'."

Twice ten Munich Doctors of canon law
Acknowledge there's nae rule at a'
To tell what the *Pop'* says *ex cathedra*'
An' what aff of his throne i' the mornin'."

When Pawpish Doctors disagree
As to what maks gude the *Pop's* decree,
The warth o't canna be ane bawbee
To ae canna Scot of a mornin'.

Nae dogmies *Pio* will discuss
To prove whilk wad auld Nick *nonplus*:
And sae he cries *non-possumus*;
Canna meet *Johnnie Cumming* i' the mornin'.

Punch.

—:o:—

KHARTOUM.

THE Camels are coming at last, at last!
Over the desert so fast, so fast!
Daring canoe-men from Canada's shore
Mock Father Nile, and his cataract's roar
The might of Old England is felt once more—
Thanks to the Franchise Bill.

The Camels are coming at last, at last!
The dream of dishonour has passed, has passed.
But this we owe not to Gordon's fame,
Or the growing power of that hero's name,
Or to Europe's echoing cry of "Shame"—
But to the Franchise Bill.

The Camels are coming at last, at last!
The trumpets peal forth their warlike blast,
Every nerve must now be strained,
New prestige must now be gained,
Money be spent and blood be rained—
To save the Franchise Bill.

C. B. S.

The Globe, September 30, 1884.

—:o:—

THE MILLIONAIRE ON THE MOORS.

MY 'art's in the 'Ighlands, my 'art it ain't 'ere,
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands, along of the deer;
Along of the wild deer, the buck and the doe;
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands, I'd 'ave you to know.

I bought bare estates up of lairds proud and poor,
As they 'adn't the money to live on a moor,
Now like any Duke I my deer-forest keep,
And grouse-shootins also—don't care much for sheep.

I now and agin leave my ware'ouse be'ind,
Go North for refreshment of 'ealth and of mind,
Where solitude reigns on the 'eath all around,
On the 'ole of my propputty I don't 'ear a sound.

There's no eagles now in the mountain's to scream,
And as for the gos'awk, 'is whistle's a dream.
There's never no falcons a flyin' about,
Shot down by the keepers to them I bought out.

Poor beggars, and therefore you'll own they was free,
Theirselves, from romance, quite as much so as me,
In Town whilst attendin' to bisnis, although
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands wherever I go.

Punch, October 27, 1883.

—:o:—

THE TOURIST'S MATRIMONIAL GUIDE THROUGH SCOTLAND.

The following song, to the tune of "*Woo'd and married an' a'*," was written by a distinguished Scotch judge, Lord Neaves, it may therefore be taken as giving a correct view of the curious state of the Scotch law relating to marriage.

YE tourists, who Scotland would enter,
The summer or autumn to pass,
I'll tell you how far you may venture
To flirt with your lad or your lass;

How close you may come upon marriage,
Still keeping the wind of the law,
And not, by some foolish miscarriage,
Get woo'd and married an' a',

Woo'd and married an' a';
Married and woo'd an' a';
And not, by some foolish miscarriage,
Get woo'd and married an' a'.

This maxim itself might content ye,
That marriage is made—by consent;
Provided its done *de præsenti*,
And marriage is really what's meant.
Suppose that young Jocky and Jenny
Say, "We two are husband and wife;"
The witnesses need'nt be many—
They're instantly buckled for life,

Woo'd and married an' a';
Married and woo'd an' a':
It isn't with us a hard thing
To get woo'd and married an' a'.

Suppose the man only has spoken,
The woman just giving a nod.
They're spliced by that very same token
Till one of them's under the sod.
Though words would be bolder and blunter,
The want of them isn't a flaw;
For *nutu signisque loquuntur*
Is good Consistorial Law.

Woo'd and married an' a';
Married and woo'd an' a':
A wink is as good as a word.
To get woo'd and married an' a'.

If people are drunk or delirious,
The marriage of course will be bad;
Or if they're not sober and serious,
But acting a play or charade.
It's bad if it's only a cover
For cloaking a scandal or sin,
And talking a landlady over
To let the folks lodge in her inn.

Woo'd and married an' a';
Married and woo'd an' a':
It isn't the mere use of words
Makes you woo'd and married an' a'.

You'd better keep clear of love-letters,
Or write them with caution and care;
For, faith, they may fasten your fetters,
If wearing a conjugal air.
Unless you're a knowing old stager,
'Tis here you'll most likely be lost;
As a certain much-talked-about Major *
Had very near found to his cost.

Woo'd and married an' a';
Married and woo'd an' a':
They are perilous things, pen and ink,
To get woo'd and married an' a'.

I ought now to tell the unwary,
That into the noose they'll be led,
By giving a promise to marry,
And acting as if they were wed.
But if, when the promise you're plighting,
To keep it you think you'd be loath,—
Just see that it isn't in writing,
And then it must come to your oath.

* *Major Yelverton.*

Woo'd and married an' a';
Married and woo'd an' a':
I've shown you a dodge to avoid
Being woo'd and married an' a'.

A third way of tying the tether,
Which sometimes may happen to suit,
Is living a good while together,
And getting a married repute.
But you who are here as a stranger,
And don't mean to stay with us long,
Are little exposed to that danger,
So here I may finish my song.

Woo'd and married an' a';
Married and woo'd an' a':
You're taught now to seek or to shun
Being woo'd and married an' a'.

CHARLES, LORD NEAVES.

——:o:——

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE. *

AIR—"*Charley is my darling.*"

CHARLEY was so daring, so daring, so daring,
Charley was so daring, yet somehow durstn't fight;
For Cronstadt looked so scaring, so scaring, so scaring,
Cronstadt looked so scaring, it frightened him outright.

Its forts he vowed he'd shatter, he'd shatter, he'd shatter,
The forts he swore he'd shatter, no stone of them should stand:
But this was merely chatter, mere after-dinner chatter,
He changed his note when soberly the stones themselves he scanned.

"Your cutlasses prepare boys, prepare boys, prepare boys,
For victory depends upon the sharpness of your fire;
But at Cronstadt we'll but stare boys, but stare boys, but stare boys,
Then home again in safety all right gallantly retire.

And if they ask us why, boys, our strength we didn't try, boys,
'Stead of taking it for granted if we fought that we'd be beat;
'Twas the fault of Jimmy Graham, the swab (I'd like to flay him!)
Who with boys and with old women had manned our precious fleet."

And now the War is over, Sir Charley's turned a rover,
And arm in arm with Constantine inside the forts has seen;
And he swears 'twas deuced lucky he more prudent was than plucky,
Or sunk and smashed and shattered every ship of his had been!

Now with all respect for Charley, who did his work so rarely,
Punch holds that British oak's as tough as 'twas in Dibdin's day;
And *Punch* states without shrinking, he's not alone in thinking,
That a Nelson would have taken where a Napier turned away.

Punch, November 29, 1856.

[* The deeds of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, as commander of the Baltic Fleet in the Russian War, bore a very insignificant relation to his boasts before he assumed the command.]

THE MANAGER TO MRS. LANGTRY.

Air—"*Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?*"

O LANGTRY, wilt thou gang wi' me,
On lime-lit boards to win renown?
Can crowded stalls have charms for thee—
The painted scene and tinsel crown?
No more mere Photo'ed-Beauty's Queen,
No more restrained to Park and Square,
Say, canst thou quit Belgravia's scene,
Where thou art fairest of the fair?

O Langtry, when 'tis thine to play
"Big parts," their "keeping" keep in mind;
Though Beauty's charming in its way,
In acting "there is more behind."
Some say, so stately is thy mien,
High tragic *rôles* thou well could'st bear;
Let's hope as Genius thou'lt be seen,
As well as fairest of the fair.

O Langtry, canst thou act so true,
Through long and trying scenes to go,
Not pleased by Flattery's smooth review,
Nor grieved when critics "slate" the "show?"
As yet, they don't agree at all
What praise or blame shall be thy share;
And critics, whether great or small,
Are *not* the *fairest* of the fair.

And when at last thy Muse shall try
Ophelia, Juliet, Queen Macbeth,
Say, canst thou make thy audience cry,
Or, scared and spellbound, hold their breath?
And wilt thou from thy handsome pay,
Of poorer players take due care?
If so, then *still* the world will say
That thou art fairest of the fair.

—:o:—

ROBIN ADAIR.

When General Dumourier, after unparalleled victories, deserted the army of the French Republic, in 1793, and took refuge from the infuriated Convention with the enemies he had lately beaten, someone expressed joy in the event where Burns was present, when he chanted, almost extempore, the following sarcastic stanzas:—

ON GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A Parody on Robin Adair.

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier,
How does Dampiere do?
Ay and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier.
I will fight France with you;
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul I'll have a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier:
Then let us fight about,
Till Freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt—Dumourier.

A SONG.

Tune—"*Robin Adair.*"

HARK! to yon glorious shout,
Canning, O rare!
Echo proclaims it out,
Canning, Huzza!
Beauty, each step you see,
Displaying loyalty,
Whose charms keep Britons free,
Canning, Huzza!

O! 'tis a lovely sight,
Canning, O rare!
Thrills each heart with delight
Canning, Huzza!
What! though no freeman true,
What! though their eyes are blue,
Still are their lips for you,
Canning, Huzza!

Lips whose persuasive touch,
Canning, O rare!
Strengthens our cause so much,
Canning, Huzza!
Thou'lt think when far away,
Where red rose held its sway,
On Bosoms, pure as day,
Canning, Huzza!

Heroes wait their command,
Canning, O rare!
When waves their lily hand.
Canning, Huzza!
Whilst you with smiles approve,
Naught can our bosoms move,
Save Mars, or God of Love,
Canning, Huzza!

Mark as in lines they lead,
Canning, O rare!
See England's hero tread
Canning, Huzza!
Whose bosoms void of care,
Wounds from your eyes but fear,
Whence falls the tender tear,
Canning, Huzza!

View their faces with surprise,
Canning, O rare!
Lovely tints lips and eyes,
Canning, Huzza!
Mark coalitions wile,
Join'd by a heavenly smile,
That can each hour beguile,
Canning, Huzza!

You whom all hearts adore,
Canning, O rare!
'Tis you to guard our shore,
Canning, Huzza!
Tell wondering nations far,
Our's is bright honour's war,
Shine Salamanca's star,
Canning, Huzza!

From *An Impartial Collection of Addresses, Songs, Squibs, &c., published during the Liverpool Election*, October, 1812.

The Candidates were the Right Hon. George Canning; Lieut.-General Isaac Gascoyne; Henry Brougham; Thomas Creevey; and General B. Tarleton. (Messrs. G. Canning and Gascoyne, both Tories, were elected.)

ROBERT BURNS.

In order to make this collection of Scotch Parodies as nearly complete as possible, a few additional Parodies of Robert Burns, and Thomas Campbell will be here inserted.

ADDRESS TO THE G.O.M.

(After Burns's *Address to the De'il.*)

O THOU, whatever be the name
Your silly pride wad gar ye claim
As likely best to spread your fame
Owre land an' sea,
Great People's Will, or G.O.M.,
Listen a wee.

D'ye mind the time, I mind it weel,
When fu' o' misbegotten zeal,
Ye pranced through Scotland like a deil,
Verbose an' rash,
Bletherin' about the "Land o' Leal,"
An' sic like trash?

To reckon a' your wild harangues
Frae platforms, trains, to gapin' thrangs,
About the countra's woes and wrangs,
A gruesome tale
O' Tory rule, the memory dangs
An' time wad fail.

In short, ye kicked up sic a splore,
Pourin' out speeches by the score,
An' vendin' rousin' whids galore
Through a' the land,
The countra' bid ye tak the oar
An' try your hand.

How stands the case? Ye've had your fling,
Upset or bungled everything,
Mair waste and shame contrived to bring
Down on the land
That tongue can tell, or muse can sing
Or understand.

Despite your boasts about finance,
An' a' your grand cheap wines frae France,
The whisky duties, sad mischance,
Hae laid ye low,
An' stopped ye in your reckless dance
At ae fell blow.

I'm wae to think upon your state,
Headlang ye've rushed upon your fate,
An' tho' advice I ken ye hate,
Tak thought and mend,
Consider, while it's no owre late
Your hinner end.

"MIDLOTHIAN" in *Moonshine*, July 1885.

—— o. ——

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

A new Version, respectfully recommended to sundry whom it concerns.

MORE luck to honest poverty,
It claims respect, and a' that;
But honest wealth's a better thing,
We dare be rich for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And spooney cant and a' that,
A man may have a ten-pun note,
And be a brick for a' that.

What though on soup and fish we dine,
Wear evening togs and a' that,
A man may like good meat and wine,
Nor be a knave for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their fustian talk and a' that,
A gentleman, however clean,
May have a heart for a' that.

You see yon prater called a Beales,
Who bawls and brays and a' that,
Tho' hundreds cheer his blatant bosh,
He's but a goose for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
His Bubblyjocks, and a' that,
A man with twenty grains of sense,
He look and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
And if the title's earned, all right,
Old England's fond of a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Beales' balderdash, and a' that,
A name that tells of service done
Is worth the wear, for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
And come it will for a' that,
That common sense may take the place
Of common cant and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Who cackles trash and a' that,
Or be he lord, or be he low,
The man's an ass for a' that.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1868.

——:o:——

IF A PROCTOR MEET A BODY.

"Accusator erit qui verbum dixerit 'Hic est.'"

IF a Proctor meet a body
Coming down the High,
If a Proctor greet a body
Need a body fly?

Every Proctor has his bulldog,
Dog of mickle might,
When he marches forth in full tog
At the fall of night,

Every bulldog, when he spies a
Man without a gown,
Promptly chases him and tries a-
Main to run him down.

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*, by Adon, 1874.

——:o:——

THE WALLACE TOWER

The Auctioneer's Address to his Audience.

"The Wallace Tower at Stirling cannot be completed for want of funds, so the project is to be discontinued, and the materials are to be sold by auction."—*Scotch Papers.*

SCOTS, wha won't for Wallace bleed,
Scots, who'd see such humbug d'd,
Welcome; each condition read—
Then make bids to me.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
Yon's the rock, and yon's the tower,
Ere it's in the Sheriff's power,
Pay the £ s. d.

Wha would hear an English knave,
Just pretending to look grave,
Drawl, "Is that unfinished shave,
Place for shrimps and tea?"

Wha would see the cursed law,
Grab it in its cruel paw,
Sell up Wallace, Bruce and a'
Sae contemptuously?

By your sturdy Scottish brains,
By your wealth of Union games,
Shows that Scotland's sense disdains
An anomalie.

Lay provincial pedants low,
Give the cant of Race a blow,
England's one—and that you know—
One—from Thames to Dee.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1865.

——:o:——

GAELIC SPEECH; OR, "AULD LANG SYNE" DONE UP IN TARTAN.

SHOULD Gaelic speech be e'er forgot,
And never brocht to min',
For she'll be spoke in Paradise
In the days of auld langsyne.
When Eve, all fresh in beauty's charms,
First met fond Adam's view,
The first word that he'll spoke till her
Was "*cumar achum dhu.*"

And Adam in his garden fair,
Whene'er the day did close,
The dish that he'll to supper teuk
Was always Athole brose.
When Adam from his leafy bower
Cam oot at broke o' day,
He'll always for his morning teuk
A quaich o' usquebae.

An' when wi' Eve he'll had a crack,
He'll teuk his sneeshin' horn,
An' on the tap ye'll well micht mark
A pony praw Cairngorm.
The sneeshin' mull is fine, my friens—
The sneeshin' mull is gran';
We'll teukta hearty sneesh, my friens,
And pass frae han' to han'

When man first fan the want o' claes,
The wind an' cauld to fleg.
He twisted roon' about his waist
The tartan philabeg.
An' music first on earth was heard
In Gaelic accents deep,
When Jubal in his oxter squeezed
The blether o' a sheep.

The praw bagpipes is gran', my friens,
The praw bagpipes is fine;
We'll teukta nother pibroch yet,
For the days o' auld langsyne!

——:o:——

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO "WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT."

THUS Willie, Rab and Allan sang,
Thus pass'd the night wi' mirth and glee,
And aye the chorus, a' night lang,
Was, "As we're now, we hope to be."

And aye they sang, "We are nae fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may draw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree."

That time for them the cock did craw,
The harbinger of morn to be;
That time for them the day did daw',
Wi' gouden tint o'er tour and tree.

And aye they sang, &c.

That time for them the moon's pale horn
Did wax and wain o'er land and sea,
But now has dawn'd the hapless morn,
That gilds the grave o' a' the three.

Nae mair they sing "We are nae fou,
Nae mair the drappie's in their e'e,
Nor cock does craw, nor day does daw',
Nae mair they'll taste the barley bree."

Thus Learning makes for Willie main,
For Robin, Poesy wipes her e'e,
And Science wails for Allan gane,
Since death's dark house hauds a' the three.

Then Britons mourn for genius rare,
A' victims o' the barley bree,
And ban the bree that could na spare
The youthfu' lives o' a' the three.

——:o:——

MY FOE.

JOHN Alcohol, my foe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which noo, ye ken, I want;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've been ower lang together,
Sae ye maun tak' ae road, John
And I will tak' anither;

For we maun tumber down, John,
If hand in hand we go;
And I shall hae the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've blear'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A fiery sign atween!
My hands wi' palsy shake, John,
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
T'was love to you, I ween,
That gart me rise sae ear', John,
And sit sae late at e'en;
The best o' friens maun part, John;
It grieves me sair, ye know;
But "we'll nae mair to yon town,"
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith;
And yet to part wi' you, John,
I own I'm unko' laith;
But I'll join the temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no;
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my foe.

Home Tidings, January, 1886.

TED HENDERSON MY JO.

TED Henderson,* my Jo, Ted,
When we were fast acquent,
On giving Bobbies martial drill
Your mind was wholly bent:
But burglars have revolvers now,
And mobs to riot go,
And Hugh thinks you behind the times,
Ted Henderson, my Jo.

Ted Henderson, my Jo, Ted,
It is a little hard
The men in blue you won't review
Again in Scotland Yard.
That you were not alone to blame
Is what we all well know,
But take your pension and depart,
Ted Henderson my Jo.

Moonshine, March 13, 1886.

—:o:—

The following imitations are selected from some *New Temperance Songs*, written by the Rev. R. S. Bowie, of Glasgow:—

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Tune—"*O Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut.*"

O NEVER touch the drunkard's cup,
It drumly makes your sparkling e'e,
And changes a' your features sae,
My kind gudeman nae mair I see.

Then get na fou', no, ne'er get fou',
Aye keep the wee drap oot your e'e;
And at cock-craw, when day does daw,
You'll blyther far than drunkards be.

Ne'er waste your hours wi' *merry* boys,
Who to strong drink for pleasure flee;
For if at night they *merry* be,
You know the pains next morn they dree.
Then get na fou', etc.

"The moon, that frae her silver horn,
Pours radiance over tower and tree,"
Should never shine "to wile folk hame,"
Frae tipplin' o' the barley bree.
Then get nae fou', etc.

Shun a' the gilded snares o' vice,
"The cuckold coward loon is he,"
Who dare not say that wee word No!
And act the man where'er he be.
Then get na fou', etc.

TIB'S SANG—"OOR TAM HAS JOINED THE TEMPLARS NOO."

Tune—"*Duncan Gray.*"

OOR Tam has joined the Templars noo,—
Ha, ha, the doing o't!
Ne'er again ye'll see him fou,—
Ha, ha, the doing o't!
When a' the lave tak' to the drink,
An' gar the change-house glasses clink,
While they themselves like howlets wink,
He ne'er thinks o' preein' o't.

Takin' drink baith late an' ear',—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!
Aft he made oor hearts richt sair,—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!
But what cared he for wife an' weans—
For a' oor sighs and heavy granes!
We micht as weel ha' saved oor pains,—
He couldna see the meanin' o't.

Drink had seared his heart within,—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!
He ne'er was pleased till he was blin',—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!
His wife and weans micht hungry be;
Tam ne'er cared a single flee,
As lang's he'd got the barley bree.—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!

Hame he reeled fu' late at nicht,—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!
Gi'ein' wife an' weans a fricht,—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!
An' when ance atowre the door,
He wad stamp, an' shout, an' roar;
Oh! it was an unco splore,—
Weary fa' the brewing o't!

Noo, oor hame's a heaven on earth,—
Ha, ha, the doing o't!
Life, in sooth, is something worth,—
Ha, ha, the doing o't!
We're a' weel clad frae tap to tae,
An' meat in plenty, too, we ha'e,
An' something for a rainy day,—
Ha, ha, ha, the doing o't!

Wha wad thocht to see me here,—
Ha, ha, the doing o't!
Singing sangs o' hearty cheer,—
Ha, ha, the doing o't!
Nae mair the weans an' me think shame
To hear folk mention "daddy's" name;
We're proud our kinship noo to claim,—
Ha, ha, ha, the doing o't!

*Sir Edmund Henderson, formerly Chief of the Metropolitan Police.

SONG OF THE SESSION.

THERE'S nought but talk on every han' ;
On every night that passes, oh !
'Tis wonderful how Members can
Behave so much like Asses, oh !
Loud bray the Asses, oh !
Loud bray the Asses, oh !
While business waits amid debates ;
And so the Session passes, oh !

All this delay, from day to day
Arrears of work amasses, oh !
By sum on sum, till August's come,
When Statesmen look like Asses, oh
Loud, &c.

The Income Tax upon our backs,
With leaden weight is pressing, oh !
And Ireland's grief demands relief,
The Debtor's wrongs redressing, oh !
Loud, &c.

The Poor-Law Bill is standing still,
While Gentlemen are jawing, oh !
At fists and foils, in private broils,
Each other clapper-clawing, oh !
Loud, &c.

Give them their hour to spend at night,
In altercation dreary, oh !
And England's good, and England's right,
May gang all tapsalteerie, oh !
Loud, &c.

Although the above lines appeared in *Punch* more than forty years ago, they apply almost equally well to the present Parliament.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE LAST DUKE.

(After *The Last Man.*)

ALL selfishness must meet its doom ;
Humbug itself must die,
Before the Dukes give us their room
'Stead of their company.
I saw a vision in my sleep,
Of Tainboffcoon, a fearful heap,
And Belgian cattle prime :—
I saw the last of Ducal race,
Who in the steamer took his place,
To seek a foreign clime.

His Grace had quite a bilious air ;
His cheek with woe was wan ;
The Ducal glories center'd were,
All in that lonely man !
Some had gone to Boulogne—the hands
Of mortgagees were on their lands—
To Rome and Baden some ;
The House of Peers was drear and dead,
And *Punch* himself as dull as lead,
Now that the Dukes were dumb.

Yet, donkey-like that lone one stood,
In seediness still high,
And, turning on the pier of wood
To England gave good bye :
Saying, "Thou hast set, my country's sun !
Thou may'st shut up—the thing is done ;
The Dukes are forc'd to go ;
The Corn Laws, that for eighteen years
Have kept up rents and paid the Peers,
Have fallen at a blow !

"What though beneath them we had dearth,
And no reward for skill ?
What though the tillers of the earth
Their bellies ne'er could fill ?
Henceforth to men in toil grown grey,
The new coat with its buttons gay,
No Ducal hand imparts—
Henceforth no Duke shall teach the throng,
With curry-powder warm and strong,
To cheer the labourers' hearts.

"But I, for one, won't vote supplies
To men who thus conspire
To lower the Duke in vulgar eyes,
And poke fun at the Squire.
I quit my country, doomed to death ;
Hard soil, where first I drew my breath,
Where long I ruled the roast ;
I'll take the Corn-Laws for a pall,
And, wrapping them around me, fall—
Wept by the *Morning Post !*

"Go, JOHN—the steam will soon be up,
A sandwich I would taste ;
I shall be too sea-sick to sup—
Unto SIR ROBERT haste ;
Tell that man to his brazen face,
Thou saw'st the last of Ducal race
Quitting this classic spot,
PEEL and Potato-blight defy
To make him hold his tongue, or try
To talk aught else but 'rot' !"

Punch, 1846.

(The Duke of Richmond opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, and declared that if they were repealed, landed proprietors would be driven out of the country.)

THE LAST MAN.

(A Study after Campbell.)

The Park has quite a sickly glare,
The trees are brown as tan,
The spectres of the season are
Around that lonely man.
His world has vanished—ah, 'tis hard,
He cannot find a single card
For party on the lawn,
For picnic, flower show, or dance ;
To Greece, Spain, Italy, and France
Or Cyprus they have gone.

Sad and perplexed the lone one stood,
And muttered with a sigh,
"I have no friends by field or flood,
By moor or mountain high.
The opera's over, Goodwood done,
And sport with fishing-rod or gun
Alone is very slow.
Until the 'Upper Ten' appear,
About the closing of the year,
I know not where to go.

"And wearily each moment flies,
For stale amusements tire;
An idle man's in agonies
When seasons thus expire.
Belgravia is as still as death,
And in Mayfair I hold my breath;
Or on some absent host
Make quite unnecessary calls;
Or haply in familiar halls
I linger like a ghost."

He sought the club—"Bring claret cup
Oh, waiter, and with haste;
Something to keep my spirits up
In mefcy let me taste.
And if a pilgrim seeks the place
Tell him the last swell of his race
This afternoon hath trod,
The squares, the drives, and Rotten Row,
And met no single belle or beau
To greet his listless nod."

Funny Folks, August 24, 1878.

—:o:—

THE SONG OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

(The Earl of Ellenborough.)

YE mariners of England,
I'll thank you if you please,
To come and tell me something of
The service of the seas:
I've something heard of horse marines
But nothing do I know;
Though a trip in a ship
I to India once did go.

If enemies oppose me,
And say I'm very far
From being what I ought to be,
I'll say that others are.
So come, brave tars, and teach me
A vessel for to know:
If the heel is the keel—
Or abaft means down below.

Then courage, all you admirals,
And never be dismay'd,
For I'm a bold adventurer,
That never learnt my trade.
Our ministers employ me
To vote for them, you know;
Then be bold, when you're told
That by interest things go.

Then here's a health to Wellington,
Who made of me the choice;
And to his worthy colleagues bold,
Who scorn the public voice.
Tell France and tell America
They may begin to crow;—
While I reign o'er the main
Is the time to strike a blow.

Punch, January, 1846.

(The Earl of Ellenborough was sent to India, as Governor-General, in 1842, and remained there till 1844. On his return there was some difficulty to find a place in the Government for him. By Sir Robert Peel he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, a post which he probably owed to the friendship and interest of the Duke of Wellington.)

THE RAILWAYS GROSS MISMANAGEMENT;

Or, The Complaint of the "Engine-driver" versified.

(*Written in* 1847, *when Railways were in their infancy.*)

YOU Managers of Railways,
Who meet to talk and dine,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the line;
Give ear unto your engineers,
And they will plainly show
All the wrack, which, alack!
From mismanagement doth flow.

All who are engine-drivers
Must have tremendous pluck,
For when you get upon your seat
You trust your life to luck;
You must not be faint-hearted
For crash or overthrow,
And the spills from the ills
Of mismanagement that flow.

Sometimes our trains are mixed up,
Of common sense in spite,
With several heavy carriages,
And others that are light;
Out rolls the train, and no man
What next may come can know;
And whate'er happens here
From mismanagement doth flow.

But our worst source of peril
By far, is when we find
An engine put before the train,
And one to push behind;
Then jamm'd and crush'd together
Of carriages the row
Oft will be—which, you see,
From mismanagement doth flow.

Unto our trains of breaksmen
There is a shameful lack;
And hence it is our lives and limbs
So often go to wrack,
For want of due assistance
Our peril when we know:
This defect from neglect
And mismanagement doth flow.

Ye legislative sages!
On you it is we call!
For as for our proprietors,
Gain is their all in all,
Which, for the public safety,
They somewhat must forego,
Or your bills stop those ills
From mismanagement that flow.

Punch, 1847.

"A great deal more attention will have to be given than heretofore by the agriculturists of England, and perhaps even Scotland, to the production of fruits, vegetables and flowers. You know that in Scotland a great example of this kind has been set in the cultivation of strawberries."—Mr. Gladstone at West Calder, Nov. 27, 1879.

YE husbandmen of Scotland,
Who till our native soil,
How vain your high-class farming!
How profitless your toil!

Your fields of grain are humbug,
Your flocks and herds are "bam"—
Go cultivate the strawberry,
And make it into jam!
* * * * *

THE LIBERALS OF ENGLAND.

(Campbell's "*Mariners of England*" applied to recent events.)

YE Liberals of England
Who vote by land and seas,
Who stamped your names in other years,
On Parliament's decrees—
Your glorious party launch again
To meet its ancient foe,
And sweep, swift and deep,
And no hesitation know,
Till a Liberal army, brave and strong,
Shall Tories overthrow.

The great deeds of your fathers
Still speak from many a grave;
For the Commons was their field of fame,
Their native land to save.
Again let noble Gladstone tell,
While every heart doth glow,
How to leap o'er the deep
Machinations of the foe,
Till England echoes with the song
Of the Tory overthrow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks
On every savage steep;
At keeping rebel hordes in awe
Small glory will she reap.
She smiles at "Foreign Policy,"
While "Peace and Honour" grow,
And Jingoes roar abroad no more
About a savage foe.
But John Bull sees 'twixt right and wrong,
Through the Tory overthrow.

The Liberal strength of England
Shall fill the voting urns,
Till Tory fictions fade away,
And common sense returns.
Then, then, ye Liberal warriors,
The song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
And the glory of the blow
That struck a Sham with the force of Truth,
And laid the Tories low.

Funny Folks, April 17, 1880.

—:o:—

THE LANDLORD'S FAREWELL.

A respectful Perversion of *The Exile of Erin.*

THERE came to the beach a poor landlord of Erin,
The *due* on his rent-roll was heavy and chill,
For his garments he sighed, for they needed repairin',
While the boots on his feet were just "tenants-at-will;"
But a steamer attracted his eye's sad devotion,
And he thought as he watched it glide over the ocean,
"There's one thing that keeps my poor grinders in motion,
And that's emigration from "Erin-go-Bragh."

"Sad is my fate!" groaned the purple-nosed stranger,
To beg I'm ashamed, and to dig – don't agree;
I have no refuge from famine and danger
But to set up a pub in the Land of the Free.
Never again, at the midnight's small hours,
Shall I swig the old port in those well-furnished bowers,
Which my grandfather got from the governing powers,
When penal laws flourished in Erin-go-bragh.

Erin, my country! you'll soon be forsaken
By all the respectable landlords of yore;
Then will those rascally tenants awaken,
With their nose to some grindstone they knew not before.
Oh, cruel fate, could you ever replace me
In my seat in the House, where no bagman could chase me;
I'd vote for Coercion—though Healy should face me—
And prove my relations were hanged by the score!

Where is my hunting lodge, deep in the wild wood
(Hounds that are poisoned can't answer the call),
Where are the tenants I bullied since childhood?
And where are my rack-rents? They're gone to the wall.
Ah, my sad pocket 'tis easy to measure,
Land Leagues and lawsuits exhausted your treasure,
Fifty per cent. I'd abate now with pleasure
But the devil a ha'penny they'll give me at all!

New Year is here now, and creditors pressing,
One dying wish! ere I'm forced to withdraw
Davitt! a landlord bequeaths thee his blessing,
('Tis all that you've left him in Erin-go-Bragh).
And (in my shirt-sleeves across the broad ocean)
I'll pray for Parnell who put voters in motion,
And filled their thick heads with this new-fangled notion
That leaves them the masters of Erin-go-Bragh.

M. O'BRIEN.

From *The Irish Fireside*, February 6, 1886.

—:o:—

THE ESCAPE OF THE ALDERMEN.

(After *The Battle of the Baltic.*)

SING the adventure rare
Of those worthies of renown,
The Right Honourable LORD MAYOR
Of great London's famous town,
And the Sheriffs, and the Aldermen, at large
On diversion they were bent,
And on junketting intent;
So they up the river went
In their barge.

Like porpoises afloat
Roll'd their Worships in their craft,
In that truly jolly boat
It was merry fore and aft:
The thirtieth of September was the day,
They were sitting at dessert,
With their waistcoats all ungirt,
So extremely full of turt-
-le were they.

MICHAEL GIBBS was in his chair,
In his chair of civic state;
And the Sheriffs near him were,—
The elect as well as late;
And the Aldermen the board were sitting round,
As they drifted up the tide,
In their cabin big and wide,
Each took care of his inside,
I'll be bound.

In a moment from his seat
Was the MAYOR OF LONDON thrown,
And the Aldermen—like wheat
By the sickle newly mown:
And the Sheriffs four were stretched their length along,
And the mace joined in the fall,
With decanters, plates and all,
Which the company did sprawl
Prone among.

Out bawled his Lordship then,
And the Corporation, too,
Loudly raised those Aldermen
Of affright the wild halloo:—
"What's the matter, what's the matter" was the cry;
And the answer to their shout
Was "Quick! put the barge about;
Now, you fellow there, look out,
For your eye!"

And then it did appear,
By bad steering, or bad luck,
The barge against a pier
Of Westminster Bridge had struck:
Their escape was most miraculous, indeed,
Now, your Worships, have a care
Who your navigators are
When on board you next repair
For a feed.

Punch, 1845.

—:o:—

OH! IN LONDON

To London ere the sun is low,
The unemployed in thousands go,
Where the Trafalgar fountains flow,
Like Hyndman speaking rapidly.

But London saw another sight,
When Hyndman bade his friends unite
To make o'erladen shops more light
Of their superfluous jewelry.

By word and gesture fast arrayed,
Whitechapel thieves of ev'ry grade—
Who rushed upon their westward raid
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the streets to riot given,
Then rushed King Mob to havoc driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
They roared in all their devilry.

But more defiant yet they grow,
As down South Audley Street they go,
Bottles and legs of mutton throw
In Socialistic bravery.

The havoc deepens! On, ye brave,
To win no glory—risk no grave—
Wave, Riot, thy red banner wave,
And charge with East-end chivalry.

'Tis eve, and all the damage done,
Police stroll up to see the fun,
And from each thousand capture one
Who joined not in the knavery.

Few, few shall smart, tho' many meet,
And carpenters and glaziers greet
A day dear to South Audley Street,
The famous eighth of February.

HYDE PARKER.

CORONATION LAYS.

(Picked up in the Crowd,)

An article, having the above title, appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, July, 1831. It referred to the forthcoming coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, which took place on September 8, 1831. The scraps of poetry were supposed to proceed from the pens of Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, S. T. Coleridge, W. Wordsworth, L.E.L. (Miss Landon), the Rev. G. Crabbe, Thomas Moore, Thomas Hood, and Robert Southey, then Poet Laureate. As the imitations of Scott and Campbell lead the way, the article may as well be inserted here. The little introductory notices alluding to Moore's well-known love of a Lord, Southey's objection to write the official odes hitherto expected from the Poet Laureate, &c., sufficiently indicate the authors referred to. Some of the imitations are not very striking, and those on Crabbe and L.E.L. might perhaps have been omitted as possessing little to interest the modern reader. However, the whole of the poetry is given, the comments only having been slightly shortened.

THE LAY OF THE LOST MINSTREL.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

[A tall "stalwart figure," with a good-humoured Scotch face, a sturdy-looking stick, and a style of dress indicative of something between the farmer and the philosopher, should be represented seated upon a pile of novels, marked "fiftieth edition," writing, with a pen in each hand two volumes at once of a new work—at the same time dictating a third to an amanuensis at his elbow.]

LONG years have pass'd, since lyre of mine
Awoke the short and easy line
That now unbidden flows;
Tell, Constable, tell thou, how long
My steps have shunned the halls of Song,
And sent, for sundry reasons strong,
My pages, an uncounted throng,
To bear the train of Prose!
But now my harp anew is strung;
And eager grows my tuneful tongue,
Like panting steed that paws the earth,
To burst and tell its tale of mirth.
And visions float, like those that danced
Before my eyes, when George the Fourth,
Be-tartaned o'er, erewhile advanced
With knightly train, and quite entranced
The fondly-frantic North.
Again I see such glittering show,
Again such pageants gleam and go,
As well might form the golden theme
Of minstrel-song or morning-dream.

The last excursion formed, I ween,
To charm our gentle King and Queen,
Was on the tide of Thames;
A sight that few may e'er forget,
That bards, enrapt, are singing yet:
Then all the court, defying wet,
Embarked at House of Somerset;
But now the Royal party met
At Palace of St. James!
Sunny was that September morn;
And groups grotesque were there;
The beef-eaters—and those who scorn
To taste such vulgar fare—
And those again who daily mourn,
Condemned to dine on air.
Highest and lowest of the land

Were met, and saw no vacant stand;
Ladies with white and waving hand,
And troops, a fine mustachio'd band,
With brandished weapons bare.
And coachmen, comely, sleek, and big,
Beneath a curly world of wig;
And pages slim, a countless race,
So dazzlingly disguised in lace,
So like a line of dukes they stood,
That had their thousand mothers old
Beheld them in those suits of gold,
They had not known their blood.

Now, now the standard fondlier floats,
The cannons speak with hoarser throats,
And cheek of trumpeter denotes
The coming of the king!
Each lady now her kerchief throws,
Each exquisite with ardour glows,
Each treads upon his fellow's toes,
And deems he sees the monarch's nose,—
Ah! no, 'tis no such thing.
Yet hark! now, now in truth he comes,
He comes as sure as drums are drums;
The drums, the guns, the shouts, the cheers,
You hear—or you have lost your ears.
Let all look now, or look no more;
What stands at yonder palace-door?
Gaze, wonderers, gaze; a coach-and-eight
Is passing through that palace-gate—
A coach of gold, with steeds of cream,
It moves, the marvel of a dream.

With coursers six, are some that bring
The suite and kindred of the King;
Bold Sussex, honest Duke;
And him, the darling of renown,
A nation's idol, hope and crown,
Great Cumberland—whom yet the town
Salutes with sharp rebuke.
And not one lazy lacquey there
But glance of rapture drew,
Like tinselled hero at the fair
Of old Bartholomew.
Some rode, some walk'd, some trumpets blew,
Some were with wands and some without;
And all along the line of view
From pavement and from housetop too
Rose one continual shout;
That Charles the First at Charing-cross
His head, amazed, might seem to toss.
Rang all the Mall with needless noise,
From topmost Sams to Moon and Boys!

——:o:——

THE SHOW IN LONDON.

(Thomas Campbell.)

[Let the design represent a middle-sized and middle-aged poet, habited in blue, with buttons bearing the initials "P.L.U.C." He must be leaning on an anchor, reading the last account of the capture of Warsaw. His books must be numerous and classical, but none bound in Russia, as it reminds him of despotism. A volume of his own poems should be lying before him, opened at "Hohenlinden," as that exquisite composition has evidently suggested the idea of his new one, called "The Show in London."]

IN London when the funds are low,
And state-distresses deeper grow,
The rule is this—to have a show,
Designed with strict economy.

We here this cheapened show have had;
Who now shall deem the nation sad!
Distress was there superbly clad,
And Sorrow stalked not shabbily.

All, all the troops were out; who choose
To read the list their time may lose;
The gaudy Guards, the Oxford Blues,
Besides the Surrey Yeomanry.

And many a line of Foot appears,
With drummer-boys and pioneers,
And last, the Loyal Volunteers,
The drollest of the Infantry.

Not last; for of the New Police
Behold how one, in pure caprice,
The hat knocks off—to keep the peace—
Of idler, answering snarlingly.

That morn was seen by all the town
King William's brow without a crown;
But ere yon autumn sun went down,
'Twas circled most expensively.

The Debt still deepens. Could we save
A trifle, Hume might cease to rave.
Waive, Rundell, half your profits waive,
And charge as low as possible.

Few, few shall gain where many pay;
The people must the cost defray,
And give their guineas too to-day
For seats to see the pageantry.

——:o:——

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

(S. T. Coleridge.)

[The author of "The Ancient Mariner," should be delineated after the poet's definition of him, as a "noticeable man with small grey eyes." A crowd of listeners should be around him, catching up with eagerness and ecstasy every syllable as it falls from his lips; and in a corner of the room there might be one or two persons reading his works, apparently puzzled at times to make out his meaning. On the walls should be representations of a giant devoting his life to catching flies; of a philosopher straying on the sea-shore to pick up shells, while the sails of the vessel that was to waft him to his home are scarcely to be descried in the distance.]

THE sun it shone on spire and wall,
And loud rang every bell;
Wild music, like a waterfall,
Upon my spirit fell;
But the old grey Abbey was brighter than all,
Each spire was like a spell.

I breathed within that Abbey's bound,
It was a hallowed spot;
The walls they seemed alive with sound,
And hues the sky hath not.
Good lord, my brain was spinning round,
And methought, I knew not what.

Eleven o'clock, eleven o'clock!
My spirit feels a passing shock;
Eleven o'clock—you heard the chime;
Oh! many shall see the King this time.
My very heart it seems to sing,
And it leapeth up to see the King.

What flattering music meets his ear,
What loving voices greet!
He sitteth now in presence here,
With a nation at his feet.
And (joy for him!) he's not alone;
Yon lady, look—*she* shares his throne.

The bishops, a right reverend race,
Bring first, then take away,
Rare things of gold that through the place
Dispense a brighter day
They robe him next with a robe of grace,
The supertunica.

And many a ring, and staff, and sword,
He takes from many a mumbling lord,
Enwrapt in richest silk and fur;
On head and hand the oil is poured,
And now they touch his foot with a spur,
And crown that Ancyente Marynere!
Soon about the Queen they'll stir,
Crowning William, crowning her.

To kiss the cheek, with aspects meek
Now on their knees the bishops fall;
Oh! every peer must kiss the cheek,
But great Lord Brougham the last of all.
Oh! yes, Lord Harry he came the last,
But the roof it rang as on he passed;
The people laugh, and the peers they stare
For they never had thought to have seen him there.
I guess 'twas curious there to see
A baron so oddly clad as he,
Ludicrous exceedingly.

——:o:——

Sonnets on the Coronation.

By a Lyrist from the Lakes.

(William Wordsworth.)

[Our Lyrist of the Lakes must be figured as an "old man eloquent" in all that can interest and elevate our nature, He should be somewhat tall, and somewhat drooping, with a head that scarcely seems to know that there is a halo round it, an expression of quiet dignity and simplicity of character, an unaffected familiarity of demeanour, and a suit of *brown*, properly fitted for one whose studies are sometimes of the same complexion. The white doe, the "solitary doe" of Rylstone, might be playing in the back-ground, and it would not be amiss to have a glimpse of the other solitary and immortal quadruped, that Peter Bell encountered in the forest.]

National Happiness.

Oh! ardent gazers! happy, happy herd
Of creatures, who your parlours, back or front,
Have left in litters; and in scorn of Hunt
And all who once your darker feelings stirred,
Have risen this morning with the earliest bird—
Breakfastless haply, or with some such thing
As a dry biscuit satisfied; your King
May justly prize the crown this day conferred
Upon him, and for you his power employ,
Was ever love like this! That maiden pale
Was there at seven this morn; of cap and veil
Despoiled, yon matron laughs. Behold that boy
Loyally standing on a spiked rail.
Oh! what can damp a nation's natural joy.

Effects of Rain at a Coronation.

What, what but Rain! When brightest shines the sun,
Now as the pageant gorgeous back returns,
Down, down it comes! Each honied aspect learns
The sour vexation; all delight is done.
The King is now forgotten. Many run
For shelter, where strange phrases (strange to me)
Of "perkins," "meux," and "barclay," seem to be
Signs of glad welcome and of social fun.
Meanwhile each cloud some cherished comfort mars;
Those, envied, on the roofs, slide down again
Now envying those below, Rheumatic men,
With ague in perspective, curse their stars.
Wives, with their dresses dabbled, mourn the sum
Thus washed away, and wish they had not come.

The Subject Continued.

The very soldiers fly: with dripping plumes
Depending, the whole staff, at furious pace,
Retreats, most tender of its limbs and lace.
On tiptoe creep the carriage-seeking grooms
Of many who, among the Abbey-tombs
Had prayed for a "long reign!" but not for showers
Like this that seems disposed to last for hours!
Oh! happy they who, shut within their rooms,
Were disappointed of their seats to-day!
'Tis wisely ordered that——

* * * * *

I have forgot what I was going to say.

——:o:——

The Little Absentee.

(Miss L. E. Landon.)

[The only illustration to this contribution should be three elegantly-ornamented letters "L.E.L." Through the clouds in the background might be dimly discerned a face, whose expression seems to hover between Romance and Reality—that indicates a spirit bound by every natural tie to the altar of song, yet stealing a sidelong look at the shrine of prose, as if inclined to offer up half its worship there.]

I see the bright procession wind
"Like a golden snake" along;
And I gaze around the Abbey, lined
With a proud and jewelled throng.

I see fair Lady Harrington;
And rich St Albans, clad
In gems that drive, though ill put on,
The peeresses half mad.

The little princes too are there,
Those pure and pretty peers;
But oh! the scene, to others fair,
To me is dimmed with tears.

One speck upon this earthly sun,
That soon, alas! must fade,
One little spot, and only one,
Throws on my heart a shade.

Of all the myriads met to-day,
Oh! tell me which is she
The gentle child I saw at play
By Kensington's green tree.

My eye it rests on every spot,
Ladye and cavalier;
But that fair child, I see her not
Of all the thousands here.

She is not here—the reason why*
Is neither there nor here;
At home she heaves the infant sigh,
And dries the childish tear.

The humblest maid will murmur when
Refused its cup of bliss;
How must a princess suffer then,
To lose a sight like this!

Thus, mid the rich magnificence,
A vision sad and wild
Presents unto my inmost sense
An image of that child.

——:o:——

A REFLECTION.

(Rev. George Crabbe.)

[The author of this "Reflection," who would have given a "Tale of the *Hall*," but that it happened to be closed this Coronation, should be represented by a river side, moralizing on the state of some Crabs that have just been captured, and quite insensible to the increasing tide which is washing over him. He should be figured as a poet prone to consider things "too curiously"—as one who, if he had a centipede to describe, would dissect you every separate leg, and instruct you in its anatomy; who would enlist your sympathies for a beggar by painting the shape and colour of every patch upon his vest, and whose picture of a battle would be merely the Army-List turned into rhyme. A workhouse should be in the centre of the picture, with a prison on one side, and an hospital on the other.]

TURN from the court your eyes, and then explore
Those gloomier courts where dwell the pining poor.
Just think what hungry families might dine
On that laced jacket, framed of superfine.
How large a nation may a little net
Confine—what traps are in those trappings set!
Will the King give, what he has gained, a crown,
To Jones, Clark, Thompson, Jackson, Smith, or Brown?
All penceless pockets theirs—the man with cakes
For them stands still, or eats the tarts he makes.
Yet see yon lady; fifty pearls at least
Circle her arms, and might an army feast.
That zone for which a princess might have pined,
Her waist confining, seems to waste consigned.
On those red coats, ten buttons meet the view;
Ten plated buttons; ten divide by two,
It leaves you five, and five we know would do.
These five, if sold, would buy yon lad a hat,
Provide a dinner, and a tea to that.

——:o:——

A MELODY. (MOORISH.)

(Thomas Moore.)

"The Moor, I know his trumpet!"—OTHELLO.

[A very *small* space will suffice for the present illustration. The poet must be figured at his desk inditing an epistle, commencing with "My dear Lord." Volumes of poetry that exhibit signs of having been read over and over again are thrown in profusion about him, mingled with which are some biographies that seem to have been cast aside with many of the leaves uncut. Invitations to dinner are piled before him, with some resolutions proposing him as President of the Silver Fork Club.]

THERE'S a beauty as bright as the sunshine of youth,
Or the halo that beams round the temples of truth;
An odour like that from the spring-lily thrown
When a breathing from Araby blends with its own.
But the lustre is not on that Peeress's hair,
Though gems and a circlet of gold glisten there;
And the odour is not by that Exquisite cast,
Though his robe left a scent on the air as he pass'd.

This odour, 'tis not from the Abbey at all,
But breathes round the banquet in Westminster Hall;
This light, that outsparkles the courtliest class,
Is the dazzling of dishes, the glitter of glass.
Let, let but that lustre encircle me still!
'Tis the true light of love, we may say what we will.
Oh! give me a breath of that odour sublime,
It is worth all the flowers perfuming my rhyme.

* * * * *

No banquet, dear Lansdowne? no banquet to-day!
You cannot mean *that!*—I'll appeal then to Grey.
My lord, you have blotted the beauty, while new,
Of the rainbow that rises round Althorp and you.
Your music should mix with the drawing of corks,
Your glory should gleam in the flashing of forks.
Economy charms me—but first I must dine;
You may tamper with all constitutions—but mine.

Let Lord What's-his-title exult in his curls,
Let Lady The-other still dote on her pearls;
What is all this to me, who my loss must deplore
'Till the Dinnerless Administration be o'er!
No dinner!—not even a sandwich——

[The poet was here overcome by his feelings. He was carried off in a carriage decorated with a coronet, and was shortly afterwards set down at a very satisfactory side-table.]

——:o:——

A GLANCE FROM A HOOD.

(Thomas Hood.)

[Represent a grave and rather anti-pun-like looking person, turning over the leaves of a pronouncing dictionary, and endeavouring to extract a pun from some obstinate and intractable word, that everybody else had discovered and abandoned years ago. Now and then he finds something that repays him, not because it is good but because it is new. If unsuccessful, he puts the first word he comes to in *italics*, and leaves the reader to fasten any joke upon it he pleases.]

HE comes, he comes! the news afar
Is spread by gun and steeple;
He seems (what many princes are)
The *Father* of his People.

That echoing cheer—it rises higher
And seems to reach the stars;
No Life-Guard escort he requires
Who meets with such *Huzzas!*

* Much comment was made upon the fact that the Duchess o Kent and her daughter, the Princess Victoria (heiress to the throne), were not present at the coronation of William IV.

A poet-King; nay, do not scoff!
The Monarch hath his *Mews*;
Like those whose pensions he cuts off,
He's followed by the *Blues*.

Yet some our King and Queen must hate,
For see, besides a star,
Their houses they illuminate
With "W. A. R."

He's near the Abbey; on the air
The guns their echoes threw;
And now the bishops make him swear
To mind *their* canons too.

That organ seems on *ours* to play
As if our love to nourish;
Be ruined by reform who may,
Those trumpeters must *flourish*.

A crown is brought, they make him King;
A King! why they mistake;
Two crowns, each child must know the thing,
But *half* a sovereign make.

Well, he is ours; along the way
He hears his people's vow;
And as he goes, he seems to say,
"Your *Bill* is passing now!"

——:o:——

THE LAUREATE'S LAY.

(Robert Southey, Poet Laureate.)

[The Laureate's Lay will of course exist only in a blank page. His lyre hath no chord left. He hath taken out a patent in the Court of Apollo, for treating birthdays and coronations with contempt. He basks in the sunshine of idleness—the poetical privilege of doing nothing, except calling at the treasury once a-year. As he could not be conveniently omitted among the contributors to this collection, some emblematic device may be introduced—a chamelion, or a rainbow: or you may paint him, if you will, glancing back upon the light of his earlier years, and paraphrasing the story of "Little Wilhelmine" and the "famous victory:"—

"They say it was a splendid sight,
Such sums were lavished then,
Although the nation at the time
Was full of famished men;
But things like *that*, you know, must be
At every famous pageantry.

"Much praise our gentle Monarch won,
And so did Grey and Brougham;"
"*But what good came of it at last*,"
Quoth simple Mr. Hume.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous pageantry."

MR. BARNUM'S EXPERIENCE OF TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.

THE way was short, the wind was cold,
The voyage on Mr. B. had told;
His yielding knees, his tottering gait,
Showed what had lately been his fate;
His sunken eyes, his face so pale,
Bespoke the scarcely-finished gale.
His bag, in which he took such joy,
Was carried by a dockside boy;
And undistributed remained
The store of handbills it contained.
He had not far to go to gain
The platform where the London train
Stood waiting, and with wistful eye
He saw his welcome bourne so nigh;
And soon sank down, with yearning face,
Into the nearest vacant place.

It was a dark and fusty den,
In which were huddled several men,
Who gave, as Barnum came, a groan,
Which died away into a moan,
As, with their chins close to their knees,
They watched their new companion squeeze
Into his seat, and try in vain
Room for his legs, or arms to gain.
When he had struggled moments twain,
His wrath, which he could not restrain,
Impelled him suddenly to rise;
But no, he found, to his surprise,
'Twas useless, he was now, alas!
Part of a packed and groaning mass.
And as he, too, felt weak and ill,
He gave one groan and sat him still;
Till, moved by his increasing ire,
He cried, "Allow me to enquire
If we poor victims truly are
Now seated in a first-class car?"
"We are!" they moaned, then Barnum said,
"I'm sure I'd much prefer instead
Inside a cattle-truck to ride!"
"You're right!" his fellow martyrs cried.
"Then why," exclaimed P. Barnum "then,
If you are true, brave Englishmen,
Do you submit without a battle
To thus be served far worse than cattle?"
Then, strengthened by his indignation,
He uttered this denunciation:—

"BREATHES there a man that England's bred,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is a scandal to my land?
Whose wrath has not within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From travelling on a foreign strand,
When he's been put to ache and freeze
In such disgraceful trucks as these?

If such there be, one soon can tell
That 'tis the shares he holds impel
Him to condone the line's disgrace;
Or 'cause connection he can trace
With some large holder of its scrip,
Or one on its directorship.
That any other man of sense
Should find conceivable pretence
So great an outrage to defend
Does probability transcend."

Truth, Christmas Number, 1883.

The Christmas Number of *Truth*, 1877, contained a parody on *Lochinvar*, concerning the appointment of Mr. Digby Piggott, as controller of the stationery office, by Lord Beaconsfield. This was characterised, at the time, as a gross piece of jobbery, but the subject has lost all interest now, and the parody was not a particularly good one.

Charles Kingsley.

Born June 12, 1819. *Died January* 23, 1875.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Charles Kingsley, rector of Eversley, was born June 12, 1819, at Holne Vicarage, Dartmoor, Devonshire, and died January 23, 1875. His poems, though comparatively few in number, are marked by much power, pathos, and originality. The two which have most frequently suffered parody are *The Three Fishers*, and the *Ode to the North-East Wind*.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town.

For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

THREE merchants went riding out into the west,
On the top of the bus, as the sun went down;
Each talked of his wife, and how richly she drest,
And the growing circumference of her new gown;
For wives must dress, and husbands must pay,
And there's plenty to get, and little to say,
While the Milliner's Bill is running.

Three wives sat up in JANE CLARKE'S for hours.
And they told her to put every article down,
They ordered the silks, and they ordered the flowers
And the bill it kept rolling up, gown upon gown;
For wives must dress, and husbands *will* pay,
Though perhaps they will be in a terrible way
When they're dunned for the Bill that is running.

Three Bankrupts were figuring in the Gazette
On a Tuesday night when the sun went down,
And the women were weeping and quite in a pet,
For the dresses they never will show to the town;
For wives *will* dress, though husbands *can't* pay,
And Bankruptcy's surely the pleasantest way
To get rid of the bill and the dunning.

This parody, with three appropriate illustrations, appeared in *Punch*, November 27, 1858.

THE FOUR FISHERS,

(Who caught nothing)

FOUR Merchants who thought themselves wisest and best
Of all the folks in Liverpool town,
To the EMPEROR LOOEY a letter addressed,
Intended to do him uncommonly brown:
"We'll sound his plans so dark and so deep,
From Liverpool brokers no secret he'll keep,"
Said they, in their Lancashire toning.

Four Boobies went sniggering round all day
Among the folks in Liverpool town,
And thinking that none were so clever as they,
And how they should come to a great renown:
"We'll strike LORD PALMERSTON all of a heap,
And show we can catch a French weasel asleep,"
Said they, their impertinence owning.

Four asses they hung down their lollopping ears,
When the post came in to Liverpool town,
And brought them a letter whereof it appears
Those donkeys could'nt translate a noun.
For LOOEY knows well how his secrets to keep,
And the Liverpool brokers unluckily reap
A harvest of jeering and groaning.

Punch, December 17, 1859.

(During the ridiculous panic about a supposed imminent French invasion in 1859, four Liverpool gentlemen wrote a letter to Napoleon III. asking him to publicly declare what his intentions were towards England.)

THE LASHER AT IFFLEY.

EIGHT coveys went out in their college boat,
And they feathered their oars as the water they cut,
Each thought of the races, and what they would do,
And Harvey stood watching them out of the gut.

For men must row and coxswains must steer,
And carefully too, as the races draw near,
While the lasher at Iffley is moaning.

These eight coveys went into training one day,
And they trimmed their boat, though at first it felt queer
Their pipes and their baccy were soon put away,
And they stuck to their steaks, and their chops, and their beer;

For men must train and coxswains must steer,
And if they don't train they'll get bumped I fear,
While the lasher at Iffley is moaning.

The races came on, and the guns went off,
The crew now are spurting—the boat does jump,
Their friends too are shouting, and waving their hats
For those who will never submit to a bump.

For men must spurt, and never say die,
And when their strength fails, on their pluck must rely,
While the lasher at Iffley is moaning.

The races are past, and the bumps are made,
The crew have been cheered, and the supper is won,
The pipes and the baccy are quickly renewed,
"The Eight" is deserted—the puntings begun.

For men must rest, and races must cease,
But Isis' fair stream can ne'er be at peace
While the lasher at Iffley keeps moaning.

H. F. B.

College Rhymes, 1861. W. Mansell, Oxford.

How Three Fishers went Salering,

Three mothers sat talking who lived at the west,
The west end—as that eldest son went down,
Each thought him the husband that she liked the best,
For the girl who had watched him all over the town,
For men must pay or women weep
And their dress is expensive, and many to keep,
And their mothers are always wo-o-ning.

Three gentlemen lounged at the club-house door,
And they thought of those girls as the funds went down;
They thought of their bankers and thought them a bore,
And of bills that came rolling in "ragged and brown."
But men must pay or women will weep—
Though debts be pressing—still mothers are deep,
And keep up a constant wo-o-ning.

Three gentlemen lay in three separate cells—
The last season's "necessities" pulled them down—
And the women are weeping and ringing their bells,
For those who will never more show upon town,
For men must pay or women will weep,
And the sooner you do it the sooner you'll sleep
And good-bye to the ma, and her wo-o-nings,

Punch, August 24, 1861.

The Three Freshmen.

Three freshmen went loafing out into the High,
Out into the High, as the sun went down;
Each thought on his waistcoat and gorgeous tie;
And the nursemaids stood watching them all the way down.
For men won't work, and their mothers must weep,
For nothing they earn, and their ticks run deep,
Though the College Dons be moaning.

Three townsmen met them near Magdalen Tower;
And the freshmen came up, and the sun went down;
And a battle ensued for the space of an hour,
And a bull-dog came running up, breathless and blown.
For when Townsmen meet gownsmen there's always a riot,
And bull-dogs come sudden, some mischief to spy out,
While the College Dons are moaning.

The Proctors came up in their shining bands,
And they asked them their names, and they sent them down.
And their mothers are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men go to grief, and their mothers must pay,
And the sooner its over the better for they;
So good-bye to the Dons and their moaning.

Duns Scotus.

College Rhymes, 1865. T. and G. Shrimpton, Oxford.

The Three Fellahs.

Three fellahs went out to a house in the west,
To a ball in the west as the sun went down;
Each thought how the women would like his new vest,
And the street-boys stood chaffing them walking thro' town.
For men must flirt, and women will weep
If they can't get a husband whose pocket is deep,
Though they don't tell Pa what's owing.

Three girls sat dressed to the best of their power,
And they trimmed their hair as the sun went down;
They thought of the ball, and they looked at the hour,
And the carriage came rolling up—coachman in brown—
For men must flirt, and women will weep
If they can't get a husband whose pocket is deep,
Though they don't tell Pa what's owing,

Three swells are tied firmly in wedlock's bands,
In the morning gleam as the 'bus went down;
And the women are laughing and shaking the hands
Of those who without them will ne'er leave the town.
But men should mind, and women are deep,
And the richer the husband the harder to weep,
And good-bye to the swells and their groaning.

Judy, September 4, 1867.

Three Husbands.

Three husbands went forth from their homes in the West—
From their homes in the West to the City went down,
Each thought on the woman whom he loved best,
And said "shall I bring her to-night a gown?"
For men must work and women must dress,
Though it sometimes comes hard on the husband, I guess,
And gives rise to much grief and moaning

Three wives sat up in a lady's bower,
And each trimmed the dress that was brought from town,
Fixing here a ribbon, and there a flower;
And said one "'Twill look well trimmed with Bismarck brown,"
For men must work that women may dress,
And if it comes hard on the husbands I guess
It is not the least use their moaning.

Three husbands stood at the bankruptcy bar—
At the bankruptcy bar and their heads hung down,
For creditors pressing for dividends are
And three white-washed men will go forth to the town.
For if men must work that women may dress,
The former sometimes find themselves in a mess,
Which gives rise to tears and much moaning.

From *Banter*, edited by George Augustus Sala, November 4, 1867.

THREE CHILDREN WERE PLAYING.

THREE children were playing, one day on the lawn,
One day on the lawn, ere the sun was high,
Their day had no shadow, their rose had no thorn,
Not one little cloud was abroad in the sky.
Their fathers were working when they were at play,
Though pleasant the season and early the day;
For the old world goes on rolling.

Three husbands once met in the street of a town,
In the street of a town as the crowd pass'd by;
And one had a heartache, and one was cast down,
And the other look'd gloomy, and said with a sigh,
"Yet we must toil that the children may play,
Though a night of disquiet oft follows the day;
And the old world goes on rolling."

Three old men stood by the side of a tomb,
By the side of a tomb when the night drew nigh;
And they look'd to the westward, all shrouded in gloom,
But no beam of sunset was seen in the sky:
"Oh, let us to sleep; and the children will play
To-morrow at day break, when we are away:
For the old world goes on rolling."

From *The Mocking Bird*, and other Poems, by Frederick Field. J. Van Voorst, London, 1868.

THREE STUDENTS.

THREE Students sat writing with lips compressed
In a well-known house with their heads bent down;
Each thought of the "tip" that might serve him best,
And the Proctor came rustling up, all hood and gown.
For men must work, and little they'll sleep,
If Dons be cruel, and papers be deep,
And the Church and Bar be waiting.

Three Dons sat sipping at something hot
By a flickering lamp when the sun went down;
They looked at each blunder, and crib phrase, and "shot,"
And they marked down a D with a sigh and a frown.
For men must work—but little you'll sleep
If a man with a cornet should under you keep,
And the Church and Bar be waiting.

Three travellers puffed out a fragrant cloud,
One Saturday morn when the sun went down;
Though they travelled first-class, you could see they were ploughed,
And, oh! they were Robinson, Jones and Brown!
For men won't work, and little they'll sleep
If the wine be good, and tobacco be cheap,
Though the Church and Bar be waiting.

The Cantab, E. Johnson, Cambridge, 1873.

THE THREE DINERS.

(*A Lay of Temple Bar in its present state, September*, 1874.)

THREE *gourmands* invited were into the West,
Out of Cornhill by Lord Fitz-Brown;
They found they'd be late, and they thought it best
From Cheapside to cab it right into Town.
"For men will growl and women will weep,
If waiting for dinner my Lord we keep!"
Near Temple Bar they're moaning.

They were blocked up in Fleet Street for nigh an hour,
And the lamps were lit as the sun went down;
They swore they'd walk, but there came a show'r:
'Twas long past the hour for Lord Fitz-Brown.
For cabs must walk and 'busses must creep,
Which causes a block from Fleet to Chepe,
While the Temple Bar is moaning.

Three "empties" drew up at Fitz-Brown's house grand,
As the Devonshire cream and the tart went down;
And the ladies are smiling behind the hand
As the "empties" explain to Lord Fitz Brown.
While cabs must crawl and 'busses must creep,
All long to say, from Fleet to Chepe,
"O, good-bye to the Bar and its moaning!"

Punch, September 26, 1874.

THE THREE SKATERS.

THREE ladies went skating at Prince's one day,
And happy indeed were one and all;
For their hearts were light, and their dresses were gay,
But 'ere night they each had a terrible fall;
For women will skate, whate'er be their fate,
And its perfectly useless objections to state,
So heigh ho! for the rink and the skating.

Three husbands sat waiting for dinner that night,
And weary and hungry they were each one,
And the cook and the butler were both in a fright,
For they knew the fish would be overdone:
But men must wait, while women do skate,
And its just as well to put up with your fate,
So heigh ho! for the rink and the skating.

Three sufferers that night were brought home in alarm,
Bemoaning their fate with many a sigh;
One had broken her leg, another her arm,
And the third alas! had fractured her thigh:
For woman will skate, whate'er be their fate,
Though to mend we know it's never too late,
So good-bye to the rink and the skating.

From *Idyls of the Rink*. Judd and Co, London, 1876.

SONG ON CYPRUS, BY MR. GLADSTONE.

THREE regiments went sailing away to the East—
Away to the East, to our Island new;
And the nearer they came their spirits increased,
For they were Englishmen brave and true:
For whilst we've an army our troops must fight;
And islands bought must be held by might,
In spite of the press's groaning.

Three Regiments landed on Cyprus shores—
On Cyprus shores, there by Larnaca town ;
And having no huts slept out of doors,
And a quarter next week were with fever down :
For officials will blunder, and men must die,
And it's little use to be asking why ;
For nought comes of the press and its groaning.

Three Regiments went sailing away to the West—
Away to the west, whence they first had come ;
And none had escaped from the island's pest,
But all were feeble, and limp and glum.
And soldiers must suffer and die, no doubt,
But why did they send those Regiments out ?
Did they know at the time what they were about ?
It's for this that the press is groaning.

Truth. Christmas Number, 1878.

THE THREE PRACTICAL MEN.

THREE practical men went strolling West,
Out into the West as the Bar came down ;
Each said to the workmen, "May you be blest,
For moving this obstacle out of the town !
For cabs still crawl, and 'busses still creep—
While stultified aldermen vainly weep,
Their ancient Bar bemoaning."

Three barmaids stood in their gas-lit bower,
And filled each glass as the Bar came down ;
And the practical gentlemen looked at the shower,
And the mud that was rolling up slimy and brown.
For men will drink, and women must keep
Replenishing beakers, while potions deep
Are quaffed to the Bar and its "boning."

Three "lushingtons" lie in the roaring Strand,
'Neath the Law Courts' shade as the Bar comes down,
And the barmaids are peeping—a giggling band—
For they know the police may be squared with a crown.
Ah ! liquors are potent, and draughts are deep,
And the more you imbibe, why, the sooner you sleep,
An' goo'-bye to th' Bar an's moaning !

Funny Folks, January 26, 1878,

THE THREE PROFITS.

["There must be three profits obtained from land."—*Lord Beaconsfield.*]

"THREE profits" had got to come out of the land—
Out of the land where the cash went down—
The farmer some capital still had in hand,
Which stood in his name at the bank in the town.
For rents fall due, and tenants must pay,
And there's little quarter on Quarter-day
From the lord the land who's owning.

Three landlords sat in an ancient hall,
And mourned the way that their rents went down !
"Three profits !" they cried. "It is *ours* that fall !
Where once we'd a sovereign, *now* we've a crown !
We have to live—and our farms won't let !
And we can't exist upon what we get—
So what use is the land we're owning !"

Three farmers consulted about their lands—
Each face was sad with a thoughtful frown.
The profits were *all* paid to farming "hands"—
The profits were all in the land sunk down !
"Three profits !" they cried, "there's not a doubt
Our landlords and we must go without,
And 'Good-bye' to our old farms owning !"

Funny Folks, October 18, 1879.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

By an Old Boy.

THREE lambkins went larking there out in the west,—
Out in the west at the dawn of day ;
At pulling of knockers they all did their best,
And the bobbies looked on in a bobbylike way.
For boys will be boys, and bobbies will bob,
And when you get cotched you get one on the nob,
If you're out on the spree of a morning.

Three lambkins got lagged and were shut up in quod,
Twenty-six knockers the bobbies they found.
Mr. WOOLRYCH, he said that such conduct was odd,
And he mulct each poor lambkin of twenty-one pound ;
For beaks will be beaks, though boys may be boys.
You must grin and must bear, not kick up a noise
At the court when you show in the morning.

A marquess, a colonel, a captain, and I
Forty years gone went out on the spree ;
To every trick on the cards we were fly,
And now of the four alive there's but me.
For night will come and man must die,
And we come to look back half ashamed by and by
On what we thought fun in the morning.

Judy, March 19, 1879.

THE THREE LAND AGITATORS IN IRELAND.

The following were selected, from over one hundred parodies sent in to *The World*, as worthy of the first and second prizes :—

FIRST PRIZE.

THREE rascals went ranting round in the West,
Disturbing old Ireland, country and town ;
"Bedad, it's the landlords is bastes at the best !
And if ever they drive ye for rent, shoot 'em down !"
For rogues must rant, and good men must weep,
With starvation to earn, and prison to keep,
And a cry for Freedom sounding.

Three captives sat in the prison drear,
And they longed for their pipes as the sun went down ;
And they sniffed their stale loaves, and they begged for some beer,
And they swore at their mattrasses rugged and brown.
For rogues who rant in prison must weep,
And planks are knotty, and treadmills are steep,
Though Freedom's echoes be sounding.

Three cropped heads fresh from the barber's shears,
Three bowls of thin gruel as salt as the sea,
Three curses on Parnell, three strong men in tears,
"Me boys, ye are marthers to Fradom !" says he.
For fools must smart, and victims must weep,
And the harder the mattrass the later to sleep,
So good-bye to the three in their "pounding."

GOBO.

SECOND PRIZE.

THREE land agitators went down to the West,
Went down to the West, where the storm-clouds rise;
Each thought of fair Erin, the land of unrest,
And of fair Erin's children, so poor, so unwise.
For times are hard, and harvests are bad,
And there's little to comfort and little to glad,
And Famine's throes impending.

Three men spoke up to the Gurteen throng,
And they trimmed their words by Home-Rule light;
They railed at the landlords, they raved about wrong,
And curses came rolling up black as the night,
For times are hard, and harvests are bad,
And troubles are many, and hearts grow sad,
With treason's woes impending.

Three captives lay prisoned in Sligo jail,
Away in the West where the sun goes down;
And men mutter fiercely, and women bewail,
And Erin—poor Erin!—must reap the crop sown,
For times are hard and harvests are bad,
And famine and treason make misery mad,
Despair and death the ending. OBSERVER.

The World, December 10, 1879.

THE THREE AGITATORS.

THREE Paddies went spouting away at Gurteen,
Away at Gurteen in old Erin's Isle,
Each stormed at the Saxons, their laws and their Queen,
And the "boys" their shillaleghs stood twirling the while;
For tenants must shoot, and landlords must die,
Cold lead is cheap, and the rents are high,
So, hurray for the agitation!

Three Bobbies came up, and they tapp'd those Pats
On the shoulders, just in a friendly way,
And they look'd rather sold, as they put on their hats,
For the game was up, and it would'nt pay!
But tenants must shoot, and landlords must die,
Though a dirty Government plays the spy
On the Irish agitation!

Three martyrs lay lock'd in the Sligo gaol,
In the Sligo gaol as the sun went down,
And the loafers set up a discordant wail
For those whose orations were lost to the town!
For tenants must shoot, and landlords must die,
And the sooner they're potted, the sooner we'll cry
Farewell to the agitation!

From *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. DOVETON. (Wyman and Sons, London, 1880.)

THE JELLY FISHES.

THREE fishes were floating about in the sea;
Three fishes which were of the Jelly-fish kind,
And being perceived by a certain grandee,
They called up at once, as he said, to his mind,
How much they resembled in form and degree,
Three colleagues he recently had left behind.
And men now will laugh and women must smile
At this very apt joke of the Duke of Argyll.

These fishes, he said, iridescent but limp
Seem'd all at first sight to be able to sail,
But examined had not e'en so much as the shrimp
The power of propelling themselves by the tail;
They neither had skeletons, nerve, nor backbone,
Were nothing but jelly, no will of their own,
So women must scoff at, and men will deride
These structureless creatures adrift in the tide.

This witty grandee has been wont to come out,
To come out of his house when the sun has gone down,
To meet with his compeers, tall, lean, short and stout,
And bishops arrayed in black gaiters and gown,
But no one could predicate till he'd begin,
With head well thrown back and with prominent chin,
Whether friends had to cheer or opponents to moan,
Over what would among them most surely be thrown.
But all must rejoice, and none can deplore,
Our having among us the Mac Allum More.

Morning Post, August 4, 1881.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE Tories * went bravely down into the North,
Away to the North which the "Rads" love best;
Each thought of the man that had driven him forth,
From the snug little berth that he once possessed:
For Placemen must live, though the country may starve,
And sometimes a blister, and sometimes a salve,
Will set party waves a-rolling.

Three Orators spoke for many an hour,
And told 'em the blunders that Gladstone had made,
Which they only could right if returned into power:
And they gave 'em some pious "opinions" on trade.
For Placemen must live, and—though hardly the thing,
Yet even to Newcastle coals you must bring,
To set Tory tides a-rolling.

Three "Failures" came back, as we've all of us read,
Sad, if not wiser, to London town;
For e'en Tory organs were shaking a head,
And hinted they'd better have not gone down.
But Placemen must live—every dog has a day.
And even "Fair Trade" may, for once in a way,
Keep party waves a-rolling.

From *Grins and Groans*. 1882.

THE ACADEMY, 1882.

THE MEW-STONE. J. W. OAKES, A.R.A.

THERE were three pussy-cats sought the tiles,
They sought the tiles as the sun went down,
Their faces were wreathed with complacent smiles,
For they were about to "do it brown."
And men may growl and women may weep,
But nobody gets him a wink of sleep
For pussy-cats' caterwauling.

There were three parties who yearned for sleep,
Who yearned for sleep as the sun went down,
They used expressions "not loud but deep,"
At pussies' commencing to "do it brown."
For men may growl and women may weep,
But who, may I ask, can manage to sleep,
With pussy-cats caterwauling.

[* The Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. James Lowther.]

There were three parties who rose in rage,
Who rose in nocturnal cap and gown,
And one of the pussies was, I'll engage,
A little surprised when they knocked her down.
A second succumbed to a pistol shot,
The other fell down a chimney-pot—
"Good bye to the cats a-wauling!"

From *Fun Academy Skits*, 1882.

THREE LONDON FISHMONGERS.

THREE fishmongers looked for a sale down west,
In the heart of the west, when the world's in town,
Each thought of the neighbourhood paying him best
Where the prices go up but never come down;
For fools will pay when they can't buy cheap,
So back to the sea every day goes a heap,
While the public look on groaning.

Three Stores were set up some miles from the Tower,
And the fish got west all over the town,
And the middlemen cried, "We're in for a shower,
If this goes on! Why the price will come down!
For men will dine, and—if they can—cheap,
And the public seems waking at last from its sleep—
It's so precious tired of groaning!"

Three bankrupts are showing their empty hands,
And all that they get for their pains is a frown,
And a "Serve you right—why, 'twas your demands
That for years have plundered and starved the town!"
But fools grow wise, and fish can get cheap,
Three halfpence a pound anywhere in the heap,
And the public has done with its groaning! 1883

THE POTTERIES.

THREE potters set out all dressed in their best,
All dressed in their best as the sun went down,
Each sought out the butcher who'd serve him the best,
It was Saturday night, and a crowd in the town—
For women must cook and men must eat,
And the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,
Tho' 'tis better by far with *no* bone in.

Three wives sat wearily "watching for pa,"
Till the sweet chimes jingled the midnight hour,
And they waited and watched with the doors ajar,
Oh, where were the joints, the spuds, and the flour!
For women can't cook if the cupboard is bare.
And a dinnerless Sunday will make a saint swear,
With the poor little children moaning.

Three potters came home all dressed in their best,
All dressed in their best, but draggled and torn,
Nothing they brought—you may guess the rest,
And the wigging they got from their wives forlorn,
For men should be sober at each week end,
And give their wives their wages to spend,
Then there'd be no headaches and groaning.

(Stoke-upon-Trent, 1884)

THE THREE CHAMPIONS.

THREE Champions went stumping up into the North,
Up into the North with identical creeds;
Lord S. took the Clyde, and Sir STAFFORD the Forth,
While Lord RANDOLPH he posed as a Leader at Leeds.
For if Radicals rant, then Tories *will* fret,
And there's little to learn, and much to forget,
When our rival Chiefs are spouting.

Three Editors sat in their newspaper towers,
While the "flimsies" came pouring in fast as could be;
And they kindly cut short the rhetorical flowers,
And sighed when the language was "painful and free;"
For if Rads *will* threaten, then Tories must scold,
Though Europe be angry and ironclads old,
And patriots hate this spouting.

Three crowds of admirers they chortled and cheered,
For the Leaders went up, and their speeches "went down;"
And the Editors swear by Lord BEACONSFIELD's beard
That the country is with them as well as the Town.
But though Tories and Radicals scream themselves red,
The sooner it's over, the sooner to bed,
And good-bye to this pestilent spouting!

Punch, October 11, 1884.

THREE FOSSILS.

THREE Fossils sat perched in the Whitehall Zoo,
Out far in the West where the sun goes down;
Each thought of his crotchet—the last one he knew;
And their fads and their whims were the talk of the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
Or there'll be no money the Fossils to keep;
And the shipowning folks are groaning.

Three shipowners sat in their wild despair,
By East or by West they were all done brown!
For the Fossils had ruined the trade once so fair;
And the foreigners cut in to put the freights down.
But men must work and women must weep;
'Tis hard to do else when there's nothing to eat,
While the Fossils go on droning.

Three ships were laid up in the stream hard by;
And the crews were discharged ere the sun went down;
And nothing was left for a roof but the sky;
And the moon's not as warm as a quilt made of down.
But men must work and women must weep;
For none but a Fossil in comfort can sleep,
When the Shipping trade is groaning.

Three Fossils laid stretched on a Whitehall floor;
Right flat on the floor, on a carpet brown.
And their collars were dirty; and loud was their snore;
For they'd all been enjoying a night about town.
But men must work and women must weep,
And when the spree's ended the Fossils can sleep,
While the hard-working world is moaning.

Fairplay, November 7, 1884.

THREE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishermen went gaily out into the North—
Out into the North ere the sun was high,
And they chuckled with glee as they sallied forth,
Resolved to capture the trout—or die.
For men will fish and men will lie,
About the fish they "caught on the fly,"
Their Sunday-school lessons scorning,

Three fishers lay under the trees at noon,
And "blamed" the whole of the finny race,
For never a nibble touched fly or spoon,
And each sighed as he wet the hole in his face,
For men will fish and men will lie,
And the way they caught trout when nobody's nigh
Is something to tell—in the morning.

Three fishermen came into town at night,
And their "speckled beauties" were fair to see:
They talked of their "sports" with keen delight,
The envy of all the fraternity.
But men will fish and men will lie,
And what they can't catch they're sure to buy,
And never repeat in the morning.

U. N. NONE.

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, U.S.A.
June 27, 1885.

NEW WORDS AND OLD SONGS.

THREE acres seemed pleasant to Countryman Hodge;
With Countryman Hodge, too, the Cow went down;
The Acres and Cow were a capital dodge
For those who could never get in for the town.
The men may vote—the women may not—
But the Primrose League is the comfort they've got;
So the Knights and Dames go cadging!

Three Rads came out in the country to speak—
By the village-pumps where the Cow went down;
And they all kept talking on end for a week,
Till the rustics came polling up, horny and brown.
The men did vote—the women did not—
But though they did'nt, they canvassed a lot;
And the Knights and Dames went cadging!

Three Tories retired to their Primrose Lodge—
Left out in the cold when the Cow went down;
And the women sate cussing at Countryman Hodge,
For going and spoiling the votes of the town.
That men should vote—and women should not!
But if ever they do, 'twill for Members be hot,
So, good-bye to the Dames, and their cadging!

Punch, December 19, 1885.

THREE FARMERS WENT DRIVING.

THREE farmers went driving up into the town,
Up into the town when the sun was low;
Each thought what he'd do when the sun went down,
And the women came outward to see them go.
For farmers must carry their produce to town
To buy themselves clothes and the women a gown,
And the neighbours wives are groaning.

Three peelers stood out on their lonely beat
And swung their staves as the sun went down,
They looked at their helmets and looked at their feet,
And now and then squinted round through the town:
For "cops" must hunt for men who are full,
And finding them, 'tis their duty to "pull"
Though the prisoners may start howling.

Three farmers were locked in a cell that night,
Who, loaded with "lush" as the sun went down;
Their produce they sold and they soon got tight,
And started at once to take in the town.
For "cops" will "pull" whenever they see
Three farmers together out on a big spree,
Whose wives are at home a-growling.

Straps, January 1886.

THREE TOPERS.

THREE topers went strolling out into the East,
Out into the East as the sun went down—
Each thought of the liquor that's brewed with yeast,
And not of the wife with the tattered gown—
For men must drink, and women must weep,
For there's little to earn and nothing to keep,
When the pot-house bar is groaning.

Three wives sat up in a garret bare,
And they lit their dips as the sun sank low,
And they gazed at the squalor and misery there
Till the night-rake comes rolling up staggering slow.
For men must drink and women must weep,
And storms are sudden when men drink deep,
And the pot-house bar is groaning.

Three bodies lie out on the shining sands
Of the pot-house floor in the morning light,
And the women are weeping, and wringing their hands,
For there's murder done in a drunken fight.
For men must drink, and women must weep;
Oh! would that the Temperance pledge they'd keep,
Bid adieu to the bar and its groaning.

HYDE PARKER, 1886.

THE THREE POETS.

THREE poets went sailing down Boston streets,
All into the East as the sun went down,
Each felt that the editor loved him best
And would welcome spring poetry in Boston town.
For poets must write tho' the editors frown,
Their æsthetic natures will not be put down,
While the harbour bar is moaning!

Three editors climbed to the highest tower
That they could find in all Boston town,
And they planned to conceal themselves, hour after hour,
Till the sun or the poets had both gone down.
For Spring poets must write though the editors rage,
The artistic spirit must thus be engaged—
Though the editors all were groaning.

Three corpses lay out on the Back Bay sand,
Just after the first spring sun went down,
And the Press sat down to a banquet grand,
In honour of poets no more in the town.
For poets will write while editors sleep,
Though they've nothing to earn and no one to keep;
And the harbour bar keeps moaning.

LILIAN WHITING.

From an American collection entitled *The Wit of Women* by Kate Sanborn.

The Three Filchers.

Three filchers went cadging in character dressed,
To every move most remarkably down,
Each thought on the fakement that suited him best;
And the peelers stood watching them out on the town.
"Oh, we don't want no vork, 'cos ve goes on the cheap,
We prigs all ve can, though but little we keep,
And we are the boys for boning."

Three bob-hobbies sat by the station fire,
And to trim these scamps they a plan laid down;
They looked very sly, but may need to look slyer,
For these night-hawks were old 'uns at doing 'em brown.
"Oh, vhen ve vork honest folks are asleep,
And in their strong boxes ve takes a sly peep,
And we are the boys for boning."

Three convicts, connected with iron bands,
In the saddest plights of the "jug" went down,
And the peelers are grinning and rubbing their hands
At the coves who will never more cadge on the town.
"Now then ve must vork with our hands and our feet,
Sich a gitting up-stairs—oh, ain't it a treat,
Besides we are barred from boning."

From *The Free Lance*, Manchester.

Three Students.

Three students were walking, all dressed in their best,
On a Sunday in Term, without cap, without gown.
Each lit a cigar that came from the West,
And they thought they'd astonish the men of the town.
For men *will* slum, tho' their guv'nors weep,
Who have got to stump up to pay for their keep,
And the Tutor 'bout work may be groaning.

Three students sat up past the midnight chimes,
And they re-trimmed their lamps, as they oft ran down,
And they "mugged" at their Paley, and got up the rhymes,
And turned o'er their "Dictions," so ragged and brown.
For men must work and give up their sleep,
Their livings to earn and themselves to keep,
Though o'er Euclid they be moaning.

Three proctorised students the Proctor call'd up
On the Monday morning. He sent *them* down;
But not for the *others* did dons wring their hands,
Because they would nevermore wear cap and gown.
For if men won't work by night or by day,
The sooner they go down the less there's to pay,
When goodbye is said to the college.

From *The Lays of the Mocking Sprite*, by E.B.C. Cambridge, W. Metcalfe and Sons.

(There is no date to this curious little collection, nor does the Author's name appear.)

Meloncholic.

Three Melons went sailing out in the West—
Nutmeg, water, and musk,
Three little boys at evening dusk,
While nature brooded in damp suspense,
Climbed over a ten rail, eight foot fence
And stowed a Melon beneath each vest.

Three little colics appeared that night
And tackled the cherubs three—
Oh, the groan, the pain, the misery,
The cramp, the gripe, and the inward hurt,
The fate that doctors couldn't avert,
Three Undertakers at morning's light.

Let Melons go sailing everywhere
And women are born to weep,
And boys will forage while farmers sleep,
And colics will come where melons go,
And so will doctors and every woe
That points the way to the golden stair.

United States Paper.

House Cleaning.

Three Carpets hung waiving abroad in the breeze
Abroad in the breeze as the sun went down,
And three husbands with patches of dust on their knees
Whacked whacks that were heard for miles up and down,
For men must work and women must clean
And the carpet be beaten, no matter how mean,
While neighbours do the bossing.

Three housewives leaned out of their windows raised
Of their windows raised where the light streamed in
And they scrubbed and scrubbed till their heads grew dazed,
And their ears were filled with a horrible din;
For pots will fall and kettles go bang,
And boilers refuse in the attic to hang,
While husbands do the swearing.

Three husbands went out in the hay mows to hide
In the hay mows to hide where their wives ne'er looked.
Each said as he rolled himself o'er on his side,
"I guess I will snooze, for I know I am booked,
For men may swear, but women will dust,
And before I'll move that stove I'll be cussed—
I'll stay right here till morning!"

Three Judges sat up on their benches to judge
Three cases that came from a house-cleaning row;
The parties asserted they never would budge,
But wanted divorces "right here and right now."
So the men went off and the women went home,
And hereafter will do their house-cleaning alone,
While their former partners snicker.

United States Paper.

The Three Worthless Fellows.

Three worthless young fellows went out in the night,
Went out in the night when the sun went down,
They wandered along 'neath the moon's pale light,
And smoked their cigars as they walked down town.
For men will go and women will weep,
'Tis useless to grieve, 'tis wiser to sleep,
Tho' they don't come home till morning.

Three worthless young fellows looked up at the moon,
Looked up at the moon as they went their way,
Each thought of O'Shaunnessy's big saloon,
Where every night they could billiards play.
For men will play and women will weep,
'Tis useless to grieve, 'tis wiser to sleep,
Tho' they don't come home till morning.

Three worthless young fellows got safe to the door,
Got safe to the door as the clock struck nine,
Each well knew the place, they had been there before,
And drank of the brandy, and ale, and wine.
For men will drink and women will weep,
'Tis useless to cry, 'tis better to sleep,
Tho' they don't come home till morning.

Three worthless young fellows came out in the street,
Came out in the street as the clock struck three,
Two stalwart policemen they chanced to meet,
And were marched straight along to the armoury.
For men will sing and women will weep,
'Tis useless to grieve, 'tis wiser to sleep,
Tho' they don't come home till morning.

Three worthless young fellows came home in the morn,
Came home in the morn as the clock struck ten;
They "went out for wool," but alas, were shorn,
And they wished themselves anywhere else just then.
For men will sin, and women will weep,
'Tis waste of affection, forget it in sleep,
And dream till the dawn of the morning.

United States Paper.

A ROYAL FLUSH.

THREE Sports got into a railroad car,
A railroad car with a pack of cards;
They called "hear" "hyar," and "there" was "thar,"
And they always spoke to each other as "paur."
For sports there are both good and poor,
Professional and amateur,
Where railroad trains are running.

They wanted a fourth at a poker hand,
Three were they, and they were one short,
And they asked a stranger if he'd the sand
To try a little game for sport;
For strangers there are when men abound,
And you'll always find a stranger round
Where railroad trains are running.

The stranger didn't know the game,
But he was willing to live and learn;
To him the cards were all the same—
"They was to all at first he'd hearn,"
And the Sports laughed loud and dealt the pack
And gave him four queens and a thick-legged Jack,
As they will when trains are running.

And then they bet on the poker hand,
And fattened the pot to a goodly pile,
And they asked the stranger if he would stand,
And the stranger stood with a simple smile.
And one sport raised the other two,
And the stranger won, as strangers do
Where railroad trains are running.

And then in a solemn breathless hush
The three Sports showed what they had got;
But aces won't beat a royal flush,
And the stranger gobbled that obese pot,
For strangers and sports are natural foes,
And the former carry cauls in their clo'es
When railroad trains are running.

United States Paper.

THE "BAR" AND ITS MOANING.

(*Not a Parody.*)

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

THREE husbands went reeling home out of the West,
Home out of the West ere the moon went down,
Nor thought of the women who loved them the best,
Or the children expecting them home from the town;
Oh! women must work and women must weep,
When there's all to be earned, and many to keep,
And the tavern bar makes moaning.

Three wives sat up past the midnight hour,
And they trimmed their lamps till the moon went down,
They wept o'er their work, and looked out through the shower,
Till the night-rakes came reeling with menace and frown;
But women must work, and women must weep,
For storms are sudden when drink is deep,
And the tavern bar makes moaning.

Three husbands shake out life's sodden sands
In the morning gleam when the moon goes down,
And women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never go back to the town;
But women must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar, and its moaning.

Messrs. Hopwood and Crew have recently published a song, entitled "*Three Young Men who never went astray*," which has been sung with some success in the Music Halls, but it has no literary merit as a parody.

—:o:—

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild north-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black north-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish Moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play!

Sweep the golden reed-beds,
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! the brave north-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.

Go and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious south-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.

What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft south-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas:

But the black north-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.

Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SURGEON'S WIND.

THE wind is North-East—so let it be!
The North-East wind *is* the wind for me,
To me it blows good if to none besides;
For the boys on the pavement cut out slides,
And the passenger on the hard flagstones
Comes down, ha, ha! and breaks his bones.

I have had a *radius* to do,
And a compound fractured *tibia*, too,
And that had been scarce ten minutes gone,
When in came a case of *olecranon*,
There was next a dislocated hip,
Resulting also from a slip.

Zymotic diseases lend a charm
To genial autumn, moist and warm.
We have Scarlatina and Typhus then,
And Cholera good for medical men;
But practice is best, I always find,
In the bracing air of the North-East wind.

When the North-Easter whistles shrill,
It makes me think on the little bill
To many a patient that I shall send,
Whom that wind calls me to attend
And though its music may seem severe,
'Tis a strain to gladden a surgeon's ear.

Punch, February 21, 1857.

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTRY WIND."

"SIR,—I have lived to see and hear a great many strange things, but I never expected to live to hear an English poet singing the praises of the North-East Wind, as I am amazed to find the Rev. Charles Kingsley has been doing. What does the man mean? Has he a nerve in his body? Is he susceptible of catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, and the other ills that miserable flesh is heir to in this climate? Has he a constitution of cast iron, a skin of triple brass, and muscles of steel wire? Does he not know what it is, as he lies in bed of a morning, to feel that twinge of indescribable all-overishness, which announces that the East Wind is blowing outside the house? Does he not feel his eyes smart, his skin scorch and shrivel, his every limb ache, appetite go, and his temper break down altogether, whenever this same abominable wind prevails, as it does three days out of four in this infernal climate of ours?

Sir, if we are to have a song of the North East Wind, I submit that mine is more the thing than Mr. Kingsley's, and therefore beg to enclose it for your journal, which has occasionally, though at distant intervals, beguiled a miserable half-hour for,

"Your dyspeptic reader,

"MISERRIMUS MEAGRESON."

MY SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

HANG thee, vile North Easter;
Other things may be
Very bad to bear with,
Nothing equals thee.
Grim and grey North Easter,
From each Essex-bog,
From the Plaistow marshes,
Rolling London fog—

"Tired we are of summer"
KINGSLEY may declare,
I give the assertion,
Contradiction bare:
I, in bed, this morning
Felt thee, as I lay:
"There's a vile North Easter
Out of doors to-day!"

Set the dust-clouds blowing
Till each face they strike,
With the blacks is growing
Chimney-sweeper like.
Fill our rooms with smoke gusts
From the chimney-pipe,
Fill our eyes with water,
That defies the wipe.

Through the draughty passage
Whistle loud and high,
Making door and windows
Rattle, flap and fly;
Hark, that vile North Easter
Roaring up the vent.
Nipping soul and body,
Breeding discontent!

Squall, my noisy children;
Smoke, my parlour grate;
Scold, my shrewish partner;
I accept my fate.
All is quite in tune with
This North Eastern blast;
Who can look for comfort
Till this wind be past?

If all goes contrary,
Who can feel surprise,
With this rude North Easter
In his teeth and eyes?
It blows much too often,
Nine days out of ten,
Yet we boast our climate,
Like true English men!

In their soft South Easters
Could I bask at ease,
I'd let France and Naples
Bully as they please,
But while this North Easter
In one's teeth is hurled,
Liberty seems worth just
Nothing in the world.

Come, as came our fathers
Heralded by thee,
Blasting, blighting, burning
Out of Normandie.
Come and flay and skin us,
And dry up our blood—
All to have a KINGSLEY
Swear it does him good!

Punch, April 10, 1858.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

By a Débutante at the last Drawing Room.

Welcome, wild North-Easter?
Oh! most certainly!
Here a girl *must* gladly
Turn a verse to thee!
Welcome, black North-Easter?
Eugh! a German goddess,
Or a Danish nymph,
Never donned low bodice.

True it *looks* like Summer,
There's a chilly glare;
But the Sun seems hurtling
Ice-shafts through the air.
In their glad Spring greenery
All the trees look gay,
But through Summer's scenery
Winds of Winter play;

Sweep my golden tassels,
To my bosom strike;
Make my toes feel tingling
In some frozen dyke;
Fill my eyes with tear-drops,
Cold—I hope as bright—
As those diamond ear-drops,
Dear Mamma's delight;

Through this thin tulle-pleating
Worm their way until
My poor heart stops beating
With the deathly chill.
Hark! the brave North-Easter,
Like a blast from Norway,
Howls along the passage,
Whistles through the doorway.

Cringe, ye courtly darlings,
In your robes of snow,
Trimmed with pure white lilac!
Heavens! it *does* blow!
Even the plump Duchess
In her *brocatelle*
Finds the draught *too* much is,
Though *she's* covered well.

Her blue lips she closes,
Her chilled eyelids wink,
And her Roman nose is,
Like her train, shrimp-pink.
Mamma's eye is on me,
Sparkling like a jewel.
Courage! but this wind is
Cruel, cruel, cruel!

Such a scene as this is
Every girl's delight is;
But my throat's *so* raspy,
And *that* means bronchitis:
One would rather die
Than not be presented;
But in a North-Easter?
KINGSLEY was demented!

Yes, the luscious South-wind
Which the goose decries,
Less afflicts our bosoms,
Better suits our eyes.
Why belaud and soften
With his tricky pen
What, alas! too often
Women slays—and men?

Says the soft South-Wester
Is the Ladies' breeze!
Be it so, and let us
Have it, if you please!
But the black North-Easter
Through May's mid-day hurled,
Drives poor English girls by scores
Deathward from "the world."

Drawing-rooms are *lovely*,
But diaphanous dress
In a May North-Easter
Means—eugh! I can guess
By this inward quivering,
By this bosom chill:
E'en Mamma is shivering,
Spite of her strong will.

Oh! cannot our mothers
(From the dear Queen down)
Some less killing fashion
Set the foolish Town?
Mode rules strong within us,
But—we're flesh and blood,
Frozen by what KINGSLEY
Calls "the wind of God."

Punch, May 30, 1885.

ODE TO AN ENGLISH EASTER.

(After a Muscular Poet).

WELCOME English Easter,
Cowards should we be,
Loving our vacations
Not to sing to thee;
Welcome English Easter
When we long to roam,
O'er the heights of Dover,
Far away from home.

Tired we are of working,
Sick and ill with care.
Weary of Reformers,
House of Commons air!
Sweep the busy city
Of the dust of years.
Prime with pluck and muscle
All our volunteers.

Shriek, ye snorting engines,
With your loads in tow,
Worried station-masters
Give the word to go!
Shriek, ye puffing engines,
For we want to see
Paris Exhibition
Now that we are free.

Let the lazy summer
Tempt us by and by
With its cosy pic-nics,
Ice, and pigeon-pie.
Lengthy expeditions,
Put them off till then,
'Tis this doubtful weather
Pleases Englishmen!

What's the sunny summer!
'Tis the ladies' hour,
Bringing lawns and crôquet,
Tea and toast in power;
But an English Easter
Often takes us in,
And 'midst our enjoyment
Soaks us to the skin.

Welcome English Easter,
We must have our spree,
Cheap excursion-tickets,
By the land and sea,
Take us for next to nothing
There and back again,
Blow the doubtful weather,
Never mind the rain!

Fun, April 27, 1867.

"THE SOUTH-WEST TRAINS AND THE SPEAKER'S CLOCK.—(To the Editor of the *Daily News*.)—Sir,—The writer of an article in your edition of to-day, in quoting these lines of Kingsley's: 'Oh, blessed south-west train; Oh, blessed, blessed Speaker's clock, All prophesying rain,' describes them as being 'rather mysterious.' As it is quite unusual to see anything of Kingsley's thus characterised, it may perhaps be instructive to your writer, and interesting to your readers, to know that these lines simply have reference to the sounds which were wafted towards Eversley Rectory from the South-Western Railway and the clock at Heckfield Place, the residence of the then Speaker of the House of Commons, when the 'bless'd southwind' was blowing; always welcome to Kingsley as heralding a day's fishing, when—

I'm off at eight to-morrow morn
To bring such fishes back.

—Faithfully yours, FRED. W. GILL.—Dartford, Kent."—

The Daily News, April, 1885.

——:o:——

A HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

AIR—"*I once had a sweet little Doll, dears.*" (*Kingsley's Words, set by A. Cecil.*)

I ONCE saw a sweet pretty face, boys:
Its beauty and grace were divine.
And I felt what a swell I should be, boys,
Could I boast that such charms were all mine!
I wooed. Every man I cut out, boys,
At my head deep anathemas hurled:—
But I said as I walked back from church, boys,
"I'm the luckiest dog in the world!"

As doves in a cot we began, boys,
A cosy and orthodox pair:
Till I found at my notable wife, boys,
The world was beginning to stare.
She liked it. At first so did I, boys,
But, at length, when all over the place
She was sketched, hunted, photo'd and mobbed, boys,
I cried, "Hang her sweet pretty face!"

Still, we went here and there,—right and left, boys;—
We were asked dozens deep,—I say "we,"
Though wherever I went not a soul, boys,
Could have pointed out Adam from *me*.
But we had a rare social success, boys,
Got mixed with the noble and great,
Till one's friends, who say kind and nice things, boys,
Talked of me as "the man come to wait!"

So, I've no more a sweet pretty wife, boys;
For the one that I once hoped to own,
Belongs, as I've found to my cost, boys,
To the great British public alone.
So until they've got tired of her face, boys,
And a rival more touzled or curled,
Drives her home to her own proper place, boys—
I'm the dullest dull dog in the world!

Punch, January 7, 1882.

—— o ——

A correspondent writes from the United States, "I send you below an attempt I made twenty-three years ago to parody an illegitimate poem of Kingsley's, and to show that even a foreigner having a moderate familiarity with Scott's novels, can write as good a piece of bad Scotch poetry as an Englishman :—

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1862.

DEAR PRESS,—I saw in your Poet's Corner some time since a poem by Charles Kingsley about a beast termed an Oubit. What is it? I was vexed at the poem. What business has Kingsley to be writing fraudulent Scotch poetry? He can't do it well. It makes him look as ridiculous as the old philosopher in the story, trying to put his toe in his mouth, because he saw a baby do it. Besides, anybody can do it as well as Kingsley. I can. *Exempli gratia:*

THE DIRDUM.

IT was a fearfu' Dirdum, ae morning in the spring,
He hirpled down the brae his lane, a sair and grewsome thing.
The muckle buirdly dirdum, wi' pawky glarin een,
And couched himsel amang the grass, whare he could na be seen.

Wee leein' Jamie Nagle cam daunderin' up the glen;
A fusionless camsteary chiel, aye answering back again.
And when auld Jock the cadger tauld him where the dirdum lay,
And warned him aff, he leugh, and sware he'd surely gang that way.

Sae on he went, and up he gat, and lang, fu' lang, he staid—
For naebody saw Jamie e'er come back the gate he gaed.
But mony an eldritch screech was heard within the lonesome glen,
Though what the dirdum did wi' him, I'm sure I dinna ken

There. And yet I don't think myself an eminently—scarcely a moderately—successful Scotch poet! *Ne sutor*, I say.

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans,

(Née BROWNE*)*

Born 1794. *Died in Dublin, May* 16, 1835.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England!
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

* * * * *

THE DONKEY-BOYS OF ENGLAND.

(A Song for the Sea-Side.)

THE Donkey-Boys of England, how merrily they fly,
With pleasant chaff upon the tongue and cunning in the eye.
And oh! the donkeys in a mass how patiently they stand,
High on the heath of Hampstead, or down on Ramsgate's sand.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how sternly they reprove
The brute that won't "come over," with an impressive shove;
And oh! the eel-like animals, how gracefully they swerve
From side to side, but won't advance to spoil true beauty's curve,

The Donkey-Boys of England, how manfully they fight,
When a probable donkestrian comes suddenly in sight;
From nurse's arms the babies are clutch'd with fury wild,
And on a donkey carried off the mother sees her child.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how sternly they defy
The pleadings of a parent's shriek, the infant's piercing cry;
As a four-year-old Mazeppa is hurried from the spot,
Exposed to all the tortures of a donkey's fitful trot.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how lustily they scream,
When they strive to keep together their donkeys in a team;
And the riders who are anxious to be class'd among genteels,
Have a crowd of ragged Donkey-Boys "hallooing" at their heels.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how well they comprehend
The animal to whom they act as master, guide and friend;
The understanding that exists between them who'll dispute—
Or that the larger share of it falls sometimes to the brute?

Punch, September 29, 1849.

The Garden Grounds of England.

The Garden Grounds of England! how hopeful they appear
When all things else are desolate at winter time of year;
For though the summer foliage no longer lends its screen,
The earth still wears her uniform of vegetable green.
The Cabbage Rows of England! how gaily they deploy,
With ranks of stout auxiliaries from Brussels and Savoy;
And regiments of native greens, which eloquently speak
Of dishes rich and savoury—of bubble and of squeak!

The Celery Heads of England! how airily they rise,
High up above the trenches, where the root they spring from lies;
Types of the true nobility—bursting by force of worth
Out of the low position of circumstances and birth!
The Beetroot Beds of England! how sturdily they shoot,
The leaves the hardy produce of a stout and stalwart root;
A rough and tough exterior serves but to cover o'er
The rich internal saccharine—the sugar at the core!

The Endive Plants of England! how selfish is their plan,
Spreading at first their arms about to catch at all they can;
Then shutting up within themselves—like hypocrites demure,
With hearts as cold and white as snow, but wonderfully pure!
The Garden Grounds of England! how merrily they thrive;
They show there's always something to keep the world alive;
For though deprived of Autumn's fruits, and spring and summer flowers,
There's always green about the earth to brighten winter hours!

Punch, December 15, 1849.

The Merchant Prince.

[A very fulsome address was presented to Napoleon III. by a deputation of bankers and merchants of the City of London. The matter was brought before Parliament, but was allowed to drop through.]

The Merchant Prince of England,
What a glorious name he bears!
No minstrel tongue has ever sung
The deeds the hero dares.
Enlist that soldier in your cause,
No dangers bar his way,
But gallantly he draws his—cheque,
If the Cause will only pay.

Where Freedom waves her banners
He stands her champion bold,
The noble English merchant Prince
For her unlocks his gold.
For her the Prince's glowing pulse
With generous ardour thrills,
If only sure that Freedom
Will duly meet her bills.

When scarce the gory bayonet
Upholds the Despot's throne,
The Merchant Prince, all chivalry,
Springs forward with a loan.
And vain a nation's cry to scare
That dauntless friend-in-need,
Provided only that the loan
Is safely guaranteed.

See, where a sovereign's crown rewards
A venturous Parvenu,
Crouches the Merchant Prince to kiss
His royal brother's shoe.
For trampled law, for broken vow,
No doit his Princeship cares,
If that salute can raise an eighth
His gain on railway shares.

You Christian of the slop-shop,
And you usurious Jew,
Assert your royal blood, for both
Are Merchant-Princes, too.
One common creed unites you,
Devout professors of it,
"There's but one Allah—Mammon,
And Cent. per Cent.'s his profit."

What, blame some petty huckster,
That his vote is bought and sold:
What, chide some wretched juryman
That he blinked at guilt, for gold:
What, whip some crouching mendicant,
Who fawned that he might eat—
With the Merchant Prince of England
At the Third Napoleon's feet?

Shirley Brooks, 1853

The Cabs of London.

The dirty Cabs of London!
How lazily they stand
About the public thoroughfares,
Or crawl along the Strand;
The omnibuses pass them by
With a contempt supreme;
E'en the coal-cart overtakes them
With slow and heavy team.

The crazy Cabs of London!
How wretched is the sight
Of one of those old vehicles
That ply for hire by night!
There, cracked is every window-pane,
The door is weak and old;
The former lets in all the rain,
The latter all the cold.

The shaky Cabs of London!
How impotent the powers
Of one poor nervous female fare,
When fierce the driver lowers,
Swearing, with impudence sublime
And ruffianly frown,
He can't afford to lose his time;
"His fare will be a crown."

The dear, bad Cabs of London!
In vain the public call
For a better class of vehicles
That can't be got at all.
Extortion must for ever thrive,
Cabs must be bad and dear,
Till Legislation looks alive,
And deigns to interfere.

Punch, February 26, 1853.

Paragraphs have recently appeared in the London newspapers announcing that a public company has been formed to provide the metropolis with improved cabs. It is to be hoped the news is true, for whilst similar announcements have been often made before, the London four-wheeled cab remains, what it was described by *Punch* in 1853, the worst public vehicle to be found in any large European city.

NATIONAL SONG.

(By an Ex-Patriot, compelled by circumstances over which he has no control, to absent himself from his native country, and trying to persuade himself that he likes it.)

THE *Duns* of merry England! how terrible their air,
With brows like midnight low'ring, and eyes with fiendish glare;
And never-ceasing questions, when you really mean to pay
The Duns of merry England, what nuisances are they!

The *Meats* of merry England! how limited their range,
Of roast and boiled, or boiled and roast, by way of starting change;
Of chops and steaks, and steaks and chops, on each alternate day,
The meats of merry England, what sad affairs are they!

The *Colds* of merry England, how easy to be caught!
How hard to be got rid of, and with what discomforts fraught!
Swelled eyes, red noses, puff'd out cheeks,—the mildest they display.
The colds of merry England, how torturing are they!

The *Wines* of merry England! the Port at half-a-crown!
The pure Amontillado, and the nutty-flavoured Brown;
Their horrors e'en while swallowing, and worse effects next day,
The wines of merry England, how villainous are they!

Then here's to France the smiling, where the weather's always clear;
The wines are light and wholesome, and as cheap as English beer;
Where a man may grow moustaches, and—blissful thing to say!
The Writs of merry England, how powerless are they!

(The Exile turning sadly from the pier, seeketh forgetfulness of his abandoned country in a petit-verre, for which he disburseth two sous. He groweth reconciled).

Diogenes, January, 1853.

THE BARRISTERS OF ENGLAND,

THE Barristers of England, how hungrily they stand
About the Hall of Westminster, with wig, and gown, and band;
With brief bag full of dummies, and fee book full of *oughts*,
Result of the establishment of the New County Courts.

The Barristers of England, how listlessly they sit,
Expending on each other a small amount of wit;
Without the opportunity of doing something worse,
By talking nonsense at the cost of some poor client's purse.

The Barristers of England, how when they get a cause,
They (some of them) will disregard all gentlemanly laws;
And bullying the witnesses upon the adverse side,
Will do their very utmost the honest truth to hide.

The Barristers of England, how with *sang froid* sublime,
They undertake to advocate two causes at one time;
And when they find it is a *thing* impossible to do,
They throw one client overboard, but take the fees of two.

The Barristers of England, how rarely they refuse,
The party they appear against with coarseness to abuse;
Feeling a noble consciousness no punishment can reach
The vulgar ribaldry they call the "privilege of speech."

The Barristers of England, how often they degrade
An honourable calling to a pettifogging trade,
And show how very slight the lines of separation are.
Between the cabman's license, and the "licence of the Bar."

The Barristers of England, how, if they owe a grudge,
They try with insolence to goad a poor Assistant-Judge;
And after having bullied him, their bold imposture clench
By talking of their high respect for the Judicial Bench.

The Barristers of England, how sad it is to feel
That rant will pass for energy, and bluster goes for zeal;
But 'tis a consolation that 'mid their ranks there are
Sufficient gentlemen to save the credit of the Bar.

Punch, November 26, 1853.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(By Infelicia Shemans.)

THE compo'd homes of England!
'Tis wonderful they stand
Their weight of shaky chimney-pots,
Smoke-drying all the land.
Adown their flimsy tissue roofs
Slate after slate fast slips;
Each gentle rain that on them falls
Through crack and crevice drips.

The drafty homes of England!
Alas! how one must squeeze
Close round the grate in winter time
Unless one quite would freeze.
There every voice continually
Of some vile ache complains;
Lumbago, or sciatica,
Or stiff rheumatic pains.

The stifling homes of England!
In summer's sunny time
More close and suffocating
Than hot India's blazing clime.
No breath of coolness finds its way
From morn till evening's close;
But countless vile impurities
Assail each inmate's nose.

The smoky homes of England!
Spread o'er the smoky land,
If smoke were only grandeur
We'd all be passing grand.
The dull blue vapour pours itself
Increasingly adown
Each chimney, and provokingly
Turns everything black-brown.

Oh, may the homes of England
Long, long in freedom
But may the homes
Be built by m
Let air and l
Sufficie
And l
O

The Fig

Ballad—By Viscount Blank.

The stately homes of England,
Conveniently they stand;
For helping co-respondent's games,
'Twould seem they had been planned.
Their lords preserve their game with care,
But cannot keep their wives;
They hunt, they shoot, they fish, they ride
And Hannen's business thrives!

The blessed homes of England,
How snugly in their bowers,
Their owners soak on liquor fetched
Ere interdicted hours.
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells chime,
But piggishly they snore,
For well they know whilst those bells clang
Close shuts the public's door.

The cottage homes of England,
By thousands on her plains,
Are wretched hovels as a rule,
And quite devoid of drains.
There's sodden thatch upon their roofs,
And mildew on their walls,
And yet they're what the poetess,
"Sweet smiling dwellings" calls.

The free fair homes of England!
Well, these do not exist;
And if you doubt me just read through
What's on a jury list.
Think of the things you're forced to do,
And all you dare not try;
The free, fair homes, in sooth! Go to
Free fiddlesticks, say I!

Truth, Christmas Number, 1877.

Cottage Homes.

"The Cottage-homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!"
(So once Felicia Hemans sang),
Throughout the lovely land!
By many a shining river-side
These happy homes are seen,
And clustering round the commons wide,
And 'neath the woodlands green.

The Cottage-homes of England—
Alas, how strong they smell!
There's fever in the cesspool,
And sewage in the well.
With ruddy cheeks and flaxen curls,
Though their tots shout and play,
The health of those gay boys and girls
Too soon will pass away.

Cottage-homes of England!
e each crammed sleeping-place
ils whose poison kills
esty and grace.
or houseth kine,
nts lie,
w than swine

The Haunted Homes of England.

[Mr. Ingram had published a weirdly fascinating volume called "The Haunted Homes of England;" a kind of Postal Directory, or Court Guide, to British Haunted Houses.]

The Haunted Homes of England,
How eerily they stand,
While through them flit their ghosts—to wit,
The Monk with the Red Hand,
The Eyeless Girl—an awful spook—
To stop the boldest breath;
The boy that inked his copy-book,
And so got "wopped" to death!

Call them not shams—from haunted Glamis
To haunted Hawthornden,
I mark in hosts the grisly ghosts
Of women, priests, and men!
I know the spectral dog that howls
Before the deaths of Squires;
In my "Ghost-guide" addresses hide
For Gurney and for Myers!

I see the Vampire climb the stairs
From vaults below the church;
And hark! the Pirate's spectre swears!
Oh, Psychical Research,
Cans't *thou* not hear what meets my ear,
The viewless wheels that come?
The wild Banshee that wails to thee?
The Drummer with his drum?

Oh, Haunted Homes of England,
Though tenantless ye stand,
With none content to pay the rent,
Through all the shadowy land,
Now, Science true will find in you
A sympathetic perch,
And take you all, both Grange and Hall,
For Psychical Research! A.L.

The Pall Mall Gazette, December 21, 1883.

The Men of England.

By a blighted being turned pessimist through disappointed ambition.

I.

The stately men of England,
How eloquent the band;
Setting their sails to catch the breeze
Which they themselves have fanned!
With argument, not over sound
Patched up with awkward seam,
Whig versus Tory—both a'ground
On life's tumultuous stream!

II.

The merry men of England,
Who take a strange delight,
In making jokes that none can see
Unless he's extra bright!
Who volunteer a comic song
Some pointless tale retold!
Or try and *make you think* you're wrong
And roar to *see you sold!*

III.

The saintly men of England,
Teaching their screeching choirs;
Full of huge pedantic words!
Their sermons lasting hours!
Though down upon "life's idle whims!"
Though *other* men they scorn,
You'll see them—well—not chanting hymns
On many a tennis lawn.

IV.

The free, fair trade of England,
Long, long in shop and stall,
May harmless customers be fleeced
Of their small and little all!
Thus, to my thinking it behoves
Him who earth's paths hath trod
To mind and not spoil other coves
By sparing satire's rod.

From *Cribblings from the Poets*, by Hugh Cayley, Cambridge, 1883.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE unhealthy Homes of England!
How jauntily they stand
Among their long-untended drains
By crafty builders planned!
The deer would shun them like the pest,
Though beautiful they seem,
And the Doctor's face, in passing by,
Lights with a sickly gleam.

The drainy Homes of England!
In Summer's sultry heat
What sniffs of not unmixed delight
Each varied odour greet!
Then woman's voice is heard to say
She thinks there's something wrong,
While manly lips the landlord bless
In language rather strong.

The typhoid Homes of England!
How pleasant 'tis to know
That liquid *microbes* of disease
Keep up a constant flow!
Simple, yet sure, the plan whereby
The sewer-gas ascends;
They're perfect masters of their art,
Our homicidal friends.

The fever-dens of England!
By thousands on her plain,
They smile at the defective pipes
Which link them with the "main."
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
And gardens all abloom,
And hygienic dullards sleep
Unconscious of their doom.

The scamping rogues of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May heads of wisdom still be reared
To circumvent them all!
And trapped for ever be the drains,
And pure the watery store
Where first the child's glad spirit learns
What lurks beneath the floor.

Punch, August 30, 1884.

COTTAGE HOMES.

Theoretical—

YE Cottage Homes of England!
How pleasantly ye stand,
With bees and bowers and birds and flowers,
And rich allotment land!
How happy, too, each owner,
As fearless, free, and frank,
He thanks his landlord that he has
His "oven, porch, and tank!"

Practical—

YE Cottage Homes of England,
That reek with filth and smells;
There's rheumatism in your roofs,
There's typhus in your wells;
And many an ill-fed tenant—
His landlord's helpless fief—
Looks forward to his workhouse home
With positive relief!

Truth Christmas Number, 1885.

CASABIANCA, THE HEROIC BOY.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead;
Yet beautiful and bright he stood
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form!

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud—"Say, father, say.
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair!

He shouted yet once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way:
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,
With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Exploits of the Eminent I.

(The character of Macbeth was not one of Mr. Irving's theatrical successes.)

Macbeth stood on the new built stage,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit his tragic rage
Shone round his classic head.
Yes—beautiful and bright he stood,
A stalwart, graceful form,
And raved about old Duncan's blood,
Whose corpus still was warm.

(Six verses omitted here.)

The gods applaud with thunder sound:
Irving—O! Where was he?
Ask of the wise ones grouped around,
Who came *Macbeth* to see.
His eye had then no lurid glare,
He bowed, with grateful heart;
But a noble thing was murdered there—
'Twas Shakespeare's tragic art,

The Figaro, October 13, 1875.

The Mule.

The Mule stood on the steamboat deck,
For the land he would not tread;
They tied an halter round his neck
And whacked him on the head,
Yet obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the sea to rule,
A creature of the old pack brood,
A stubborn steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore, but he would not go
Until he felt inclined,
And though they thundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mind.
The ship's boy to his master cried,
"The varmint's bound to stay,"
And still upon that old mule's hide
The sounding lash made play.

His master from the shore replied,
The ship's about to sail,
And as all other means you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail;
I think that that will make him land.
The ship's boy, brave though pale,
Then nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
To twist that old mule's tail.

There came a sudden kick behind,
The boy, oh! where was he?
[illegible]he softly blowing wind,
[illegible]s in the sea.
[illegible] not a sound was heard,
[illegible]he winked his eye,
[illegible]him who'd gone,
[illegible]igh?"

[illegible]e all but he
[illegible]hone just
[illegible]d, two
[illegible]ever

thought of that.' A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he tied; the sparks flew wide, and red, and hot; they fell upon the brat; they fired the crackers in his hand and lit those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy, where was he gone? Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of flesh and bone, and scraps of clothes, and balls, and tops, and nails, and books, and yarn, the relics of that dreadful boy that burned his father's barn."

Casabiank.

The dog lay on the butcher's stoop
And in a pleasant doze,
Forgot his lack of bed and board
And all his canine woes.
He dreamed of one fair pup he loved,
And soft his tail he wagged;
'Twas in those days when he was young,
And kennelled, fed, and tagged.

Her spirit seemed to hover 'round,
For from the shop behind
A fragrance came which somehow brought
That she-dog to his mind.
And of those pugs who'd scratched with him,
And barked and gambolled 'round,
Some ate the poisoned chop and died,
Some perished in the pound.

The dog dreamed on—the butcher-man
Looked down on him and said,
"A roly-poly sausage skin
Shall be your final bed.
With pepper and sweet marjoram
And fragrant allspice grains,
Casabiank, 'twill be my task
To mingle your remains.

And though you're old and tough, embalmed
In spices of the East,
You'll for my faithful customers
Provide a dainty feast"
He took three paces toward the dog,
That pup—O, where was he?
Ask of the reeking knives that tore
Through hide and hair and flea.

And since that day though many a neck
Has felt that cleaver keen,
No fairer dog-meat ever fed
The butcher's dread machine.

Anonymous.

The Fate of the Peers.

The Peer stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The storm that meant his Order's wreck
Roared round his puzzled head.
Yet masterful and mad he stood,
As though all threats were vain;
A creature of most noble blood,
But of a childish brain

The storm raged on—he would not go
Without his leader's word;
That leader, fooled by friend or foe,
No warning voices heard.

He called aloud: "See, Cecil, see
How thick the people loom!"
He knew not that Lord Salisburee
Was reckless of his doom.

"Oh, let me go," again he cried,
"I surely can be spared?"
"Nay, you must stay," the "Whip" replied,
"Since you've remained 'unpaired.'"
Upon his brow he felt the weight
Of unaccustomed care,
And tried "to follow the debate,"
But ended in despair.

And shouted but once more aloud:
"Oh, Cecil, *must* I stay!"
But Cecil, still unwisely proud,
Would have his wilful way.
There came a burst, a shock, a jar!
The Peer—oh! where was he?
Ask of the Chief who scattered far
Our old Nobilitee.

Dukes, Earls, and Barons went to smash
Amidst a grateful cheer;
But the crassest victim of the crash
Was that deluded Peer!

Truth, October 16, 1884.

THE OLD MAN LINGERED.

THE girl stewed on the burning deck,
For Rockaway she fled;
The sun which blazed down on her neck,
Turned all her tresses red.
Yet innocent by Pa she sat,
While glances shy and warm
Shot from beneath her saucy hat
At every manlike form.

Pa left to see a friend, he told:
And then her smile was sweet
On Mr. Jones, who growing bold,
Took by her side a seat.
The boat rolled on. Jones would not go
Without her father's word;
That father at the bar below
Her laugh no longer heard.

She called (not loud) "Stay, father, stay
Until thy task is done."
She knew, too well, the old man's way,
Unconscious of her fun.
The wind had freshened to a gale,
The boat tossed on the sea,
"Oh, miss," cried Jones, "why art thou pale?
Why talk'st thou not to me?"

"Speak, maiden!" once again he cried;
"Art ailing? Tell me quick."
And but the drooping maid replied,
"Oh, I—I feel so sick."
Upon her brow then came his breath;
He smoothed her frizzled hair.
She looked for all the world like death;
He looked like grim despair.

She murmured but once more aloud,
"Oh Jones, a basin—quick!"
Not one was left, for in that crowd
Each female, too was sick.

Oh, when was gallant like to Jones;
Or, rather, one so flat!
With one heroic smile, he groans,
"Here, darling, is my hat."

Then came a burst of lightning sound;
The girl!—oh, where was she?
A-spoiling Jones's hat, which crowned
His cup of misery.
Oh! Knights of old and heroes rare;
Oh! lovers think of that,
The noblest thing which perished there
Was Jones's new silk hat.

American Paper.

A poetical squib which has gone the round of the U.S. papers is evidently based on the same original:

THE boy stood by the stable door
And watched the pensive mule;
A thoughtful attitude it wore,
An air serenely cool.

That boy approached its hinder end—
Let fall the pitying tears,
"He's gone to meet his brother, and
His age was seven years."

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the Better Land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies glance through the myrtle boughs?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!'

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!'

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!'

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair.—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE BEST HOTELS.

"I'VE heard thee speak of a good hotel,
Where they charged thee little and fed thee well;
Mother, oh where is this hostel of thine,
Shall we not seek it and go there to dine?
Is't in some fair city of the far North East,
By the winding Wear?" "Oh! not in the least,
Not there, not there, my child."

"Is't among the people who love to boast
Of their "Town Improvements" the princely cost?
Who say that, to keep their bodies sound
They have spent £100,000?*
Where (when small-pox is absent†) Hygeia dwells,
Is it there, is it there, this best of hotels!"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it where, through the small though festive rooms
A drainpipe sheds its rich perfumes—
O'er the strange old birds with skinny wings,
Which the languid waiter to table brings,
With tottering steps that betoken, alas!
The chronic effects of sewer gas?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

Is it far away in some region cold
Where the visitor's welcome; if he have gold
That he's willing to spend on most villainous wine
At the regally privileged "Bleed him fine?"
Where the whole concern abounds in "sells"—
Is it there, sweet mother, this best of hotels?
"Not there, not there, my child."

Full many a city, my gentle boy
Hath hostels in plenty where thou may'st enjoy
Good viands well cooked, rooms sweet and large,
Decent wines, and good waiting, at moderate charge;
But, unless to thy soul disappointment is dear,
Seek them not in the town by the mouth of the Wear;
"Not there, not there, my child!"

—:o:—

THE "THREE ACRES AND A COW" LEGEND.

The familiar joke, that every labourer was promised three acres and a cow, arose, as myths usually arise, out of an inversion of actual facts. Nobody ever seriously believed that such promises were made, and everybody knows that the substratum of truth on which the misrepresentation rested was that some machinery must be set up to promote the restoration of the people to the soil. There was, however, no desire to injure the landowners.

Mr. Chamberlain speaking at the Westminster Palace Hotel, in January, 1886, observed that:—

"The Tories have universally asserted that we promised to every labourer, as a free gift, three acres of land and a cow. (Laughter.) Well, I don't think the labourers are fools. They have not shown it at the last election; and I don't suppose many of them have been deceived by this falsehood. I sometimes think we were a little too eager to contradict it. (Laughter.) At all events, if we see it necessary to repudiate this burlesque of our intentions and our promises, let us take care to do nothing to discourage the expectation, perfectly praiseworthy and reasonable in itself, that facilities should be made by legislation for every thrifty, industrious labourer to obtain at a fair price an adequate, independent, and secure interest in the soil which he cultivates."

The Globe, (London), in an article on *The Three Acres Legend*, observed:—

"Whether anybody ever said, in jest or earnest, that Mr. Chamberlain had promised three acres and a cow to every elector who voted Liberal, we do not know. But someone has been writing to him to ask whether such a statement, supposing it to have been made, would be true, and the inquirer has received the answer which he might have looked for. The statement is not true. Mr. Chamberlain's secretary goes on to suggest to the right hon. gentleman's correspondent that he has only to challenge those who make the assertion to prove it by quotation, adding, that if they decline the challenge he will know how to deal with them. He will, in fact, be able to charge them with uttering falsehoods."

THREE ACRES AND A COW.

I HAVE heard you speak of "three acres of land,"
With "a cow" to belong to each peasant band;
Tell me, oh! where are those acres found,
That promised spot of domestic ground?
Tell me, oh! where is that happy shore
Where we all shall settle, and starve no more;
Not here, not here, my man!

Where father shall sit 'neath his sheltering vine,
And smoke his own pipe, and drink his wine,
And mother and sisters, at tea in the shade,
Bless the rosy bowers their hands have made;
While the cow untethered, and ranging free,
Crops the summer wealth of our acres three?
Not here, not here, my man!

Say, are they then where rich travellers roam
O'er the heathery hills of the "Scot at home"?
Or are they where Erin's gay sons abide,
By the Liffey's stream or the Shannon's tide?
Or are they in Northern or Southern Wales,
Where St. David's cliffs woo the Western gales?
Not there, not there, my man!

Eye hath not seen them, my gentle Will;
Ear hath not heard of them; valley or hill,
Pasture, or moorland, or woodland fair,
John Hodge and his brats may not settle there;
Not there, not there, my man!

Trust not, oh trust not, to statesmen's smiles;
These visions so fair are delusion's wiles
And the acres are only "*Chateaux en Espagne*,"
Built up in the head of Joe Chamberlain;
They are there, they are there, my man!

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

Life, December 10, 1885.

THE BIT O' LAND.

I HEAR thee speak of a bit o' land,
And a cow for every labouring hand;
Tell me, dear mother, where is that shore,
Where shall I find it and work no more?

* Sunderland Times, 7th Jan., 1876, &c.

† Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council on the Small-pox Epidemic of 1871—2.

Is it at home, this unoccupied ground,
Where the three acres and cow will be found?
Is it where Pheasants and Partridges breed,
Or in the fields where the farmer is sowing his seed?
Is it upon the moors, so wild and so grand,
I shall find this bit of arable land?
Not there, not there, my Giles.

Is it far away on the Rio Grande?
In Zululand or Basutoland?
Is it far away on forbidding shores,
Where Unicorns fight and the Lion roars?
Or will it in Soudan be found,
Where English bones manure the ground?
Or on the banks of ancient Nile?
Perhaps 'tis on some Coral Isle,
With dusky groves and silver strand,—
Is it there, dear mother, that bit o' land?
Not there, not there, my Giles.

Eye hath not seen that fair land, my child,
Ear hath but heard an echo wild,—
The nightmare of excited brain
That dreamers, have, like Chamberlain
Far away, beyond the ken
Of sober, practical, business men;
Far away beyond the sight
Of men whose heads are screwed on right;
Where castles in the air do stand,
Behold the cow and the bit o' land!
'Tis there, 'tis there, my Giles.

1885.

"THE PROMISED LAND!"

(Three Acres.)

"I HEAR thee speak of a 'Plot of Land,'
For each and all of the Peasant band;
Where! Oh Where! is this garden store?
Shall we not till it and starve no more?
Is it where the lordling sits in his pride,
'Mid wealth that to me has been denied?
Is it where the flocks on the hill-side graze,
Or the stag in the forest leaps and plays;
Or the hare runs wild on every hand?
Is it there? Is it there? That Promised Land!"
"Not there! Not there! my Giles!"

"Is it far away in some distant spot,
This promised parcel of garden plot?
Where nothing is heard but the murmuring bees,
And the sound of the wind among the trees;
Where no turnips are planted, or apples grown,
Or the fruits of the earth in season sown;
Where the land is idle, and nought is seen
But the fragrant flowers and woodland green,
And the sun shines down on a desolate spot,—
Is it there? Is it there? 'My three-acre plot!'"
"Not there! Not there! my Giles!"

"It is deeply hid in the *mazy* brain
Of the venturesome Joseph Chamber*lain*!
'Tis but a bribe to catch a vote,
A bait to hook fish by the throat;
In vulgar phrase it's '*All my eye*'!
A newly invented election cry.
It has *no existence in sober sense*,—
It is but the product of impudence!
It lives but in *Chamberlain's speech so bland*,
This tempting plot of that Promised Land—
It is there! only there! my Giles!"

THE PROMISED LAND: THREE ACRES.

(An answer to the preceding Parody.)

I HEAR thee speak of a Plot of Land
For every one of the peasant band,
Tories! Oh, where is that garden store?
Shall we not till it and starve no more?
Is it where the lordling sits in his pride,
'Mid wealth that to me has been denied?
Is it where the flocks on the black hills graze,
Or the stag in the forest leaps and plays?
Or the hare runs wild on every hand,
Is it there, dear friend, that better land?
Not there, not there, my man.

Is it far away in some distant spot,
The promised parcel of garden plot
Where nothing is heard but the murmuring bees,
And the sighs of the winds among the trees;
Where no turnips are sown or sweet apples grown,
Or fruit of the earth in its season known;
Where the land is idle and nought is seen
But the dear wild flowers and woodland green,
And the sun shines down on a desolate spot—
Is it there, is it there, my three acre plot?
Not there, not there, my man.

It only exists in the "Tory" brain
Though they always "father it" on Chamberlain;
They think we want bribes to get a vote,
Like the Tories from Parnell, then cut his throat;
But in vulgar phrase, it is all in "my eye,".
"A great, big, thumping," Tory "lie;"
I has no existence in sober sense,
It's the product of Tory insolence;
It's author I think was the man in the moon,
And if you expect to find such a boon—
It is there, it is there, my man.

ANONYMOUS.

OUT WEST.

I HEAR thee speak of a Western land,
Thou callest its children a wide-awake band—
Father, oh, where is that favored spot?
Shall we not seek it and build us a cot?
Is it where the hills of Berkshire stand
Whence the honey comes already canned,
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it far away in the Empire state
Where Horace Greeley feels first rate,
Where the people are ruled by Tammany ring,
And Mr. Fisk is a Railroad King,
With two thousand men at his command,
Besides a boat with a big brass band?
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it where the little pigs grow great
In the fertile vales of the Buckeye State?
And get so fat on acorns and meal
That they sell every bit of them all but the squeal,
Where the butchers have such a plenty of hogs
That they don't make sausages out of dogs.
Not there, not there, my child!

Or is it where they fortunes make,
Where they've got a tunnel under the lake,
Where the stores are full of wheat and corn
And divorces are plenty as sure as you're born,
Where Long John Wentworth is right on hand—
Is it there, dear father, that Western land?
Not there, not there, my child.

Is it in the dominions of Brigham Young
The most married man that is left unhung,
Where every man that likes can go
And get forty wives or more you know,
Where "saints" are plenty with "cheeks" sublime,
Can that be the gay and festive clime?—
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it where Nevada's mountains rise
From the Alkali plains which we all despise,
Where a man may beg, or borrow, or steal,
Yet he often will fail to get a square meal,
Where the rocks are full of silver ore—
Is it there we'll find that Western Shore,
Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it my verdant youth,
Tongue cannot name it and speak the truth;
For though you go to the farthest state
And stand on the rocks by the Golden Gate,
They'll point you across the Western sea
To the land whence cometh the "heathen Chinee,"
Saying "'Tis there my child."

American Paper.

THE HAPPY LAND.

I HEAR them speak of a Happy Land,
Is it at the Gaiety—Vaudeville—Strand—
Or where, secure from the public gaze,
Mr. Buckstone privately Hamlet plays?
Is it where the acting gives go and life
To Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife?"
—"Not there, not there, my friend!"

"Is it where the Lord Chamberlain weakly tries
To interfere with the actors' guise,
Because it gave us a portrait true
Of the gentle Ayrton, and Lowe, and you*—
Though you now as three music hall cads appear,
Which makes the satire much more severe?"
—"Not there, not there, my friend!"

"Is it where Jack Sheppard they fail to hang;
Where Macbeth's broad Scotch has a German twang;
Or where many a bonny and bouncing lass
To Nature holds up a Bohemian glass;
Where Rosa Dartle's consummate skill
Inclines you to hiss her against your will?"
—"Not there, not there, my friend!"

"I have not seen it, my gentle bore,
For five or six years—or rather more,
Its joys are calmer by far than those
That the Ministerial Bench bestows,
For the scene of the Happy Land is laid
In Opposition's refreshing shade,
—It is there, it is there, my friend!"

Fun.

[* *The Happy Land* by F. Tomline and Gilbert A'Beckett was a burlesque of *The Wicked World*. It was produced at the Court Theatre on March 3, 1873, and prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain on March 7, principally because three of the actors were made up to represent Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ayrton, and Mr. Robert Lowe. It was afterwards reproduced with sundry alterations and omissions.]

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY sucked their pap spoons side by side,
They filled one house with shines—
Their graves are lying severed wide,
By many railway lines.
The same nurse tied the plain night cap
At evening, on each brow:
She gave each naughty child a slap—
Where are those screamers now?

One by the broad gauge line which goes
To Exeter, is laid.
They ran into a luggage train,
And mincemeat of him made.
The Eastern Counties line hath one—
He sleeps his last long sleep—
Near where an engine chose, slap off,
A viaduct to leap.

Another went from Euston-square
By an ill-fated train;
They buried him at Coventry,
With others of the slain.
And one—'neath her an axle broke,
And stayed life's running sand—
She perished on the Dover line—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they lie, who play'd
At hop-scotch in the court.
Who after every cab that passed,
Cried "Whip behind," in sport.
Who played upon the Nigger bones,
And jumped Jim Crow with glee—
Oh, steam! if thou wert everywhere,
Where would poor mortals be?

The Man in the Moon. Edited by Albert Smith, Vol. II.

"HE NEVER WROTE AGAIN."

HIS hope of publishing went down,
The sweeping press rolled on;
But what was any other crown
To him who hadn't one?
He lived—for long may man bewail
When thus he writes in vain;
Why comes not death to those who fail?—
He never wrote again!

Books were put out, and "had a run,"
Like coinage from the Mint;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one they wouldn't print?
Before him passed, in calf and sheep,
The thoughts of many a brain:
His lay with the rejected heap:—
He never wrote again.

He sat where men who wrote went round,
And heard the rhymes they built;
He saw their works most richly bound,
With portraits and in gilt.
Dreams of a volume all forgot
Were blent with every strain;
A thought of one they issued not:—
He never wrote again!

Minds in that time closed o'er the trace
Of books once fondly read,
And others came to fill their place,
And were perused instead.
Tales which young girls had bathed in tears
Back on the shelf were lain:
Fresh ones came out for other years:—
He never wrote again!

From *Poems and Parodies*, by Phœbe Carey, Boston, U.S., 1854.

——:o:——

FISH HAVE THEIR TIMES TO BITE.

"Leaves have their time to fall."

MRS. HEMANS.

FISH have their times to bite—
The bream in summer, and the trout in spring,
That time the hawthorn buds are white,
And streams are clear, and winds low-whispering.

The pike bite free when fall
The autumn leaves before the north-wind's breath,
And tench in June, but there are all—
There are all seasons for the gudgeon's death.

The trout his ambush keeps
Crafty and strong, in Pangbourne's eddying pools,
And patient still in Marlow deeps
For the shy barbel wait expectant fools.

Many the perch but small
That swim in Basildon, and Thames hath nought
Like Cookham's pike, but, oh; in all—
Yes, in all places are the gudgeon caught.

The old man angles still
For roach, and sits red faced and fills his chair;
And perch, the boy expects to kill,
And roves and fishes here and fishes there.

The child but three feet tall
For the gay minnows and the bleak doth ply
His bending hazel, but by all—
Oh! by all hands the luckless gudgeon die.

C.

From *College Rhymes*, Oxford.
W. Mansell, 1861.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The following parodies have come to hand since Part 30 was published.

"THE THREE FISHERS."

THREE anglers went down to fish Sunbury Weir,
To fish Sunbury Weir, when the morn did break;
But though the morn broke, so bright and so clear,
Ne'er a one of those three a fish did take.
For though a South wind the trout likes best,
It's sure to be North, or East, or West,
To set the angler groaning.

Three anglers got down from Sunbury Weir,
Where they had been fishing from break of day;
Yet though their bag from trout was clear,
A fourteen-pounder they'd seen at play.
For though a cold wind the trout likes least,
That day half-a-gale blew up from the East,
To set those anglers groaning.

They tried *that old* trout at Sunbury Weir,
With a choice selection of baits, so fine;
But although that fish was devoid of fear,
With that cold East wind he declined to dine.
So away they sped from Sunbury Weir,
And out came the trout when the coast was clear,
And gobbled the bleaks "in the gloamin'."

OTTER.

From *The Angler's Journal*, May 1, 1886.

———

THREE FRESHERS.

THREE Freshers went sailing out into the street,
Out into the street for a 'town and gown,'
Each thought of the foeman he longed to meet
And the Bull-dogs stood watching them out in the town.
Through 'High' and 'Broad' the Proctor must sweep,
And the fifth of November is hard to keep
When such myrmidons are roaming.

Three times that night near the Magdalen tower,
Did the dim gas lamps show a 'town and gown;
They looked out for squalls, but alas! for the hour
That the Proctor came up and was neatly knocked down;
For men their hands from Proctors must keep
Though blows be sudden, and black-eyes cheap,
When our gallant blades are roaming.

Three heroes set out for their native strands,
When the morning gleam saw them all 'sent down.'
And the tradesmen of Oxford are wringing their hands
For those who may never come home to the town.
And Fathers storm, and Mothers must weep,
And the Freshers have sworn a great oath they will keep
Of goodbye to the fifth and its roamings.

Univ. Coll., Oxford. A.H.S.

———

THREE WOMEN.

THREE women went sailing out into the street
To the brown-stone front where the red flag hung.
They jostled the crowd all day on their feet,
While "going and going and gone" was sung.
For women must go where bargains are had.
And buy old trash, if never so bad,
And husbands must ever be groaning.

Three husbands, all hungry, went homeward to dine,
But when they arrived there was nothing to eat.
Three women, all crazy and feeling so fine,
Were gabbling of bargains along in the street
For women must talk of bargains they buy.
And homes must suffer, and babes must cry,
And husbands must ever be groaning.

Three women were showing their husbands with glee
Their bargains at prices that never were beat,

Three husbands, all starving and mad as could be
Were tossing the bargains out into the street.
For men don't know when bargains are cheap
And women, poor creatures do nothing but weep,
And husbands must ever be groaning.

ANONYMOUS.

THE UMPIRE'S VALEDICTORY.

(*After a Base-ball Match.*)

AN umpire went sallying out into the east,
Out into the east, ere the sun went down.
He thought of the club that loved him least
And the quickest way to leave the town.
But men must chin and boys must cheer,
And the umpire's lot is hard and drear,
Along with the crowd and its groaning.

A man stood up and called out Foul!
And called out Foul! with an angry frown;
Then made for the gate with a sudden howl,
While the mob with bricks tried to knock him down.
For men will fight and boys will jeer,
And luck is best when the gate is near,
To escape from the crowd and its groaning.

A doctor was working the best he knew how.
The best he knew how, as the sun went down,
He thought as he plastered the broken brow
Of the awful yells and the missiles thrown.
For clubs will play and mobs will fight,
And the umpire's lucky if he lives till night
To escape from the crowd and its groaning.

United States Paper.

Robert Southey,

POET LAUREATE.

Born August 12, 1774. *Died March* 21, 1843.

ALTHOUGH this voluminous author was Poet-Laureate from 1813 until his death, and produced a great quantity of poetry, yet only a very few of what he would have considered his minor poems, ever achieved any success. Of his more ambitious works, some of which contain passages of undoubted power and originality, even the very names are now generally forgotten, or only remembered in connection with the Satires and Lampoons of his political adversaries Southey commenced life as an ardent Republican, and wrote poems which were ridiculed by Tories such as George Canning; he concluded by becoming a Tory himself and was mercilessly satirised by Whigs, such as Byron and Macaulay. It will therefore be necessary to divide the parodies of his poems into three distinct classes, the non-Political, the early Political, and the later Political. Of Southey's non-political poems the best known are '*The Cataract of Lodore*," "*The Battle of Blenheim*," and "*You are Old Father William*," of each of which there are many amusing parodies. But before treating of these a few imitations of detached passages taken from Southey's epic poems may be given. These epics were never very popular, and are now almost forgotten, yet they contain some beautiful descriptive poetry, as for instance the opening lines of "*Thalaba the Destroyer*" :—

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths,
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night!"

Amongst the "Paper Money Lyrics" contained

in the poems of Thomas Love Peacock, there is an imitation of these lines, commencing—

"How troublesome is day!
It calls us from our sleep away;
It bids us from our pleasant dreams awake,
And sends us forth to keep or break
Our promises to pay.
How troublesome is day!"

The poem deals with questions of Banking, paper money, and other very unpoetical topics :—

Come listen to my lay,
While I the wild and wond'rous tale array,
How Fly-by-Night went down,
And set a bank up in a country town;
How like a king his head he reared,
And how the coast of cash he cleared,
And how one night he disappeared,
When many a scoffer jibed and jeered;
And many an old man rent his beard;
And many a young man cursed and railed;
And many a woman wept and wailed;
And many a mighty heart was quailed;
And many a wretch was caged and jailed;
Because great Fly-by-Night had failed.
And many a miserable sinner
Went without his Sunday dinner,
Because he had not metal bright,
And waved in vain before the butcher's sight,
The promises of Fly-by-night.
And little Jackey Horner
Sate sulking in the corner,
And in default of Christmas pie
Whereon his little thumb to try,
He put his finger in his eye,
And blubbered long and lustily.

* * *

From *The Works of Thomas Love Peacock.*

R. BENTLEY & SON, LONDON, 1875.

The well-known antiquarian writer, and Editor, Mr. Edward Walford, M.A., has recently published, at his own expense, many interesting records of the Charterhouse School, together with some poems and parodies which will greatly interest old Carthusians. From amongst them Mr. Walford has kindly allowed me to select the following :—

ODE IN IMITATION OF SOUTHEY.

How beautiful is green
Where grass has every colour but its own,
Black, dingy, dirty brown, with noxious weeds o'ergrown.
Lo, the trees
Shaking and waving in the autumn breeze;
Black as the Devil,
Father of evil,
With soot and smoke,
Enough to choke
Any unfortunate who walks below,
When the winds blow;
So beautiful the trees,
How beautiful the Cods.*

Each one in chapel nods,
While Pritchett drawls the lessons of the day,
And long-drawn snores proclaim their senses dozed away;
Till the organ's thund'ring peal
Wakes again their slumb'ring zeal;
And soon no more condemned with sleep to grapple,
They toddle out of chapel,
So beautiful are Cods.
Thou passer by,
Who traversed the famed Carthusian square,
Raise thy admiring eye,
And view the gloom which long inhabits there;
And as thou journeyest on thy way,
Do say,
Within that wall
How beautiful is all!

* Old Pensioners of Sutton's hospital—so called by the boys.

—:o:—

Of all the amusing poems in *The Rejected Addresses* perhaps the only one which can be truly styled a *parody* is *The Rebuilding*, which closely mimics the Funeral of Arvalan in Southey's *Curse of Kehama*. Not only is the metre closely followed, but James Smith, the author of this particular "Address," has shown great ingenuity in bringing in the same characters as Southey has introduced into his poem. Lord Jeffrey, writing in *The Edinburgh Review*, said, "*The Rebuilding* is in the name "of Mr. Southey, and is one of the best in the col- "lection. It is in the style of the Kehama of that "multitarious author, and is supposed to be spoken "in the character of one of his Glendoveers. The "imitation of the diction and measure, is nearly "perfect; and the descriptions are as good as "the original." It may here be mentioned that Southey borrowed his description of the Glendoveers from the "Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins," published in London, in 1751.

THE REBUILDING.

——"Per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis." HORAT.

[*Spoken by a Glendoveer.*]

I AM a blessed Glendoveer;*
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower-Hill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose †

* For the Glendoveer, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* of this imitation, the reader is referred to the "Curse of Kehama."

† Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets a blaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!
Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils,
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

From Southey's *The Curse of Kehama.*

From Indra drew the essence of repose!
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls of
Drury!

Tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread.
Master and 'prentice, serving man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Through streets and alleys pour'd—
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze.
Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney,*
The mighty roost, the mighty stew
To see;
As if the dismal view
Were but to them a Brentford jubilee.
Vainly, all-radiant Surya, sire of Phaeton
(By Greeks call'd Apollo)†
Hollow
Sounds from thy harp proceed;
Combustible as reed,
The tongue of Vulcan licks thy wooden legs:
From Drury's top, dissever'd from thy pegs,
Thou troublest,
Humblest,
Where late thy bright effulgence shone on high:
While, by thy somerset excited, fly
Ten million
Billion
Sparks from the pit, to gem the sable sky.

Now come the men of fire to quench the fires:
To Russell Street see Globe and Atlas run,
Hope gallops first, and second Sun;
On flying heel,
See Hand-in-Hand
O'ertake the band!
View with what glowing wheel
He nicks
Phœnix!
While Albion scampers from Bridge Street, Blackfriars—
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
They shout and they bellow again and again.

All, all in vain!
Water turns steam;
Each blazing beam
Hisses defiance to the eddying spout:
It seems but too plain that nothing can put it out!
Drury Lane! Drury Lane
See, Drury Lane expires!
Pent in by smoke-dried beams, twelve moons or more,
Shorn of his ray,
Surya in durance lay:
The workmen heard him shout.
But thought it would not pay
To dig him out.
When lo! terrific Yamen, lord of hell,
Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Sworn foe to witticism,
By men call'd *criticism*,
Came passing by *that way*:
Rise! cried the fiend, behold a sight of gladness!
Behold the rival theatre!
I've set O.P. at her,*
Who, like a bull-dog bold,
Growls and fastens on his hold.
The many-headed rabble roar in madness;
Thy rival staggers: come and spy her
Deep in the mud as thou art in the mire.
So saying, in his arms he caught the beaming one,
And crossing Russell Street,
He placed him on his feet
'Neath Covent Garden Dome. Sudden a sound,
As of the bricklayers of Babel, rose;
Horns, rattles, drums, tin trumpets, sheets of copper,
Punches and slaps, thwacks of all sorts and sizes,

* This couplet was introduced by the authors by way of bravado, in answer to some one who alleged that the English language contained no rhyme to chimney.

† Apollo. A gigantic wooden figure of this deity was erected on the roof. The writer (*horrescit referens!*) is old enough to recollect the time when it was first placed there. Old Bishop, then one of the masters of Merchant Taylors' School, wrote an epigram upon the occasion, which, referring to the aforesaid figure, concluded thus:

"Above he fills up Shakespeare's place,
And Shakespeare fills up his below."

Very antithetical; but quære as to the meaning? The writer, like Pluto, "long puzzled his brain" to find it out, till he was immersed "in a lower deep" by hearing Madame de Staël say, at the table of the late Lord Dillon, "Buonaparte is not a man, but a system." Inquiry was made in the course of the evening of Sir James Mackintosh as to what the lady meant? He answered, "Mass, I cannot tell." Madame de Staël repeats this apophthegm in her work on Germany. It is probably understood *there*.

* O.P. This personage, who is alleged to have growled like a bull-dog, requires rather a lengthened note for the edification of the rising generation. The "horns, rattles, drums," with which he is accompanied, are no inventions of the poet. The new Covent Garden Theatre opened on the 18th September, 1809, when a cry of "Old Prices" (afterwards diminished to O.P.) burst out from every part of the house. This continued and increased in violence till the 23rd, when rattles, drums, whistles, and cat-calls, having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr. Kemble, the stage manager, came forward and said that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that until they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed. "Name them!" was shouted from all sides. The names were declared, viz., Sir Charles Price, the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, the Governor of the Bank, and Mr. Angerstein. "All shareholders!" bawled a wag from the gallery. In a few days the theatre re-opened: the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks, with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hired bruisers, to *mill* the refractory into subjection. This irritated most of their former friends, and, amongst the rest, the annotator, who accordingly wrote the song of "Heigh-ho, says Kemble," which was caught up by the ballad-singers, and sung under Mr. Kemble's house windows in Great Russell Street. A dinner was given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by W. Clifford in his action against Brandon, the box-keeper, for assaulting him for wearing the letters O.P. in his hat. At this dinner, Mr. Kemble attended, and matters were compromised by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes. The writer remembers a former riot of a similar sort at the same theatre (in the year 1792), when the price to the boxes was raised from five shillings to six. That tumult, however, only lasted three nights.

From the knobb'd bludgeon to the taper switch,*
Ran echoing round the walls; paper placards
Blotted the lamps, boots brown with mud the benches;
A sea of heads roll'd roaring in the pit;
On paper wings O.P.'s
Reclined in lettered ease;
While shout and scoff,
Ya! ya! off! off!
Like thunderbolt on Surya's ear-drum fell,
And seemed to paint
The savage oddities of Saint
Bartholomew in hell.
Tears dimm'd the god of light—
"Bear me back, Yamen, from this hideous sight;
Bear me back, Yamen, I grow sick.
Oh! bury me again in brick;
Shall I on New Drury tremble,
To be O.P.'d like Kemble?
No,
Better remain by rubbish guarded,
Than thus hubbubish groan placarded;
Bear me back, Yamen, bear me quick,
And bury me again in brick."
Obedient Yamen
Answered, "Amen,"
And did
As he was bid.

There lay the buried god, and Time
Seemed to decree eternity of lime;
But pity, like a dew-drop, gently prest
Almighty Veeshnoo's† adamantine breast:

He, the preserver, ardent still
To do whate'er he says he will
From South-hill wing'd his way,
To raise the drooping lord of day.
All earthly spells the busy one o'erpower'd;
He treats with men of all conditions,
Poets and players, tradesmen and musicians;
Nay, even ventures
To attack the renters,
Old and new:
A list he gets
Of claims and debts,
And deems nought done, while aught remains to do.

Yamen beheld, and withered at the sight;
Long had he aimed the sunbeam to control,
For light was hateful to his soul:
"Go on!" cries the hellish one, yellow with spite;
"Go on!" cried the hellish one, yellow with spleen,
"Thy toils of the morning, like Ithaca's queen
I'll toil to undo every night."

Ye sons of song, rejoice!
Veeshnoo has still'd the jarring elements,
The spheres hymn music;
Again the god of day
Peeps forth with trembling ray,
Wakes, from their humid caves, the sleeping Nine,
And pours at intervals a strain divine.
"I have an iron yet in the fire," cried Yamen;
"The vollied flame rides in my breath,
My blast is elemental death;
This hand shall tear your paper bonds to pieces;
Ingross, your deeds, assignments, leases,
My breath shall every fine erase
Soon as I blow the blaze."

The lawyers are met at the Crown and Anchor,
And Yamen's visage grows blanker and blanker;
The lawyers are met at the Anchor and Crown,
And Yamen's cheek is a russety brown:
Veeshnoo, now thy work proceeds;
The solicitor reads,
And, merit of merit!
Red wax and green ferret
Are fixed at the foot of the deeds!

Yamen beheld and shiver'd;
His finger and thumb were cramp'd;
His ear by the flea in't was bitten,
When he saw by the lawyer's clerk written,
Sealed and delivered,
Being first duly stamped

"Now for my turn!" the demon cries, and blows
A blast of sulphur from his mouth and nose.
Ah! bootless aim! the critic fiend
Sagacious Yamen, judge of hell,
Is judged in his turn;
Parchment won't burn!
His schemes of vengeance are dissolved in the air
Parchment wont tear!

Is it not written in the Himakoot book
(That mighty Baly from Kehama took)
"Who blows on pounce
Must the Swerga renounce?"
It is! it is! Yamen, thine hour is nigh:
Like as an eagle claws an asp,
Veeshnoo has caught him in his mighty grasp,
And hurl'd him, in spite of his shrieks and his squalls,
Whizzing aloft, like the Temple fountain,
Three times as high as Meru Mountain,

* "From the knobb'd bludgeon to the taper switch." This image is not the creation of the poets: it sprang from reality. The authors happened to be at the Royal Circus when "God save the King" was called for, accompanied by a cry of "stand up!" and "hats off!" An inebriated naval lieutenant, perceiving a gentleman in an adjoining box slow to obey the call, struck his hat off with his stick, exclaiming, "Take off your hat, sir!" The other thus assaulted proved to be, unluckily for the lieutenant, Lord Camelford, the celebrated bruiser and duellist. A set-to in the lobby was the consequence, where his lordship quickly proved victorious. "The devil is not so black as he is painted," said one of the authors to the other; "let us call upon Lord Camelford, and tell him that we were witnesses of his being first assaulted." The visit was paid on the ensuing morning at Lord Camelford's lodgings, in Bond Street. Over the fire-place in the drawing-room were ornaments strongly expressive of the pugnacity of the peer. A long thick bludgeon lay horizontally supported by two brass hooks. Above this was placed parallel one of lesser dimensions, until a pyramid of weapons gradually arose, tapering to a horsewhip.

"Thus all below was strength, and all above was grace."

Lord Camelford received his visitants with great civility, and thanked them warmly for the call; adding, that their evidence would be material, it being his intention to indict the lieutenant for an assault. "All I can say in return is this," exclaimed the peer with great cordiality, "if ever I see you engaged in a row, upon my soul I'll stand by you." The authors expressed themselves thankful for so potent an ally, and departed. In about a fortnight afterwards (March 7, 1804), Lord Camelford was shot in a duel with Mr. Best.

† Veeshno. The late Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., who committed suicide in 1815 during a fit of insanity supposed to have been occasioned by overwork, and anxiety in connection with the involved financial affairs of Drury Lane Theatre.

Which is
Ninety-nine times as high as St. Paul's.
Descending, he twisted like Levy the Jew,*
Who a durable grave meant
To dig in the pavement
Of Monument-yard:
To earth by the laws of attraction he flew,
And he fell, and he fell
To the regions of hell;
Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,
And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety-nock,
Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.

Now Veeshnoo turned round to a capering varlet,
Array'd in blue and white and scarlet,
And cried, "Oh! brown of slipper as of hat!
Lend me, Harlequin, thy bat!"
He seized the wooden sword, and smote the earth;
When lo! upstarting into birth
A fabric, gorgeous to behold,
Outshone in elegance the old,
And Veeshnoo saw, and cried, "Hail, playhouse mine!"
Then, bending his head, to Surya he said:
"Soon as thy maiden sister Di
Caps with her copper lid the dark blue sky,
And through the fissures of her clouded fan
Peeps at the naughty monster man
Go mount yon edifice,
And show thy steady face
In renovated pride,
More bright, more glorious than before!"
But ah! coy Surya still felt a twinge,
Still smarted from his former singe;
And to Veshnoo replied,
In a tone rather gruff,
"No, thank you! one tumble's enough!"

——:o:——

JUSTICE.

"She hath escaped very well," Kehama cried;
"She hath escaped - - - but thou art here."

I

It chanced that at an old tobacconist's,
Outside the door a painted figure stood,
A Kilted Scotchman neatly carved in wood;
'Twas new and rather good.
Now Tomkins bent upon a spree,
Walked down the street the various sights to see;
But when the painted image Tomkins view'd,
To this he sprung, to this he clung,
And ran like mad along the High with this
Across his shoulder swung.

II.

Two bobbies seized him as he turned the street,
Before he was aware;
He dropped the image, and with winged feet
Shinned them, and bolted like a started hare;
The angry bobbies baffled now,
Unto each other vow
To make it hot for any gownsmen there
They meet; and Wilkins passing, full of fun,
Began to chaff the bobbies; wrathful they
Seized him instead, and carried him away;
He neither struggled, kicked, nor tried to run,
Nor the least show of opposition made,
Although they grasped him with their dirty hands
Courageously, for they don't feel afraid
When still their victim stands.

III.

Thus are they always bold when they have made
Some crippled beggar old,
Or unresisting girl, or boy, their prey,
But somehow they are never in the way
If a strong ruffian has been throwing stones,
Or punching some one's head in self-sought fray,
For they are careful of their bones.

IV.

"The culprit hath escaped," the bobbies cried,
He hath escaped, but one is here,
Will do as well;
Now let us go and tell
The Proctor that 'twas he; and so they went
And told their story well.
Next morning Wilkins gets a note,
Brought by the Proctor's man,
To call upon the Proctor at his rooms
With all the haste he can.

V.

And when he came within the Proctor's room,
Young Wilkins roused himself,
And told the Proctor 'twas a lie,
Invented by those blue-clad menials base;
That he was in the 'High'
Walking alone, and never even saw
The wooden figure that they talked about.
And that these bobbies
Came and pounced on him as he walked about,
Because the real culprit they
Had been so baulked about.

VI.

The velvet-sleeved one deigned him no reply,
The narrow-minded man—his gooseberry eye
Looked idiotic: not the smallest part
Had right and justice in his foolish heart.
At last he uttered loud each measured word,
Long in his breast confined,
Unjust, severe, proctorial, absurd—
The index of his mind.

VII.

"You must go down,
Away from this town,
For here you would
Never do any good.
You have made a row,
Which I cannot allow,
And so I must take you,
An example to make you;
You must pay me a fine
Of five pounds to-day,
And then go away;
For you must not stay,
At Oxford, lest others

* Levy. An insolvent Israelite who threw himself from the top of the Monument a short time before. An inhabitant of Monument-yard informed the writer, that he happened to be standing at his door talking to a neighbour; and looking up at the top of the pillar, exclaimed, "Why, here's the flag coming down." "Flag!" answered the other, "it's a man." The words were hardly uttered when the suicide fell within ten feet of the speakers.

Should follow your track ;
And your caution-money
You'll not get back.
And now Mr. Wilkins,
My words are plain,
You must never again,
Though it gives you pain,
Come up to Oxford.
If you think to do so,
You think it in vain,
You'll have to obey me,
Mr. Wilkins, for ever :
You can go away now, Sir,
And return again never."

VIII.

There with those bugbears of the town
Before him, stood the wretched man ;
There stood young Wilkins with loose-hanging gown.
Was it a dream ? Ah ! no,
He heard his sentence flow,
He heard the ready bobbies lie,
And felt all hope within him die.
Ah ! who could have believed
That he the velvet-sleeved
Could have so small, so weak a mind,
And ever trust those worms of dust,
Those banes of student kind.
With indignation flashing from his eye,
He left the room, nor cast one look behind.

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*, by Adon.

LONDON, CHAPMAN & HALL, 1874

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT LODORE.

HERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling ;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

—:o:—

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

BEFORE.

How do the Gentlemen do before marriage ?
Oh ! then they come flattering,
Soft nonsense chattering,
Praising your pickling.
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Acrostics inditing,
If your finger aches, fretting,
Fondling and petting,
"My loving,"—"my doving,"
"Petseying,"—"wetseying,"
Now sighing, now dying,
Now dear diamonds buying,
Or yards of Chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cashmere shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples—gloves, *Gros de Naples*,
Sweet pretty "skuggies"—ugly pet puggies ;
Now with an ear-ring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sevignés*

Now fingers squeezing or playfully teazing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you sheep's eyes,
Looking in faces while working braces;
Never once heeding what they are reading,
But soiling one's hose by pressing one's toes;
Or else so zealous, and nice, and jealous of all the fellows,
Darting fierce glances, if ever one dances, with a son of France's;
Or finding great faults, and threatening assaults whenever you "Valtz;"
Or fuming and fussing enough for a dozen if you romp with your cousin;
Continually stopping, when out-a-shopping, and bank notes dropping,
Not seeking to win money, calling it "tin" money, and promising pin-money;
Liking picnics at Twickenham, off lovely cold chicken, ham and champagne to quicken 'em;
Detesting one's walking without John too goes stalking, to prevent the men talking;
Think you still in your teens, wont let you eat "greens," and hate Crinolines;
Or heaping caresses, if you curl your back tresses, or wear low-neck'd dresses;
Or when up the river, almost sure to *diskiver* that it beats all to shiver the sweet Guadalquiver;
Or seeing death-fetches if the toothache one catches, making picturesque sketches of the houses of wretches;
Or with loud double knocks bring from Eber's a box, to see "Box and Cox," or pilfer one's locks to mark their new socks;
Or, whilst you are singing a love song so stinging, they vow they'll be swinging, or in serpentine springing, unless to them clinging your'll go wedding-ringing, and for life mend their linen.
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *before* marriage.

After.

How do they do after marriage?
Oh, then nothing pleases 'em,
But everything teases 'em;
Then they're grumbling and snarling—
You're a "fool," not a "darling";
Though they're rich as the *Ingies*,
They're the stingiest of stingies;
And what is *so* funny,
They've *never* got money;
Only ask them for any
And they haven't a penny;
But what passes all bounds,
On themselves they'll spend pounds—
Give guineas for lunch
Off real turtle and punch;
Each week a noise brings about, when they pitch all the things about
Now bowing in mockery, now smashing the crockery;
Scolding and swearing, their bald heads tearing,
Storming and raging past all assuaging.
Heaven preserve us! it makes one so nervous,
To hear the door slam to, be called simple ma'am too:
(I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve *Madam*;)
As a matter of course they'll have a divorce;
Or "my Lord Duke" intends to send you home to your friends;
Allow ten pounds a quarter for yourself and your daughter;
Though you strive all your might you can do nothing right;
While the maids—the old song—can do nothing wrong;
"Ev'ry shirt wants a button"! Every day they've cold mutton;
They're always a-flurrying one, or else they're a-hurrying one, or else they're a-worrying one;
Threatening to smother your dear sainted mother, or kick your big brother;
After all your fine doings, your strugglings and stewings—why "the house is in ruins!"
Then the wine goes like winking, and they cannot help thinking you've taken to drinking;
They're perpetually rows keeping, 'cause out of house-keeping they're in bonnets their spouse keeping;
So when they've been meated if with pies they're not treated, they vow that they're cheated;
Then against Ascot Races, and all such sweet places, they set their old faces;
And they'll never leave town, nor to Broadstairs go down, though with bile you're quite brown;
For their wife, they unwilling are, after cooing and billing her, to stand a cap from a Milliner—e'en a paltry twelve shillinger;
And it gives them the vapours to witness the capers, of those bowers and scrapers the young linen drapers;
Then to add to your woes, they say nobody knows how the money all goes, but they pay through the nose for the dear children's clothes;
Though you strive and endeavour, they're so mightily clever, that please them you'll never, till you leave them for ever!—Yes! the hundredth time sever—"*for ever and ever*"!!
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *after* marriage.

From *George Cruikshank's Comic Almanac*, for 1850.

How the Daughters come down at Dunoon.

"There standyth on one side of Dunoon, a hill or moleock of passynge steepnesse, and right slipperie withal; whereupon, in gaye times, ye youths and ye maidens of that towne do exceedingly disport themselves and take their pleasaunce; runnynge both uppe and downe with great glee and joyousnesse, to the much endangerment of their fair nekkes."

Kirke's *Memoirs*.

How do the daughters
Come down at Dunoon?
Daintily, slidingly,
Gingerly, slippingly,
Tenderly, trippingly,
Fairily, skippingly,
Glidingly, clippingly,
Dashing and flying,
And clashing and shying,
And starting and bolting,
And darting and jolting,
And rushing and crushing,
And leaping and creeping.
Feathers a-flying all—bonnets untying all—
Crinolines rapping and flapping and slapping all,
Balmorals dancing and glancing, entrancing all,

Feats of activity—
Nymphs on declivity—
Sweethearts in ecstacies—
Mothers in vexaties—
Lady-loves whisking and frisking and clinging on

True lovers puffing and blowing and springing on,
Flushing and blushing and wriggling and giggling on,
Teasing and pleasing and wheezing and squeezing on,
Everlastingly falling and bawling and sprawling on,
Flurrying and worrying and hurrying and skurrying on,
Tottering and staggering and lumbering and slithering on,
Any fine afternoon
About July or June
That's how the daughters
Come down at Dunoon!

From *Puck on Pegasus*, by H. Cholmondeley Pennell—London, Chatto and Windus

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HOW DOES THE DRUNKARD GO DOWN TO THE TOMB?

HERE he comes crawling,
And there he lies sprawling,
Here growling and muttering,
His gloomy thoughts uttering,
He totters along, with passions so strong,
Now striking and raging,
Or wordy war waging,
His drunken companions among.

Sitting and drinking, ogling and winking,
Rising and leaping, peering and peeping,
Humming and singing, swelling and flinging,
Turning and twisting, around and around,
Hallooing and cooing, with endless rebound;
Sparring and fighting,
Lewd pieces reciting,
Blundering, thundering,
Disgusting and deafening the ear with the sound.

Laughing and scoffing, sneering and jeering,
Hissing and kissing, sporting and courting,
Spouting and shouting, rhyming and chiming,
Smoking and joking, jesting, detesting,
Huffing and puffing, bouncing and pouncing,
Sweating and betting, winning and dinning,
Slapping and rapping, whipping and skipping,
Scuffling and shuffling, rattling and battling,
Ranting and panting, blustering and flustering,
Reading, receding,
With antic so frantic,
Conceited, pedantic.

Jumping and bumping and thumping,
Dancing and glancing and prancing,
Bawling and squalling and calling,
Chattering and shattering and battering,
Scaring and swearing and tearing,
Tiring, persevering,
The fumes are expiring;
Money gone, credit none,
Kicked about, bolted out.
Staggering, swaggering, whirling, twirling,
Wheeling, reeling, tumbling, grumbling,
Pondering, wandering, moping, groping,
Here he goes with broken nose,
Battered face, sad grimace,
Chairs he crashes, crockery smashes,
Wife he thrashes, children lashes,
Passions deadly, such a medley,

Sighing, crying, snoring, roaring,
Groaning, moaning, sleeping, weeping.
Screaming, dreaming, screeching, retching
All the night, till morning light;
Then on waking, head is aching,
Shaking, quaking, shivering, quivering,
Whining, pining, quailing, wailing,
He seems to see spirits dire,
With eyes of fire, and fiendish glee,
Mocking at his misery.

Yet spite of all his pain
And woes, he goes
And seeks it yet again.
To himself he's a fool,
To liquor a slave,
To the landlord a tool,
To his friends he's a knave,
And he makes his own winding-sheet, digs his own grave.
Cut down in his bloom,
He seals his own doom,
And this way the drunkard goes down to the tomb.

ANONYMOUS.

ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON.

How do the jolly days
Pass in the holidays?
Joking, and smoking,
In Wales or at Woking,
And riding, and hunting,
And lazily punting,
Canoeing, and boating,
And swimming, and floating,
And using in bathing,
The sea as a plaything,
And watching with glasses
Each ship as she passes;
And punning, and rhyming,
And glacier-climbing,
And fishing and shooting:
New theories mooting
In desolate islands,
Or up in the Highlands;
And yachting, rope-knotting,
And random notes jotting,
And sailing and baling,
And picnic-regaling,
Deerstalking and walking,
And merrily talking,
And skipping and prancing,
And glancing and dancing,
And flirting, exerting
Each talent diverting;
And playing at racquets
In white flannel jackets;
Golf, cricket, and touring,
Hard labour enduring,
In quest of new pleasure,
And spending your leisure
In dicing and gambling,
And quietly rambling,
And trudging with trouble
O'er turf and o'er stubble,
Exploding your cartridge
At grouse or at partridge;
Returning to table,
And feeling well able
To eat a whole elk up
Washed down with moselle cup
And drinking, and eating,
At each merry meeting,

Beef, venison, and mutton,
Not caring a button,
Because indigestion
Is out of the question;
Or, better and better,
Avoiding a debtor.
(Perhaps growing pale, if
You think of a bailiff,)
And audience attracting
By Amateur acting,
And singing, and playing,
And modestly staying
At Ramsgate or Margate,
Destroying a target
By accurate aiming,
And sporting and gaming
And draining the bubbly can
Of beer-bearing publican,
Chastising a slow moke
With cudgel of holm-oak,
Your animal thrashing,
And beating and lashing,
To carry his master
A little bit faster;
At croquet excelling,
And tale of love telling
To charming young lady
With hair black and braidy;
Oh! sweetly the jolly days
Pass in the holidays!

From *Banter*, edited by G. A. Sala. September 23, 1867

How the Horses come Round at the Corner.

How do the horses come round at The Corner?
When eyes are all straining,
To see which is gaining,
And far-distant humming
Grows louder and clearer,—Grows stronger and nearer.
"They're off!" "They are coming!"
"Who leads?" "Black and red!"—"No! Green, by a head!"
"The Earl!" "No, the Lady!"—"Typhœus looks shady!"
"Orion! Orion,—To live or to die on!"
"Twenty pounds to a crown—On the little Blue Gown."
"I'll venture my whole in—That colt by Tom Bowline!"
"Paul Jones!" "Rosicrucian!"
"Green Sleeve!" "Restitution!"
"Le Sarrazin!" "Pace!"
"It's Mercury's race!"
Then on they come lashing, and slashing, and dashing,
Their colours all flashing like lightning-gleams gashing
The darkness, where, clashing, the thunder is crashing!
With whipping and thrashing,
With crowding and smashing,
With pressing and stirring,
With lifting and spurring,
With pulling and striving,
With pushing and driving,
With kicking and sporting,
With neighing and snorting,
With frisking and whisking,
With racing and chasing,
With straining and gaining,
With longing and thronging,
With plunging and lunging,
With fretting and sweating,
With bustling, and hustling, and justling,
With surging, and urging and scourging,
With rushing, and brushing, and crushing,
With scattering, and pattering, and clattering,
With hurrying, and scurrying, and flurrying, and worrying,
With sliding, and gliding, and riding, and striding,
With crying, and flying, and shying, and plying,
With tying, and vying, and trying, and hieing!
Till rapidly spinning,
The ranks quickly thinning,
The crowd is beginning
To see which is winning:—
Some faces grow brighter—and some grow forlorner:
And that's how the horses come round at The Corner!

Fun, May 30, 1868.

May in Lincolnshire.

After the manner of Southey's Cataract of Lodore.)

What are the chief delights of May—
This season, verdant, sweet, and gay?
The leafy trees, the fragrant flowers,
The genial sun, the reviving showers,
The feathered songsters of the grove—
All nature redolent of love.
So poets write, and write it true;
Alas! there's a prosaic view,
Dwellings are turned quite inside out;
The household madly rush about—

Cleaning and changing,
Counting and ranging,
Painting and lining,
Tinting and priming,
Stirring and mixing,
Glueing and fixing,
Mounting and glazing,
Hauling and raising,
Thatching and tiling,
Crowding and piling,
Dragging and trailing,
Sprigging and nailing,
Stitching and lining,
Twisting and twining,
Turning and clipping,
Sorting and ripping,
Fing'ring and thumbing,
Sticking and gumming,
Stretching and climbing,
Draining and griming,
Rembling [1] and raving,[2]
Tewing [3] and taving,[4]
Noising and clatting,[5]
Rightling and scratting,[6]
Sanding and grinding,
Fussing and finding,
From garret to ground
No peace to be found!
Slaving and laving,
Shoving and moving,
Working and shirking,
Lifting and shifting,
Soaping and groping,

[1] Rembling—shifting; [2] Raving—tearing up; [3] Tewing—troubling oneself; [4] Taving—fidgetting; [5] Clatting—dirtying; [6] Scratting—scratching.

Washing and splashing,
Routing and clouting,
Messing and pressing,
Bending and rending,
Greasing and squeezing,
Kneeling and wheeling,
Humming and drumming,
Pailing and baling,
Lugging and tugging,
Laughing and chaffing,
Dusting audthrusting,
Tripping and dripping,
Unbedding, blackleading,
Upsetting and wetting,
They come with their brooms,
Invading the rooms,
Carry off all the books,
In spite of black looks,
Such confusion and riot,
Destruction to quiet !

And filling, and swilling, and spilling ;
And mopping, and flopping, and slopping ;
And racing, and chasing, and placing ;
And hustling, and rustling, and bustling ;
And holding, and folding, and scolding ;
And sudding, and flooding, and thudding ;
And banging, and clanging, and hanging ;
And clapping, and rapping, and frapping ;
And pasting, and hasting, and wasting ;

Inspecting, selecting, rejecting ;
Varnishing, tarnishing, garnishing
Hurrying, scurrying, flurrying ;
Bothering, pothering, smothering;
Unrusting, adjusting, disgusting ;
Clattering, spattering, chattering;
Whitening, tightening, brightening;
Ransacking, attacking, unpacking ;
Reviewing, renewing, and doing.

Charing, and airing, hammering, and clamouring ;
And mending, and sending, and spending, and ending ;
And tacking, and blacking, and cracking, and packing ;
And oiling, and soiling, and moiling, and toiling ;
And creaking and squeaking, and reeking, and seeking ;
And racking, and sacking, and smacking, and clacking ;
And thumping, and bumping, and lumping, and pumping ;
And wrapping, and strapping, and tapping, and clapping ;
And heaping, and steeping, and creeping, and sweeping ;
And wringing, and dinging, and bringing, and singing ;
And knocking, and rocking, and flocking, and shocking ;
And jamming, and cramming, and slamming, and ramming ;
And rubbing, and scrubbing, and tubbing, and grubbing ;
And huddling, and muddling, and puddling, and ruddling ;*
And patching, and matching, and catching, and snatching ;
And rushing, and gushing, and slushing, and brushing ;
And rumbling, and jumbling, and tumbling, and grumbling ;

Thus, in the manner that I have been telling,
May-fever spreads over the whole of the dwelling.

This clever parody appeared, anonymously, in *Once a Week*, June 8, 1872.

THE BOAT-RACE.
(*A Retrospect.*)

How do the 'Varsities come to the Race ?—
All a-rowing, and knowing their pluck they are showing,
And blowing, and going the deuce of a pace ;
With the ending depending on strong arms extending,
And bending oars rending the waves in the chase.
With a spurting, exerting their muscles, and hurting
Their hearts, say the Doctors (but that's a rare case),
With too much book-making, and arms next day aching—
And that's how the Varsities come to the Race ?

How do the Ladies come down to the Race ?—
With a rustle and bustle, and zest for the tussle,
With a hustle and jostle, and tearing of lace.
With a gushing and blushing, and little feet rushing,
And pushing and crushing to get a good place.
With a petting and getting the odds in the betting,
And letting their fretting be seen in their face :
With a swarming so charming, in toilettes alarming,
And that's how the Ladies come down to the Race !

How do the Gentlemen come to the Race ?—
With a walking and talking, and pleasant "dear"-stalking ;
Uncorking and forking out "pegs" from a case.
With a smoking and joking, and badinage-poking,
Invoking the Stroke in the boat that they "place."
With a laughing, Bass-quaffing, and eke shandy-gaffing
And chaffing the cads till they're black in the face,
And hurraying, and laying the odds—and then paying—
And that's how the Gentlemen come to the Race !

How do the Roughs and Cads come to the Race ?—
With a cheering and beering, and sneering and jeering ;
"My dear"-ing and leering at each pretty face.
With a scowling, and fouling the air with their howling,
And prowling and growling, and grin and grimace,
With a swearing and tearing, and blue rosettes wearing,
And a daring uncaring what things they abase—
And a reeling, and feeling for fighting, and stealing—
And that's how the Roughs and Cads come to the Race !

Punch, April 27, 1878.

READY FOR THE START.

HERE they come sparkling,
There they go darkling,
A tide that flows onward conflicting and strong :
Some betting, some fretting
At losing relations
At choked railway stations,
And storming and raging,
And hansoms engaging,
Or aught upon wheels that will drag them along ;
While tramps, the path keeping,
Are running and leaping,
And slinking and creeping,
Eddying and whisking,
Panting and frisking,
Slouching and twisting,
Planning for trysting
Where reaching the ground,
Collecting, expecting
Where flats may be found.

Smiting and fighting
Some crowds fun delighting,
Strong language abounding,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound ;
Feeding and speeding,
And shockingly mocking,
And tripping and skipping,
And sipping and whipping,
And nipping and slipping,

* Ruddle—red chalk for tiled floor.

Quivering and shivering,
And vainly endeavouring
By pushing and rushing,
And craving and raving,
And waving and staving,
And tossing and crossing,
And working and jerking,
And wriggling and giggling,
And hugging and mugging,
And boring and roaring,
And thundering and blundering,
And hauling, and falling, and sprawling,
And frequently naughty names calling,
And striving and hiving and driving,
And sounding and rounding and bounding,
And grumbling and tumbling, much humbling,
And chattering and battering and shattering,
And thumping and bumping, and plumping and stumping,
And flashing and splashing, and dashing and crashing,
Such sounds and such motions for evermore blending,
Till at last, with a tumult that seems never ending,
By train, carriage, drag, coach, cab, wheelbarrow, cart,
The thousands reach Epsom in time for the start.

Funny Folks, June 8, 1878.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

(Lord Dufferin has suggested that Ontario and New York should combine to make a Public International Park at Niagara Falls. All visitors to the World's Wonder must hope that his proposition may succeed.)

"How does the water
Come down at Niagara?"
Somebody asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme
How the Rapids' broad tracts
And the Falls might be seen,
So without hesitation
I made explanation
And gave him the facts,
For I feared he was green.

When you leave your hotel,
To enjoy the sight well,
And, in wonder
At the thunder,
To Goat Island go,
Fifty cents is the pittance
They charge for admittance
To gaze at the show.
Again you pay fifty
(Unless you are thrifty)
To take a not very
Smooth trip o'er the ferry;
And the victim soon finds
It is three times as much to the Cave of the Winds.
It is twenty cents here, and it's forty cents there;
Half dollars and more when you've money to spare.

At all the good places
For seeing the way
In which the flood races,
There's something to pay.
Wherever you walk,
As a bird by a hawk,
You are worried and flurried
By beggarly louts,
Importunate touts,
And hackmen who, swarming around,
Waylay you at starting,
And, never departing,
Keep stopping, confusing,
Annoying, abusing,
And plotting and scheming,
And often blaspheming,
And pumping and bumping,
And dunning and stunning,
And shouting and spouting,
And pressing and guessing,
And beckoning and reckoning,
And following and holloaing,
All over the ground;
Although so inviting,
Far, far from delighting,
Confounding, astounding,
Pestering and maddening the ear with their sound.
So with a sensation of great irritation,
Of native extortion quite out of proportion,
Of vanishing dollars and rather damp collars,
Of guides never ending, but always attending,
Wherever your fugitive footsteps are wending,
You may get, at a cost that will cause you to stagger, a
Precious dear sight of the Falls of Niagara.

Funny Folks, November 23, 1878.

HOW THE CUSTOMERS COME TO THE SANDOWN BAZAAR.

(The following parody was written for the programme of the Sandown Bazaar, Isle of Wight, in 1879. With a few verbal alterations it might easily be applied to a similar purpose in any other locality.)

If "Robert the Rhymer" were alive, I'd implore,
Forgiveness, for trying to copy "Lodore."

"WHAT things do you want
For the Sandown Bazaar?"
My kind friends have ask'd me
Thus, time after time.
Moreover some wish'd me
To tell them in rhyme,
So what with one friend,
And then with another,
Eagerly urging
The request of each other;
I promised to tell them
What things we required
For the Sandown Bazaar
From near and afar,
As many a time
We have had them before;
And to tell them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I have store;
Though 'tis not my vocation,
But their recreation
That makes me thus sing,
Because I am anxious
To please in this thing.
From sources which well
In the heart's deepest cell;
From fountains
In the mountains
Of thought and good will.

Through post and through rail
We expect things to come;
Then rest for awhile
In some kind friends home;
And thence at departing,
After effort at starting,
They will quickly proceed,
With a general stampede,
To the Hall of the Town.
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,
Every one seems
In a terrible flurry.
Hammering and clammering,
The tumult and banging,
Making a furious
Terrible roar.
'Mid all this confusion,
The boxes are placed
On the Town Hall floor.
Then arms which are strong
Drag them along
To the stalls, where there falls
On the faces of "graces"—
All found in their places,
A light of delight.
Laughing and talking,
Smiling and walking,
Turning and twisting,
Walking and frisking,
Soon all are agreed
That a sight to delight in,
At last is displayed,
As the stalls are arrayed
In articles useful and fancy,
As if by the aid of necromancy.

Tatting and platting,
Matting and blacking,
And crochet and croquet
And crewls and jewels,
And baskets and caskets,
And brackets and rackets,
And lustres and dusters,
And feathers and leathers,
And towels and trowels,
And cradles and ladles,
And sables and tables,
And mittens and kittens,
And dresses and presses,
And dishes and fishes,
And cases and braces,
And pencils and lentils,
And pictures and tinctures,
And bangles and mangles,
And brushes and thrushes,
And coffee and toffee,
And bonnets and sonnets,
And pickles and sickles,
And papers and scrapers,
And slippers and nippers,
And sashes and taches,
And money and honey.
And screens and machines,
And ferns and epergnes,
And coseys and poseys,
And lamps and stamps,
And games and frames,
And spoons and balloons,
And quilts and stilts,
And yachts and whatnots,
And telephones and microphones,
And phonographs and photographs,
And oleographs and chromographs
And telescopes and stereoscopes,
And pinafores and battledores,
And lemonade and gingerade,
And cheffoniers and caffetiers,
And letter racks and knickknacks,
And cocoatina and farina,

And barometers and thermometers,
And refrigerators and perambulators,
And chrysanthemums and kettle-drums,
And pelargoniums and harmoniums,
And canaries and cassowaries,

And clocks and socks and frocks.
And stools and wools and tools,
And bibs and cribs and nibs,
And rugs and jugs and mugs,
And muffs and cuffs and stuffs,
And caps and maps and scraps,

And thus without ceasing and ever increasing,
I might go on telling what things we'll be selling,
If they only come here, from near and afar,
To make most successful the SANDOWN BAZAAR!

W. J. CRAIG. 1879.

In November, 1879, the Editor of *The World* selected Southey's *Cataract of Lodore* as the original for a Parody Competition, on the subject of THE HOME RULERS, and the following parodies were printed:—

FIRST PRIZE.

Is it how the Home Rulers,
Make spaches, me boys?
Whist! I'll tell ye the tale
In a 'three-cornered' rhyme,
Wid the laste taste, iv brogue—
Be the mortial, its prime!

Where they riz thim quare clothes,
Sorra, one iv me knows!
Their wondherful 'caubeens,'
Their illegant 'dhudeens,'
Their rings and sich things,
But we saw them wid joy
Comin' over the bogs,
In sich beautiful togs,
Each a broth iv a boy.
So they kem walking,
Chattering and talking,
Wid ivery long word
That iver ye heard,
Blarneying and fighting,
Dividing, uniting;
Wid the finest iv action
Explaining and proving,
All scruples removing,
To their own satisfaction.

Stamping, hurrahing,
Erin-go-bragh-ing,
Jumping and pushing,
Wildly 'hoorooshing,'

Shaking shillalies,
Brandishing 'dailies,'
Tearing their hair,
Sawing the air
(Be jabers, 'twas quare!)
Storming and raving,
Deluding, 'desaving—'
Demosthenes would have been struck with despair.

Objecting, correcting,
Defying, denying,
Remarking and barking,
And shouting and spouting,
Rebelling and yelling and telling,
And growling and howling and scowling,
Deriding, deciding, and chiding and hiding,
Rejecting, reflecting, projecting, directing,
Refusing, abusing, confusing, amusing,
An' taching and praching and shaking and spaking,
Wid the gift of the gab such a shindy awaking,
That the author of mischief might listen wid joy—
That's the way the Home Rulers make spaches, me boy.

(*Miss Story.*) FABULA SED VERA.

SECOND PRIZE.

How do the Home Rulers behave in the House.

HERE they come broguing,
Together colloquing,
Here jangling and wrangling,
The Queen's English mangling,
Staircase and hall and lobby along;
Execrating, dilating,
On methods of baiting,
The Sassenach foe for their fancied wrong.

Then rising and bawling,
Caterwauling and squalling,
Perspiring, untiring,
And sputtering and spluttering,
With ceaseless outpour,
Blustering and flustering,
Explanation mistrusting,
A sight full disgusting,
Amazing, gorge-raising,
Half crazing the House by their senseless uproar.

For dry rot eternal
Commend me to Parnell:
For bosh by the gallon,
Go listen to Callan;
Like a train in a tunnel
Is the voice of O'Donnell;
For imbecile vigour
Unrivalled is Biggar.
Nagging and bragging,
And canting and ranting,
Speech-prolonging, sing-songing.
Face-contorting and snorting,
And stranger espying,
In gallery prying,
Mispronouncing and bouncing and flouncing,
Impeding Bill-reading proceeding,
And scorning the dawning of morning,
Rage inducing, time-losing, abusing,
Naught-revering but jeering and sneering.
Unremitting, late sitting, straw-splitting, and twitting,
Body-swaying, inveighing, and braying, and neighing;
Blue-book spouting and shouting, and doubting and pouting;
Ear-shattering, dirt-spattering, and clattering and smattering,
And so never stopping, but always upcropping,
Fresh batches in-dropping to keep up the ball,
Disloyal Obstructionist bores one and all;
From the start of the year till the shooting of grouse—
This is how the Home Rulers behave in the House.

(*C. L. Graves.*) TROT.

HERE they come wrangling,
And there they go jangling,
Here mumbling and fumbling,
With tumult and grumbling,
They wander about in trouble and doubt;
Now calling and squalling,
As if they were brawling,
With many an angry shout.
Storming and groaning,
Scolding and moaning,
Their bad taste disowning,
With gibes and with jeers;
Fluttering and muttering
While uttering their sneers.
Now bouncing and flouncing,
And madly denouncing,
And filling the air with their wild Irish cheers.
Rebelling and yelling,
Haggling and naggling,
Jabbering and blabbering,
Sweating and fretting,
Exploding and goading,
Embarrassing, harrassing,
Chaffing and laughing,
And talking and balking,
Vapouring and capering,
Bewailing and railing,
And sparring and jarring,
And growling and howling,
Discussing and fussing,
Retorting and thwarting,
And thrashing and slashing,
Disquieting and rioting,
'Bejaber'-ing and labouring,
And hustling and bustling and tussling,
And leaguing, fatiguing, and often intriguing,
Provoking and joking and choking and croaking,
And poking and prying, and 'strangers espying,'
Delighting in smiting, inciting to fighting,
Interfering and jeering, domineering and sneering,
Exceeding good breeding by rudely impeding,
And figuring and sniggering, and Parnelling and Biggaring,
And always obstructing, and oft misconducting,
And flaring and daring and wearing and tearing,
And blundering and sundering and wondering and thundering,
And clustering and mustering and flustering and blustering;
Hindering and teasing, they bring without ceasing
Their 'questions' and 'motions' for ever increasing,
And rush to the fore with a mighty uproar,
These Irish Home Rulers whose freaks we deplore.

PEMBROKE.

JUST out of one bother
Into another.
Gone is the Fenian—
Here comes his brother,
Worse than the other.
Whence is this fooling
Of Irish Home Ruling?

From English invasion,
At Irish persuasion,
Of Paddy's first unity
In village community—
Not with impunity;
From *his* horror of digging,
From *his* habit of pigging,
From *his* love of things smooth
Better far than the truth;

From *our* law-codes too drastic,
From our treatment too plastic—
Neither elastic;

Generally speaking,
Without further seeking—
From Irish obliquities,
From English iniquities;
Of such-like antiquities
Eight centuries reckoned
From Henry II.
Thence come Home Rulers,
Both fools and befoolers,
Here they stand spouting
Our Parliament flouting;
There they go shouting,
At this silly season
To Irish unreason
Murder and treason;

Lunging of gunning,
Plotting at potting,
Mooting of looting.
Hooting of shooting,
Braying of slaying,
Rent-paying delaying,
Some of them hedging,
Scruples alleging, while treason is fledging,
Hoping to get the thin end of their wedge in!

Yet they cut a poor figure,
This Parnell and Biggar.
With all their pretension.
As they linger and linger
With a trembling finger
On the racketty trigger
Of their glorious National Irish Convention!

HOYLE.

The World, November 5, 1879.

HOW THE HOME RULERS BEHAVE AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

HERE they come shouting,
And there they sit pouting;
Here fuming and raging.
A wordy war waging,
They stand a most irate throng
Now fussing and fretting
As though much regretting
They cannot fight all night long!

Collecting, dispersing,
Rejecting and cursing,
Hurrying and flurrying,
Tormenting and worrying
Like some snarling bow-wow;
Taking delight in
Abusing and fighting,
Deafening all with their terrible row!

Vapouring and capering,
Grumbling and mumbling,
And wrangling and jangling,
And growling and scowling,
And squalling and bawling,
And jumping and thumping,
And roaring and boring,
And moaning and groaning,
And laughing and quaffing,
And hissing and missing,
And tearing and swearing,
And thundering and blundering,
And querying and wearying,

And hating, and prating, and rating,
And leering, and peering, and jeering,
And dancing, and glancing, and prancing,
And masking, and asking, and tasking,
And stammering, and hammering, and clamouring,
And teasing, and wheezing, and sneezing,
And stunning, and funning, and punning,

And stumping, and pumping, and jumping, and thumping,
And twitting, and hitting, and sitting, and flitting,
And hashing, and gnashing, and lashing, and slashing,
And mustering, and clustering, and flustering, and blustering,
Replying, denying, and eyeing, and crying,
Tallying, and dallying, and rallying, and sallying,
And staring, and glaring, and daring, and flaring,
And railing, and wailing, and quailing, and failing,
And therefore the House they can never have peace in,
The tumult unceasing, for ever increasing,
Rolls restlessly on like some huge tidal wave,
And this is the way the Home Rulers behave!

From *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. DOVETON. Wyman and Sons, London, 1880.

THE SHORE.

How do Cheap Trippers
Come down to the shore?

* * * *

From their sources they wend
In the squalid East-end;
From Whitechapel,
Surge and grapple
Its 'Arries and its Carries.
Through court and through lane
They run and they shout
For awhile, till they're out
By their own special train,
And thence, at departing,
All bawling at starting,
They drink and they feed;
And away they proceed
Through the dark tunnels,
'Mid smoke from the funnels,
Where they shriek in their flurry,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Now singing, now smoking,
Now practical joking,
Till, in this rapid ride
On which they are bent
They reach the sea-side
And make their descent.

* * * *

The excursion crowd strong
Then plunges along,
Running and leaping,
Over rocks creeping,
Kicking and flinging,
"Kiss-in-the-ring"-ing,
Pulls at the whisky,
Making them frisky.
Smiting and fightin'—
A thing they delight in—
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with their sound.

* * * *

Sea-weeding and feeding,
And mocking and shocking,
And kissing and missing,
And skipping and dipping,
And drinking and winking,
And wading and bathing,
Shell picking and sticking,
In mud-holes and kicking.
And going a rowing,
And fishing and wishing,
And roaming in gloaming,
Sight-seeing and teaing,
And larking and sparking,
Love-making and taking
To beering and jeering,
Donkey-riding and hiding,
And squeaking and seeking.

* * * *

And galloping and walloping,
And wandering and maundering,
Uncoating and boating and floating,
Upsetting and getting a wetting,
And crying and drying and spying,
Immersing, dispersing, and cursing,
And meeting and greeting and seating and eating,
And fuddling and muddling and huddling and puddling;
And so never ending, but always descending,
The Cockneys for ever and ever are wending,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar—
And this way Cheap-Trippers come down to the shore!

Punch, August 7, 1880.

THE MEETING OF THE MEDICINAL "WATERS."

How do the Waters come down on the public?
Here they come bouncing,
All rivals denouncing,
"Untradesmanlike falsehoods" tremendously trouncing,
Swearing that hurt is meant
By foe's advertisement;
Public ear stuffing,
And rubbish be-puffing.
Greek meeting Greek—in the crackjawish names of 'em;
Polyglot rot setting forth bogus claims of 'em.
Loquaciously gassing
Of merits surpassing,
Phosphates and carbonates, jargon empirical
Blazoning each pseudo-medical miracle,
Taunting and vaunting,
Their praises loud chanting,
And bothering and pothering,
And boasting, and posting
On hoardings and boardings
Their pictures and strictures,
And much advertising,
And circularising;
Till one wishes the roar
Of these Waters were o'er,
And votes the whole business no end of a bore.

Punch, June 4, 1881.

A LEGISLATIVE CATARACT; OR HOW THE COMMONS RUSH IN THROUGH THE DOOR.

"How do the members,
Rush in through the door?"
A curious friend asked me
Last year at this time;
And, furthermore, tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
So anon, thus possess'd
Of his wish in the matter,
My muse I entreated
To come when address'd
And describe how those seated
With clamour and clatter,
Rush in through the door,
And swarm over the floor
When so eager they are
To press to the bar
And to hear the Queen's Speech
As they've heard it of yore!

The result of my prayer
To my Muse for her aid,
You will see in the rare
List of rhymes I have made.
Tho' the strict truth to tell,
Robert Southey as well,
By writing before
Of the Falls of Lodore,
Has a prominent share,
In this little affair.

* * *

"From all parts of the town
Have the members come down,
To renew legislation—
For this favored nation;
From South, West, and North,
They have all issued forth;
Brought by brougham and train
They have mustered again;
And the signal awaiting
Are busy debating;
Excitement controlling,
And friends button-holing,
And some even napping,
Till Black-Rod comes rapping.
But, then, ere he's done,
Off the nimble ones run
Up passages, stairs,
Four-a-breast, or in pairs,
Till some even swelter,
So fierce is their flurry;
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,

There they go rushing,
And here they come crushing,
And rudely rebuffing,
(But Warton is snuffing)
With a chorus of "oh's,"
And much treading on toes,
Till increasing their pace,
For quite reckless they are,
They tear on in their race
To be at the Bar.

Some five hundred strong,
They hasten along,
Fuming and raging,
As though a war waging,
Slighting and smiting,
And old ones affrighting;
Dodging and darting,
With gouty feet smarting,
Limping and hustling,
And fussily bustling;
Talking whilst walking,
And punning whilst running,
Twisting and turning
Sharp corners around,
Selfishly spurning
The friends that abound;
Calling and bawling,
(Some actually sprawling),
And hooting and yelling,
With outcry so swelling,
That all who are near they completely astound.

Pressing, progressing,
Proceeding and speeding,
And threading and spreading,
And shocking and mocking,
And tattling and battling,
And coursing and forcing,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And going tip-toeing,
And hopping and stopping,
And gaining and straining,
And hieing and vieing,
And flouncing and bouncing,
And seizing and squeezing,
And catching and snatching,
And ambling and scrambling,
And stripping and slipping,
And singing and swinging,
And doubling and troubling,
And pining and whining,
And shifting and drifting,
And filing and smiling,
And dinning and winning,
And moaning and groaning;
And thundering and blundering,
And hurrying and scurrying,
And quivering and shivering,
And parrying and harrying,
And hastening and chastening,
And cantering and bantering;
Dividing, and sliding, and striding,
And bumping, and lumping, and jumping,
And stumbling, and tumbling, and grumbling,
And chasing, and racing, and pacing,
And clattering, and battering, and chattering
And bounding, and rounding, and pounding,
And steering, and jeering, and fearing,
And contriving, and driving, and striving,
And stooping, and whooping, and trooping;
Retreating, and eating, and meeting, and greeting,
Delaying, and straying, and staying, and saying,
Advancing, and prancing, and chancing, and glancing,
Recoiling, embroiling, turmoiling, and toiling,
And steaming, and beaming, and scheming, and teaming,
And clapping, and slapping, and rapping, and tapping,
And crushing, and brushing, and gushing, and rushing,
And backing, and tracking, and hacking, and packing,
And dashing, and clashing, and smashing, and crashing,
And glaring, and daring, and pairing, and flaring,
So seeming ne'er ending, but always ascending,
These sounds and these motions are loudly contending,
As five hundred and more with a mighty uproar,
On their way to the Bar, hurry in through the door."

Truth, February 9, 1882.

THE MEETING OF THE LANDLORDS.

How do the Landlords "come down on" the Act?

HERE they come hurrying, there they come scurrying,
Their minds about destiny dreadfully worrying;
With big "Resolutions" and plaints against "Wrong,"
They hasten along, more sounding than strong.
Posing and glosing,
Dread dangers disclosing,
And hinting that Providence sure must be dozing.
Blaming, and shaming,
Declaiming, and flaming,
And large "Compensation" commandingly claiming.
Sobbing, and throbbing,
'Gainst Radical robbing,
Sighing and crying;
Rack-renting denying
With stinging jobation
Against confiscation,
And much botheration
About Valuation;
Spouting, and flouting, and doubting,
Denouncing, and bouncing, and flouncing;
And fluttering, and muttering, and sputtering;
And swearing repairing the past is uptearing,
Society's self from its basis and bearing;
And flaring, and blaring, and simple souls scaring
By wild elocution
About Revolution;
Proclaiming that law is now putting a stopper
On Property's game in a manner improper:
That Civilization is coming a cropper.
So the Landlords galore,
Like Cassandras, deplore,
And down on the Land Act like Cataracts pour,
O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er,
With a mighty uproar.
While the World says,—"*We've heard all this Shindy before!*"

Punch, January 14, 1882.

THAT'S HOW THE TOURISTS COME DOWN TO THE SHORE.

Cheerily,
Wearily,
Warily,
Merrily,
Slidingly,
Glidingly,
Trippingly,
Skippingly,

Leaping and creeping,
At nymphs slyly peeping,
Mashing and dashing,
In salt water splashing,
Billing and cooing,
The wooed and the wooing,

Hobbies entrancing all, beauty enhancing all,
Laughter and jollity ruling and schooling all,
Neptune from ocean arising surprising all.

Ceaseless vivacity,
Reckless audacity,
Some in high ecstasies,
Others in vextasies.

Merry girls spooning and flirting and catching on,
Elderly matrons with schemes of love matching on,
Old gents asthmatical, wheezing and sneezing on,
Artists all sketching and etching and painting on,
Geologists searching and peering and diving on,
Climbers ascending and wearily wending on,
Activity endless with never an ending on.

When the season arrives,
And the big billows roar,
That's how the tourists
Come down to the shore.

The Detroit Free Press, Summer Number, 1885.

In 1880, Mr. E. Harris-Bickford, of Camborne, published a long poem on the Falls of Niagara, it also was written in imitation of Southey's *Cataract of Lodore*.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are grey:
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head,
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain,
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back sommersault in at the door,
Pray, *what* is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple,
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box,
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet,
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak,
Pray how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, one would hardly suppose,
That your eye was as steady as ever,
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose,
What made you so *awfully* clever?"

"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"
Said his father. "don't give yourself airs,
"Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll. (Macmillan and Co., London.)

THE OLD MAN'S COLD, AND HOW HE GOT IT.

BY NORTHEY-SOUTHEY-EASTEY-WESTEY.

"You are cold, Father William," the young man cried,
"You shake and you shiver, I say,
You've a cold, Father William, your nose it is red;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied—
(He was a dissembling old man),
"I put lumps of ice in my grandpapa's boots,
And snowballed my aunt Mary Ann."

"Go along! Father William," the young man cried,
"You are trying it on, sir, to-day;
What makes your teeth chatter like bone castanettes?
Come, tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I went to the North Pole with Parry;
And now, my sweet boy, the Arc-tic doloreux
Plays with this old man the Old Harry."

"Get out! Father William," the young man cried,
"Come you shouldn't go on in this way;
You are funny, but still you've a frightful bad cold—
Now tell me the reason I pray."

"I am cold, then, dear youth," Father William replied,
"I've a cold my impertinent son,
Because for some weeks my coals have been bought
At forty-eight shillings a ton!"

This parody appeared in *The Figaro*, (London,) March 1st, 1873, and seems to have been so much admired by the editor of that journal, that he served up a second edition of it, with some alterations, on July 15, 1874, as follows:—

YOU seem cold, Father William, the young man cried,
And chilblains are massed round your nose,
I rarely in all my experience before
Saw chilblains so broken as those.

You are right, my young man, Father William replied,
These chilblains you see are the fruits
Of the snowballs I put, when a youngster like you,
In my Aunt Mary Ann's Sunday boots.

You seem cold, father William, the young man cried,
And if I may venture to say so,
You have influenza most awfully bad,
Come, why do you wheeze in that way so?

In the days of my youth, father William replied,
I found it uncommonly easy
To sit on the ice when I wanted to skate,
'Tis hence that I now am so wheezy.

You seem cold, father William, the young man cried,
And I see you incessantly shiver;
Do you think, aged pal, such a jellyish trick
Is good, at four score, for the liver?

I shiver, young man, father William replied,
Because, with your mirth bubbling o'er,
You slipped lumps of ice down the nape of my neck,
But I'm blowed if I stand any more!

O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF, ESQ., *in his remarks on the Weather.*

THE CAUSE OF TRUTH.

(Few are aware that Southey's beautiful and much lauded Poem of "Old Father William," is copied almost verbatim from an old American ballad. Far be it from us to comment upon the fact, but truth compels us to remark that a more barefaced piece of plagiarism has never come under our notice. In order to convince the public of the veracity of our statements, we subjoin the original ballad as found by us in an old MS. entitled "Wild Cat Warblings.")

"YOU air old, Father William, an elderly cuss,
But I reckon you air real grit,
For the high handed way you sailed into that muss
Astonished creation a bit."

"Waal, fact is," said William, removing his quid,
"I allus was cheerful and spry;
And my motto is, 'Do, or you're sure to be did,'
And 'Root little hog, or die.'"

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"Your fingers are stiff you'll agree;
Yet you euchred the boys till they hadn't a red,
And bust up the heathen Chinee."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I played on the square, you perceive;
But now I have let old integrity slide,
And I keep the best bower in my sleeve."

"You are old, Father William, and whiskey took neat,
Unsettles the sight I opine;
Yet you wiped out the digger who called you a cheat,
In a way that was powerful fine."

"Take the lead when you can," was his father's response,
"That's a bully old rule you'll allow;
Besides, if you settle a critter at once,
It saves you from having a row."

"You are old, Father William, and soon I expect
To be taking you round in a hearse;
Yet somehow you never appear to reflect
That you're goin' from wicked to worse."

"Go slow" said his father, replacing his chaw,
"You are getting too all fired proud;
I reckon we've had just enough of your jaw,
Let's licker. Hi! drinks for the crowd."

Zoz (Dublin), October, 1878.

YOUTH AND AGE.

"YOU are old, Father William," the young men cried,
"A disciple of Fox and of Grey;
Yet you prattle of peace at a Palmerston Club;
Come tell me the reason, I pray."

"Oh, what's in a name?" Father William replied,
"Against Pam's pet ideas I am planning;
But your Militant Tories are spouting next door,
'Neath the peaceable ægis of Canning."

"While here, Father William," the young men cried,
"At Benjamin's baseness you rave;
But like Balaam when called on the Jew to confound,
At Westminster blessings you gave."

"At Oxford, my sons," Father William replied,
"I smote with my staff, I'm aware;
But I spoke to the Asses in Westminster Hall,
For I knew they could answer me there."

"Oh, fie, Father William, you should not employ
Your talents in personal strife;
These picnic orations bad temper betray;
Is it seemly at your time of life?"

"In office and out," Father William replied,
"Has Beaconsfield filled me with rage;
In the days of my youth I remember his sneers,
And I will not forget in my age."

Mayfair, February 12, 1878.

THE OLD MAN'S SORROW, AND HOW HE CAUSED IT.

(*A Ballad of the Future.*)

"YOU are sad, People's William," the young man cried,
"And you seem to your years to succumb;
You are weak, People's William, though not very old,
And have a large corn on your thumb."

"In the years lately past," People's William replied.
"I weakly attempted too much;
I abused both my health and my vigour, and now
There is scarcely a task I dare touch."

"Dearie me, People's William," the young man cried.
"It grieves me to hear you speak so,
But still I should like" (here he gazed at the corn)
"Something more of your history to know."

"In the years lately pass'd," People's William replied,
"I knew not the meaning of rest;
For I cut down big trees by way of relief,
Then return'd to my desk with new zest.

I wrote, towards the end, for some six magazines,
"Every month several pamphlets likewise,
And of post cards and letters, some four score a day—
Ah, you listen, I see, with surprise."

"That I do; People's William," the young man cried,
"As your various achievements you sum,
But 'tis not with wonder that longer I view
That well-defined corn on your thumb."

"Nor was this all I did," People's William replied,
"For I strove with my tongue, too, to teach,
And I lost ne'er a chance, howsoever it came,
Of making an *à propos* speech."

"But, stay, People's William!" the young man cried,
"You surely some holidays took,
When, flying from home to some district unknown,
You work for the moment forsook."

"Nay, nay, 'twas not so!" People's William replied;
"'Twas the same on my holiday trips;
Wheresoever I was, I had always to keep
A ready-made speech on my lips.

As I stept on a pier from steamer's poop-deck,
"Or put my head out of a train;
As I enter'd a city, or went from a town,
I could not from speaking refrain.

Where two or three gather'd together forthwith,
I gave them a taste of my tongue;
No matter their sex, no matter the place,
I spared neither aged nor young."

"Enough! People's William!" the young man cried;
"It is clear to me now that I gaze
On a man who has foolishly tried in the past
To spend in hard work *all* his days."

"That is so, my young man," People's William replied;
"So me as a warning employ
To teach that all work and no play in the end
Makes William, like Jack, a dull boy!"

Truth, October 24, 1878.

What the Young Man said to the Gobbler. Also what the Gobbler said in Reply.

"You are old, turkey gobbler," the young man cried;
"Your flesh must be terribly tough,
Yet they'll cook you to-morrow for dinner, I'll bet—
Don't you think that exceedingly rough?"

"I am no longer young, I admit," said the fowl,
"Yet remember I cost but a shillin';
Your landlady thought (and with her I agree)
That' considering the price, I'd be fillin'."

"You are old as the hills," the young man remarked,
"And I fear you are not very fat,
Though they've fed you on pumpkin seeds now for a month—
Pray what will you answer to that?"

"I'm not very fat—you've hit it again;
In truth I'm as lean as a lizard,
For some chronic complaint, with a long Latin name,
Is eating away my gizzard."

"Your gizzard! good gracious! don't say so, by Jove!"
The youth in dismay fairly roared;
"Why, that is the part sure to fall to my lot,
When, as now, I'm behind with my board!"

"I am sorry for that," replied the old fowl;
"I assure you 'tis no fault of mine;
But I s'pose if you choose to prefer something else,
'Twill be easy enough to decline."

"You are old, you are tough, you are sickly besides;
Your lot my compassion doth move;
Don't you think," said the youth, "that a change of scene
Your condition would greatly improve?"

"I acknowledge the corn and a change of air
Would do me much good I believe;
But I have an engagement to-morrow, you see,
I cannot very well leave."

"I'll break your engagement," the young man cried,
As he smashed in the coop with an axe,
Whereupon for a healthier neighbourhood
The old turkey gobbler made tracks.

* * * * *

"There'll be turkey for dinner," the boarders all cried,
But, alas! they were greatly mistaken,
For the landlady brought in that Christmas day
The usual liver and bacon.

Free Press Flashes, 1882.

The Grand Young Man, or Father William "Ewart" Answered.

"You look young, little Randolph," the Old One cried,
"Yet you're up on your legs every day;
You have impudence, too, an amazing amount!
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"Your wisdom, your years," little Randolph replied,
"And the honours that some think your due,
Merely force me to strut in your path and proclaim
I'm as good every bit, sir, as you."

"You *are* young, little Randolph," the Old One cried,
"If your elders excite but your jeers;
But tell me, now do, how it comes that, though young,
You are so ill-behaved for your years."

"I am so ill-behaved," little Randolph replied,
"Because I believe in myself,
An I regard such old fogies as Northcote and you
As lumber but fit for the shelf."

"You're *too* good, little Randolph," the Old One cried,
"And of gumption you're certainly full;
But I never could quite understand why you seem
To enjoy playing frog to my bull."

"Old pippin, it's clear," little Randolph replied.
"A fine Grand *Old Man* you may be,—
But I'm making my game, and the public all round
Hail the coming *Grand Young 'Un* in me!"

Punch, November 18, 1882.

Truth for April 5, 1883, contained nineteen competition parodies of "You are old, Father William," amongst which the following are the most interesting, the others are nearly all out of date:—

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"Yet your step is still springy and gay;
You are strong, Father William, a muscular man,
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my strength, Mr. G—dst—e replied,
"I, by exercise, strength still amass'd;
That, devoted to England and Statesmanship first,
I might flourish my axe to the last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"In the Commons to lead is not play;
And yet you accept not the peerage you've earned;
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the tomb of the Lords," Mr. G—dst—e replied,
"I'd not bury my eloquence vast;
But as Clark speaks of rest, in the future may do
That I never have done in the past.'

"You are bold, Father William," the young man cried
"Though majorities dwindle away:
Oft your acts men estrange, yet you talk them all back,
Now, teach me the secret, I pray."

"Mark me, Herbert, my son," Mr. G—dst—e replied,
"Let my words your discretion engage;
In the days of my youth, had I chatter'd like you,
"None had hearkened to me in my age."

REPEALER,

"You are young, Master Randolph," the Premier cried;
"You are scarce from your nursemaid set free.
And I was a Statesman before you were born,
So don't come dictating to me."

"I own that I'm young," Master Randolph replied,
"And you are old, WEG, that no one denies.
But I'm really surprised that you have not yet learnt
That in age no criterion lies."

"It's exceedingly rude," Father William rejoined,
"To speak thus to your elders and betters.
Remember, 'Small boys should be seen and not heard,'
As you'll read when they teach you your letters."

"But, being so old," the Coming One cried,
"You ought to be wiser, it's plain.
But no—a thought strikes me—I see it, of course:
You are entering your childhood again."

"This impudence really exceeds all belief;
Since I was young, things are much changed.
When I was a Tory, small boys knew their place—
My lad, I'm afraid you're deranged."

"Father William," the other rejoined, with a laugh,
"Of my talents you're jealous, I see;
And this I know well, though you scoff at my youth,
That you'd gladly change ages with me."

PICKWICK.

"You're a Peer, now Lord Wolseley," a subaltern cried
"Scarce your breast can more medals display.
By the Horse Guards unsnubbed, to the War Office dear,
How on earth you have managed it, say?"

"'Tis advertisement does it," Lord Wolseley replied,
"I went in for monthly reviews;
In each new magazine Wolseleyistics were seen,
But I minded my p's and my q's."

"You're a General, Lord Wolseley," the subaltern cried,
"And our only one, so people say;
In your twopenny wars no great captains you fought,
How got you such fame? tell, I pray."

"In my Ashantee campaign," Lord Wolseley replied,
"I had made what cute Yanks call a 'Ring,'
And, buttering all round from 'the Duke' to the ground,
Praised my friends that my praise they might sing."

"You're a Patron, Lord Wolseley," the subaltern cried,
"Of a wine club, 'The Vine,' yet you say
The best soldier is he who drinks nothing but tea;
Expound me this thusness, I pray."

"At swallowing camels," Lord Wolseley replied,
"Dear England's digestion's not weak.
She will gulp down whole arkfuls—like me to succeed,
Try advertisement, butter, and—cheek!"

SKRIKER.

"New honours, Lord Wolseley," cried Roberts "you get,
Though your victories were very small;
You're head of the army, and War Office pet—
Pray how have you managed it all!"

"In war," he replied, "all manœuvres are fair,
So by others the hard work was done;
Their failures I blamed, took their praise as my share,
And so that's how my honours were won."

* * * * *

OLD LOG.

"You are old, Lady William," the *débutante* cried,
"And by this time your hair should be grey;
Yet fair golden locks still encircle your head,
Now, how do you do that, I pray?"

"The locks of my youth, Lady William replied,
"Were a carroty ginger they said;
But by wise application of Mexican Balm,
I attained to this delicate shade."

"You are old, Lady William," the *débutante* cried,
"And all the folks call you a guy:
Yet the bloom on your cheek far outrivals my own,
Now tell me the dodge or I die."

"A complexion like mine." Lady William replied,
"Is expensive and peerless, I hope;
I obtained it by dint of much trouble and care,
And the free use of Pears' patent soap."

"You are old, Lady William," the *débutante* cried,
"At least, so your enemies say;
But the census last year puts your age down, I see,
As thirty-five years to a day."

"When my youth 'gan to fade," Lady William replied,
"I thought I'd remain at this stage;
My friends and my enemies doubted and scoffed
But by now they've forgotten my age."

THIRD RAVEN.

"You are old, Kaiser Wilhelm," the young Prince cried,
"Do you mean with us always to stay?
You've been shot at, Sir Kaiser, some three or four times,
Yet you're coming up smiling to-day."

'In the days of my youth," Kaiser Wilhelm replied,
"I was hardy, and healthy, and strong;
And as to the shooting, my boy, it is said
That threatened men always live long."

"You were bold, Kaiser Wilhelm, the young Prince cried,
"When you popped Prussia's crown on your brow;
And yet you were right as the sequel has proved,
For they've made you an Emperor now."

"Why, certainly, Prince!" Kaiser Wilhelm replied.
"I remembered that thrones do not last.
I thought of the bird, and the hand, and the bush,
And I nailed 'Right Divine' to the mast."

"They were sold, Kaiser Wilhelm," the young Prince cried,
"Those French who would march to Berlin;
For there's poor little Denmark, and Austria too,
They've all been obliged to cave in."

"Yes, I've had a good time!" Kaiser Wilhelm replied,
Though there's one little flaw, I confess;
That obstinate Pope is the thorn in my side,
Or else I'm a perfect success."

T.S.G.

"You are plain, Mr. Biggar," the maiden cried,
"Though your hair has not yet turned to grey;
But you're nice Mr. Biggar, a sensible man,
Why not marry me, Joseph, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," Mr. Biggar replied,
"The marital rocks I steered past,
And carefully kept myself free from the knot,
That I ne'er might repent it at last."

"You're not young, Mr. Biggar," the maiden cried,
"And the troubles of age creep apace;
You may need a sweet wife—a soft, loving nurse—
In your heart why not give me a place?"

"In the days of my youth," smiling Joseph replied,
"That request was oft made to me too,
There are 'obstacles' very much stand in the way
Of my marriage, dear Fanny, to you."

"You are good, Mr. Biggar," the maiden cried,
"To church shall we both now repair,
Pray these 'obstacles' somehow at once be removed
That your future your Fanny may share?"

"I gladly agree, dear," Joe Biggar replied,
"The idea my attention shall claim;
Meanwhile, let me give you a few pair of hose—
On the way we will purchase the same."

PASTE.

'You are young, Randolph Churchill," the old man cried,
"And you have not a hair that is grey!
Yet you set yourself up against Stafford and me,
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of one's youth," Randolph Churchill replied,
"'Tis important to get oneself known;
And the best way of making a mark in the House,
Is to strike out a line of one's own."

"You are young, Randolph Churchill," the old man cried,
"And wisdom with age comes, they say;
Yet on every topic you claim to be heard,
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I am young, it is true, Randolph Churchill replied,
"But a smattering of most things I know;
And give all men credit for knowing still less,
And often I find this is so."

"You are young, Randolph Churchill," the old man cried,
"Yet you're eloquent, too, in your way;
And your speeches are always reported at length,
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?"

"If I only can make enough noise while I'm young,"
Said Randolph—"Perhaps when I'm grey
Folks may come to believe me, and so I shall be,
A 'Grand Old Man' also some day."

YASH.

"You are old, Father William," a pert youth said,
"I can see it, you know, in your face;
And still you go on with your prating and rating,
Pray how do you keep up the pace."

"In the days of my youth," the old man replied,
"I foresaw I was destined for strife;
I found a high collar supported the 'jaw,'
And have stuck to it all through my life."

"You are old, Father William," the youth then said,
"You'll excuse my remarking again;
But still you fell trees with remarkable ease,
Now can you this wonder explain?"

"In the days of my youth," said the Grand Old Man,
"To keep little Herbert from harm,
With healthy correction his faults I restrained,
This accounts for the strength of my arm."

"You are old," said the youth, "yet it's easy to see
That your brain is as fertile as ever,
And your facts, though a fiction, defy contradiction;
What made you so dreadfully clever?"

"I've answered two questions, that's surely enough,
You have got to the end of your tether;
When puzzled, reply in a meaningless way,
Or refuse to reply altogether."

DON JUAN.

Of the *Truth* Parodies omitted, some were political, two were in reference to the action for breach of

promise of marriage brought against Mr. Joseph Biggar, M.P., and one related to pigeon shooting. The extraordinary story set afloat by Lady Florence Dixie, that she had been waylaid by two men who attempted to murder her in broad daylight and close to the high road, was thus explained :—

"You have told, Lady Florence," the young man cried,
"A story that reads like a play;
And your tale, Lady Florence, is hard to believe—
Oh! why did you tell it, I pray?"

"In the tales that I tell," Lady Florence replied,
"I remember that rumour flies fast;
And all that I cannot conjecture at first,
Gets somehow put in at the last."

"But those men, Lady Florence," the young man cried.
"Those ruffians, with knives, got away,
And yet of your struggle all traces are gone—
Oh, where are their footmarks, I pray?"

"Of your questions, bold youth," Lady Florence replied,
"I hoped I had heard quite the last;
I thought of my figure whatever I did,
And my corsets must vouch for the past!"

"But the truth, Lady Florence," the young man cried,
"Credulity's passing away;
You are cheerful, while Leaguers are bent on your death—
Oh, tell me the secret, I pray!"

"I am cheerful, young man," Lady Florence replied,
"For my case doth both houses engage;
And Royalty's sent to ask how I am—
In fact, I am just now the rage." OHR.

—:o:—

THE LORDS AND THE YOUNG RADICAL.

You are old, Noble Senate, the young Rad cried,
Nor can long your departure delay;
Indeed it is strange you have lasted so long,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

Your whole Constitution, that Senate replied,
Would fail, if the Lords should depart;
As the Queen is the Hand, and the Commons the Head,
Of the nation the Lords are the Heart.

You are old, Noble Senate, the young Rad cried,
And I think you should now clear away,
Yet you all seem determined to stick to your House,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

Whatever we may be, the Peers' House replied,
We are English and pluck do not lack;
We shall never desert a good cause we espouse,
Or to foes turn a cowardly back.

You are old, Noble Senate, the young Rad cried,
And in *my* view no longer should stay,
Though with some you were popular once, I confess,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of our youth, the Assembly replied,
We earned the true love of the land;
Magna Charta we won—of its earliest laws
The best were the work of our hand.

You are old, Noble Senate, the young Rad cried,
But, if it is useful to-day
To remind us of good you did centuries back,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

We have faith in the people, the Peers' House replied,
Far stronger than you can avow;
In the days of our youth if for them we strove hard,
They will hardly turn round on us now.

You are old, Noble Senate, the young Rad cried,
And long since have seen your best day,
But still you are proud of your body effete,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of our youth, the Assembly replied,
Nothing good or ennobling was scorned:
Clive, Wellington, Nelson, Howe, Liverpool, Pitt,
Made us proud of the House they adorned.

You are old, Noble Senate, the young Rad cried,
And to talk of your youth is to bray,
But if you are proud of the age you have reached,
Now tell me the reason, I pray,

There are men in our House, the Assembly replied,
Its promise of youth who fulfil,
And Salisbury, Wolseley, Lytton, Tennyson, Cairns,
Uphold and ennoble it still!

You are old, Noble Senate, the young Rad cried,
But, for all you may venture to say,
You can't be immortal, or if you so claim,
Now, tell me the reason, I pray.

Our glory will wane not, the Peers' House replied,
So long as the Sword and the Pen,
The Courts and the Commons, th' Exchange and the Church
Shall send us the best of their men!

From *A Pen'orth o' Poetry for the Poor*, London, 1884.

THE OLD MAN OF THE COMMONS.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks that are left you are grey;
Yet you're still a most hale and remarkable man—
Now, tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," William Ewart replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast;
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might lack them at last."

"You are hale, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And you never are heard to complain;
But yet I can sadness perceive in your looks;
Pray, what is the source of your pain?"

"Nay, nay, as to that," William Ewart replied,
"Too closely you're seeking to pry;
But if you insist upon knowing the cause,
The Whigs can the answer supply."

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried.
"And yet you're more honoured each day;
Now tell me, I beg, what the reason can be
You're beloved in this wonderful way."

"All the days of my life." William Ewart replied,
"To do what is right I have tried;
And fearless of scorn and regardless of jeers,
I have ever made duty my guide."

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"Yet thousands but yesterday sat
Devouring, for hours, every word that you spoke;
Now, what is the reason of that?"

"Whenever I speak," William Ewart replied,
"I never am acting a part;
But I say what I feel, and each sentence comes straight
From the depths of an Englishman's heart!"

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried.
"And honours are surely your due;
Then prithee explain why a title or cross
Has ne'er been accepted by you?"

"In a cross or a star," William Ewart replied,
"No kind of attraction I see;
No, the love of the land, and its people's respect
Are honours sufficient for me!"

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And you live in the nation's esteem;
Then why do the Tories insist that a base
And most truculent traitor you seem?"

"'Gainst all honest attacks," William Ewart replied,
"I am safe, thanks to Liberal might;
So much foul-mouthed abuse must be due, I suppose,
To an impotent partisan spite."

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
And yet every year that you live,
You nearer approach to the Radical's creed
What reason for this can you give?"

"In the days of my youth," William Ewart replied,
"Of politics what could I know?
But now every year that I live, I contrive
Still wiser and wiser to grow."

"You are old, William Ewart," the young man cried,
"And life must be fleeting away,
Yet you stick to your post, and refuse to take rest;
Now, what is your reason I pray?"

"I stick to my post," William Ewart replied,
"Because a great work I've begun,
And mean not to rest, though the peers do their worst,
Until that great work I have done."

Truth, 1884.

"Encouraged by the success which has attended the interviewers of Fred Archer in America, we thought we would send a man to try his hand on William Archer *père*, at his residence at Cheltenham. He had an audience of the Patriarch, and has focussed the result in the following":—

OLD WILLIAM ARCHER INTERVIEWED.

"You are old, Father William," the Editor cried,
"And too stout for a race, I suspect;
Yet they say that you once were a good 'un to ride,
Now tell me if that is correct?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to the scribe,
"I rode for the famed Romanoff,
And the grog which in Russia I used to imbibe,
Put on what I never got off."

"You are stout, Father William, as I said before,
And my questions may savour of cheek.
If you clapped on the sweaters and used them once more,
How much could you waste in a week?"

"In my youth," said old Billy, "in flannels and wraps
I've toiled over mountain and plain;
But such practices never suit podgy old chaps,
So I'm blest if I do it again."

"You are 'cute," said the Scribe, "and your intellect's clear,
Your son is of jockeys the crack;
As the Derby's approaching, I'm anxious to hear
Which horse you advise me to back."

"See here," said the Old 'Un, "you want a straight tip,
And I'll give one your merits to suit,
Get out of my diggings, you artful Old Rip!
Or I'll give you the toe of my boot."

The Sporting Times, May 2, 1885.

"That terrible *Lancet* has discovered that the public requires to be put on its guard against the practice of licking adhesive stamps and envelopes. Local irritation, sore tongues, and the like lie in wait for the licker, and it seems, furthermore, that 'every now and again we hear of special propagation of disease by the habit.' Our medical contemporary's caution suggests a wholly new version of an old rhyme:—

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"Yet your health is quite perfect, I wis,
And your back is unbent, and your muscles are strong,
Pray explain, sir, the meaning of this."

"As a lad," said the sage, with a glance that was sly,
"In my watch on myself I was strict,
I refrained when the postage-stamp courted my tongue,
And I let envelopes go unlicked."

Funny Folks, June 6, 1885.

THE SEQUEL TO A GREAT POEM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"The few locks that are left you are grey;
To revive and embellish your winterbound head,
There is obviously only one way."

"Ere my fogeydom days," Father William replied,
"I spent money to make myself spry,
But the hoar-frost of age, all cosmetiques defied,
Though I tried every advertised dye."

"That may be," said the youth, with self-satisfied air,
(*He belonged to a set that was fast,*)
Yet, why, Father William, give way to despair,
Are the days of discoveries past?"

"Not so," cried the old man, "I read but yestr'een,
'There is hope for the aged and grey,'
You know you young dog very well what I mean,
The Reviver of Great Count D'Orsay."

(From an advertisement.)

Once a Week, 1886.

ON IRISH POLICY.

You are old, Father Will—one might almost expect
That your head was as sage as it's hoary;

Yet your blunders are easy for babes to detect,
And your wits have, it seems, gone to glory.

You preached upon "Peace," and your text wouldn't mar
By applying Coercion to "Pat";
Yet you'd turn a back somersault, go in for war;
Pray, what is the reason of that?

Of the Empire's integrity, careless as well
As your own, you must needs turn Home-Rule-ish,
And stoop to intrigue with that traitor P—ll;
What made you so awfully foolish?

"Peace, Randolph," replied Father Will, in a huff,
"No questions!—I'm lofty and pure,
"Not made like you Tories of bloodthirsty stuff,
"Be off, or you'll get the *Clôture*."

A New Alphabet of Irish Policy, by Sphinx (John Heywood, Manchester).

A VALENTINE.

From Miss Hibernia to W. E. G.

You are old, sweetheart William—your hair is grown grey
But your heart is still tender and true;
And though often in anger I've turned me away,
Yet I've ever been faithful to you.

You are old, sweetheart William—you've courted me long,
And you've given me presents galore;
But I want—and I hope you won't think I am wrong—
I want just one little thing more.

Don't refuse, sweetheart William, my modest request—
The control of my household affairs;
And our union at last may be happily blest,
And I'll never more give myself airs!

JAMES G. MEAGHER.

The Weekly Dispatch, February 14, 1886.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening,
Old Caspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Caspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory,"

"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many a thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for!"

"It was the English," Caspar cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!"

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little streams hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled.
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new born infant died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many a thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!"

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory!"

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Mr. J. Dixon, in a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, remarks that "while writing this popular little poem Southey seems to have 'forgotten his history' in making Caspar, an old Bavarian peasant, call Prince Eugene of Savoy, "*our* good prince." He and the Duke of Marlborough, as commanders of the allied forces, defeated the combined army of the French and Bavarians, and old Caspar could look upon Prince Eugene only as an enemy and alien. Southey calls the little boy *Peterkin*, a name quite unknown in South Germany. *Blenheim* has been so universally accepted as giving a name to the battle, and so many places in England have been called after it, that it would be absurd to expect that the real name of the village—'Blindheim'—should ever replace it; but certain it is that no such place as *Blenheim* exists in Germany."

A Battle with Billingsgate.

It was the Christmas holidays,
And seated in the pit,
A Father saw the new Burlesque,
That was so full of wit.
And by him sat—in slang unskill'd—
His pretty little girl, Clotilde.

She heard some "ladies" on the stage
Say they would "cut their sticks!"
And one in male attire declare
That she'd "go it like bricks."
She asked her Father what were "bricks"?
And what they meant by "cut their sticks?"

The Father heard the audience laugh,
As at some witty stroke;
And the old man he scratch'd his head,
For he couldn't see the joke.
"I don't know what they mean," said he,
"But sure 'tis some facetiæ."

And then she heard one, nearly nude,
Say something else about,
"Has your fond mother sold her mangle?
And does she know you're out?"
And when the people laughed, cried she,
"Oh, Pa! there's more facetiæ!"

And then the little maiden said,
"Now tell me why, Papa,
That lady ask'd him if the mangle
Was sold by his mamma?"
"I can't tell why, my dear," said he,
Though, of course, 'tis some facetiæ."

But when she saw the lady's fingers
Unto her nose applied,
"Why, 'tis a very vulgar thing!"
The little maiden cried.
"The papers all, my child, agree,
'Tis brimful of facetiæ.

"And everybody says the piece
With brilliant wit is filled;"
"And what is wit, my dear Papa?"
Quoth innocent Clotilde.
"Why, that I cannot say," quoth he,
"But wit is *not*—vulgarity."

From *George Cruikshank's Comic Almanack for* 1847.

A Seasonable Gossip.

It was a Sunday evening,
Old Simpson's pipe was fill'd,
And on the hob his porter stood
(He always took it "chill'd")
And near him, from the *Times* outspread,
His little grandson Thomas read.

(Here follow seven verses descriptive of the principal events in the French Revolution of 1848. These are ancient history now.)

"Great praise, no doubt, the men deserve,
Who for their rights have fought."
"But what will come of it at last?"
Asked little Tom, in thought.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But not, I fear, Tranquillity."

The Puppet Show, May 13, 1848.

The Battle of Jobbing.

A Prospective Scene.—Time about 1893.

It was a winter's evening;
Old Thomson's work was done,
And he, before a small wood fire,
Sat crouching like a crone;
And by him sat, as cold as stones,
His trusty neighbours, Scott and Jones.

He saw his nephew bringing in
A something large and round,
That in the garden at the back,
In digging there he'd found.
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and black, and round.

Old Thomson took it from the youth,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head.
And answered with a sigh—
"A lump of that sea-coal," said he,
"Our fathers used so lavishly."

"They find it near Newcastle, for
There's plenty thereabout;
But Shipping Law and City Dues
Combine to keep it out.
And such poor wretched folks as we
Can't purchase such a luxury."

"Now tell me what 'tis all about,"
The youth cried with surprise;
And neighbours Scott and Jones looked up
With wonder in their eyes:—
"Now tell us all about the Law,
And what the City Dues are for?"

"The Law is this—all foreign ships
Are by our rulers told,
They shall not bring us coal while ours
Are off for Melbourne gold;
And so the coal comes as it can—
A cheap and most efficient plan!

"The City lent an orphan fund
To merry Charles the Second;
Full seven hundred thousand pounds
I think the sum was reckon'd;
But what they lent it for," quoth he,
"No mortal man could ever see.

"But though Charles could not meet his bill
The loan was not so rash;
For soon they put a tax on coals,
Which paid them back their cash
A hundred-fold; but then, you know,
That money makes the Mayor to go.

"On ev'ry fire for twenty miles
They laid this City tax,
And what they lost by *merry* Charles
They put on other's backs;
And still they keep the tax, you know,
For money makes the Mayor to go.

"We think it is a splendid sight
On a November day,
To see the Lord Mayor's coach and six,
With bands and banners gay;
But then we know, beneath the show,
What money makes the Mayor to go.

Great praise the Corporation wins
For hospitality."
"Why, they're a set of jobbing knaves!"
Exclaimed the other three.
"Hush, hush! my friends," quoth he, "you know,
That money makes the Mayor to go.

"And after feasts much broken food
Is given to the poor,"
"Why, they but give them back their own!"
Exclaim'd they, as before.
"Well, that," said he, "I do not know,
But money makes the Mayor to go."

Diogenes, October, 1853.

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN.

(*As it may be described some day.*)

It was a summer's evening,
Old Monty's* work was done,
And he, before his garden door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Hughendine.

She saw her brother Benjamin
Bring something tied around
With broad red tape, which he inside
A Cabinet had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so neatly tied around.

Old Monty took it from the boy,
And sighing, shook his head,
"It is my relic of the fight
That congress waged," he said—
"The Berlin Treaty, which," quoth he,
"We won in the great victory."

"Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Benjamin he cries;
And little Hughendine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us why the Congress met,
And what advantage did we get."

"It was our Premier," Monty cried,
"That put them all to rout;
Though how and when he managed it
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"True, Russia most successfully
Did play her little game;
And Austria got heaps of spoil,
And even Greece the same:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Cyprus won,
And Salisbury too, I ween."
"For simply faring like the rest!"
Said little Hughendine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win."
"But, pray, what good has come of it?"
Quoth little Benjamin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Funny Folks, August 3, 1878.

* An affectionate term applied to Mr. Montagu Corry, (now Lord Rowton,) Secretary to Lord Beaconsfield.

CHILDREN AT THE PANTOMIME.

First Prize poem published in *The World* February 4, 1880.

IT was a winter's evening;
The father's work was done,
And in a box at Drury Lane
He sat to see the fun,
And nestling closely at his side
Were Mat and Mabel eager-eyed.

They gloated over Blue Beard's crimes;
They pitied Sister Ann;
They clapped the transformation scene,
As only children can;
Then Columbine and Harlequin,
With Clown and Pantaloon, come in.

"Now tell us what it's all about,"
Young Mat expectant cries;
And little Mabel seconds him
With shining wistful eyes.
"Now tell us all about the fuss,
And why they whack each other thus."

"It is their way," the father said;
"They act it in dumb show;
But what they whack each other for
I really do not know.
But everybody calls it prime—
It is a famous pantomime,

"But still, they say, 'tis sad to see
Those girls so young and fair,
Who charmed you so just now, at home,
And all the squalor there.
But things like these in every clime
Attend a famous pantomime.

"Great credit has the manager
From all the people gained."
"Why those poor girls *appeared* so gay!"
Quoth Mabel, greatly pained.
"Hush, hush, thou little lass o' mine;
It is a famous pantomime!

"And folk have praised the good lessee,
Who's furnished us the fun."
"But what's the meaning of it all?"
Quoth Mat, his tiny son.
Said dad, "You'll know it all in time;
But 'tis a famous pantomime."

ORCHIS. (*F. B. Doveton.*)

Second Prize Poem.

IT was a winter's evening,
Had closed the tedious day,
And grandpapa and Master Tom
Had come to see the play,
And, shyly peeping at the scene,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine,

Then Master Tommy's mouth and eyes
Grew very large and round,
With awestruck gaze of mute surprise
At that enchanted ground;
"Please tell us what they do, you know,
And why they slap each other so."

"They play those tricks to make us laugh,
(Just hear the people shout!)
Though what they slap each other for,
I never could make out;
But everybody says this time
It is a famous pantomime.

"And some are kings, and some are queens,
And some are knights and squires.
And some have friends behind the scenes,
And fly—by means of wires;
For many hundred at a time,
Perform in this great pantomime.

"Some smile, like that for weeks and weeks,
And twirl upon their toes;
Some paint their eyebrows and their cheeks,
And prance about in rows;
And everybody says, 'How prime!
It is a famous pantomime.'

"Great praise the foremost actors win
Whenever they are seen—"
"But tis a very silly thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl; this time
It is a famous pantomime.

"Perhaps poor Joe, who laughs so loud,
Feels more inclined to cry;
Perhaps *his* little Wilhelmine
Is sick, and like to die:
But every one, you know, some time
Must play in the great pantomime."

CUCUMBER. (*A. Salter.*)

THE BATTLE OF BRUMMAGEM.

By Robert Mouthey.

I.

IT was an April evening,
The polling day was o'er;
And Grandpa STONE in sadden'd mood,
Reclined his fire before;
Recrimination, blame, were done,
GEM, RANDALL, HOPKINS,—all,—were gone

II.

His little grandson, playing near,
A printed sheet had found,
With letters cover'd, bold and clear.
And figures large and round;
In vain he tried to make it out,
And came to ask what 'twas about.

III.

Old STONE then took it from the child,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And heav'd a natural sigh,—
"It tells of all who went," said he,
And poll'd in the great victory!"

IV.

"I see it in the papers told,
There's many here about;
And often when their tales I read,
In lies I find them out;
We Tories never feared," said he,
"To gain a glorious victory!"

V.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
His grandson then he cries,
While near his little sister stood,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now, tell us all about this Poll;
What means this word so queer and droll?"

VI.

"The Liberals 'twas" said STONE, "who put
The Tory host to rout;
But how this same thing came to pass
I cannot well make out;
But all the same for us," said he,
"It is a *virtual* victory!"

VII.

"I show'd my face amid the crowd,
The polling booth hard by;
Hired ruffians chaff'd and hooted me,
And I was forced to fly;
So, as was best, I quickly fled,
And here I rest my weary head."

VIII.

"All false reports and tales we spread,
And slander far and wide;
Intimidation, threats, rewards,—
Each Tory dodge we tried;
Such things in politics must be,
E'en for a *virtual* victory!"

IX.

Bad luck! a drizzling rain came down,
The day had else been won;
Our band of Tory lambs it drench'd,
And spoilt their promis'd fun;
The Liberals to vote were free,
And gain'd a famous victory!"

X.

"Great praise our BURNABY he won,
And CALTHORPE by his side,"
"Why, twas a very foolish thing!"
The little girl then cried.
"Nay,—nay,—my little girl," quoth he,
"They gain'd a *virtual* victory!"

XI.

"And every one the MAJOR prais'd,
Who this great fight did win;"—
"Then, after all," the boy he cried,
'Twas BURNABY got in?"
"Well,—not exactly that,"—said he,
'Twas but a *virtual* victory!"

By the late William Bates, B.A.

The Town Crier, Birmingham, April, 1880.

A FAMOUS HOLIDAY.

IT was a summer evening,
The pointsman's work was done;

And he before his own box door
Felt precious glad for one;
And by him loafed about the line
The night-watch due at half-past nine.

And, as he loafed about, he came
On something flat and round,
That smashed had caught his shuffling feet
Upon the gravelled ground.
And then he asked what he had found
That was so smashed—yet flat and round.

The pointsman took it from his mate
Who stood all sleepy by;
And then he clapped it on his head
And said, "Lor' bless you—why,
It's what some bloke dropped by the way
On that there last bank 'oliday!

"I often come across 'em here,
There's many round about;
Why, if you had to find your 'ats,
That ditch would rig you out!
There's scores of 'em, so I've heard say,
Wos dropped on that there 'oliday."

"Now, tip us 'ow it come about,"
The other, drowsy, cries,
The while, the crownless chimney-pot
Upon his head he tries.
"Now, tip us: say, whose job it wor?
What did he smash the '*Scursion* for?"

"Jim's wor that job," the pointsman said;
"He 'ad too long a bout!
But what he smashed the '*Scursion* for
I never could make out.
He fell a blinkin, I dus say,
And took *his* little 'oliday!

"But them as was a-takin' theirs
(And some—it was their last),
Was 'appy, singin' of their songs:
And, as she busted past,
You might 'ave heard 'em, laughin' say,
'This 'ere's a famous 'oliday!'

"So, when she come upon them points,
As crammed as you could pack,
And not a soul a-chaffin' there
Know'd death lay on the track,—
It did seem 'ard in that there way
To end their 'famous 'oliday!'

"And, oh! it was a 'orrid sight,
When off the line she run,
With dozens lying stiff and still,
Who started full of fun!
But, there—had Jim now not give way,
They'd 'ad a famous 'oliday!

"He got it precious 'ot for that!"
The other stroked his chin.
"Maybe. But it's the Company,"
Said he, "I'd like to skin!
I'd let 'em all at Bot'ny Bay
Just try *their* famous 'oliday!"

The pointsman faced his mate. Quoth he,
"Where can your reck'ning be?
Here's parties pays a bob or two.
And gets three hours o' sea;
And, *if they ain't smashed up*, I say,
That there's a famous 'oliday."

"And, what's to come," the other asked,
"Of scares now like this 'ere?"
The pointsman smiled. "My mate," he said,
"*You're* green, that's pretty clear.
Why, 'what's to come?' Next year, I'll lay,
Another famous oliday!"

Punch, September 25, 1880.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

IT was a summer evening,
Old Roger's work was done,
And he his fragrant honey-dew
Was smoking in the sun,
And by him sported, bright and fair,
His little grandchild, Golden Hair.

She saw her brother, Curly Head,
Bring something hard and round
Which he, upon the mantel-shelf,
Beneath a shade, had found.
She came to ask what he had found
That was so hard, and smooth, and round.

Old Roger took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man told the tale—
(Fire kindled in his eye)—
"This is the Cricket-Ball," said he,
"That tells of a great Victory.

"I prize it more than all I have,
It's worth can ne'er be told;
'Tis true 'tis only leather, but
'Tis more to me than gold!
Go, place it back again," said he,—
"It was a famous Victory."

"Please tell us what it is you mean,"
Young Curly Head he cries;
And little Golden Hair looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes:—
"Yes, tell us, for we long to know
The reason why you prize it so."

"It was the Colonists," he said,
Of now undying fame,
Who met Eleven picked Englishmen
And put them all to shame:
For everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous Victory.

"The contest, at the Oval was—
The noted ground hard by—
'Twas there that Spofforth smashed the stumps,
And made the bails to fly;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous Victory.

"Not even Grace, of matchless skill
(No worthier in the land),
The 'Demon's' onslaughts could resist,
His awful speed withstand;
By lightning smit, as falls the oak,
The wickets fell beneath his stroke!

"And more than twenty thousand men,
With bated breath, looked on—
The threatening rain deterred them not,
Nor did the scorching sun;

Their time and money gave to see
Who'd gain the famous Victory.

"And when at last the crisis came—
When *one* must quickly yield—
When Peate, the famous Yorkshireman,
His wicket failed to shield,
All over was the splendid play—
The Englishmen had lost the day!

"They say it was a wondrous sight,
After the match was done,
To see so many thousand men
After the Victors run;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous Victory.

"Great praise the 'Demon' Spofforth gained,
His bowling was so rare."
"I think he must have frightened them,"
Said little Golden Hair.
"Well, well, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous Victory!

"And everyone the 'Demon' cheered,
So many low he laid"——
"*But what could they be all about*
To let him?" Curley said:
"Why *that*—I cannot tell," said he:
"But 'twas a famous Victory!"

Punch, September 16, 1882.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

It was a spring-tide evening,
When he who speaks of jams,
And many more mysterious things,
Sat reading telegrams;
And, while he scanned them through and through,
The British public read them too.

And soon that public stared to see
A column filled with blood,
Which though set forth in plainest print,
No mortal understood:
They came to ask that statesman good
What looked so red with human blood.

The statesman took it from the crowd
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And heaved a worried sigh—
"'Tis some news-monger's scrawl," said he,
"About the grand new victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
The British public cries,
While in that good man's face it looks
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about our war,
And what we killed these Arabs for."

"It was we English," out he cried,
"Put Osman's blacks to rout;
What else can Liberals want to know
Why else marched Graham out?
And e'en the Tories own," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous—victory.

"We thrashed the Arabs once at Teb—
I can't say why 'twas so;
For Tokar needed no relief,
And Sinkat less you know:
And Gordon promised t'other day,
The Soudanese should have their way.

"Oh, 'twas a glorious sight to see
How great god Jingo rose,
And at my bidding swept from life
Whole hosts of gallant foes:
How British soldiers dare and die
With, or without a reason why,

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won:
For full four thousand bodies there
Lay dead beneath the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise my energy has gained,
And laurels crown my head."
"Why, 'twas a downright massacre!"
The simple public said.
"Nay, nay, my friends: nay, nay," said he
"It was a famous victory!"

"Famous, by—Jingo!" so he swore.
Yet still they asked, perplext,
"But what good comes of it at last?
And what's to follow next?"
"*Why, that I cannot tell,*" said he:
"*But—'twas a* FAMOUS VICTORY!"

Clapham Free Press, April 5, 1884.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM (HOUSE).

It was a winter evening,
In dull November's gloom,
When J. B. Stone sat doing sums,
In the club smoking-room;
And by him Rowlands sat serene
Blowing the fragrant nicotine.

They heard a voice both shrill and loud
Calling out "*Daily Mail*,
Result in Central Birmingham!"
Then turned a little pale;
And Rowlands hoarsely whispered "Stone,"
I—rather—think—the verdict's known."

They sent the spacious serving man—
A ha'p'ny in his hand—
To fetch with tongs th' accursed sheet,
Which eagerly they scanned:
A fearful thing there met their sight,
"GREAT VICTORY FOR MR. BRIGHT!"

Quoth Rowlands: "This looks very blue,
Poor Churchill—what a sell!
I think I'll have a brandy hot,"
And forthwith pulled the bell;
While Stone sat still with stony stare,
Gazing profoundly on the air.

But soon he gave a sudden jerk,
And pulled his pencil out,
And figured over several sheets,
Then raised a joyous shout:

"Ah, ah, 'tis not so bad you see,
We've won a virtual victory.

"'Tis true that Bright is just ahead,
By hundreds nine to ten,
But I can show he should have won
By just us much again:
We've lower'd their proud majority,
And that's a virtual victory."

"Ahem!" said Rowlands, looking glum,
"That doesn't count, I fear,
A win's a win, and we must sing
Political small beer.
Your best arithmetic won't score
Twice two as anything but four."

"Cheer up, cheer up, my trusty friend."
Stone cheerily chirped out,
"I'm rather good at ciphering,
And know what I'm about:
I say we ought to sing with glee
For such a virtual victory:

"Send off the news to Blenheim House
That Marlborough may know,
Despatch a score of 'tannergrams'
To humble Highbury Joe;
'Twill make him shake with fear to see
We've won a virtual victory.

"Come, run with me to High Street quick,
And show to the *Gazette*
How to display this joyful news
In type triumphant set;
How fine upon the bill 'twill be
To read "Great Virtual Victory!"

"But tell me," Rowlands answered him,
"What 'vantage we shall gain,
When Bright will sit, and Bright will vote,
While Churchill's with the slain?"
"Oh that," quoth Stone, "Don't trouble me,
'Tis such a virtual victory!"

Birmingham Daily Mail, November, 1885.

THE OLD GLADSTONITE AND HIS SON.

A.D. CIRCA 1900.

"TELL me, dear father, if the time
When this poor paltry Island's might,
Was held enough to conquer Crime,
And even Anarchy to fight;
Explain to me how Gladstone's acts—
So noble in themselves—yet made
Our ruin and our fall two facts,
And put our glory in the shade"
His explanation only ran,
"He was a very grand old man."

"But father, dear, when all the dead
And tortured loyalists who fell
For deeming that what Gladstone said,
Was true; and only when the yell
Of Dynamiting Fenian crew
Came on their ears, saw their reward,
For so believing, surely you
Don't think 'twas right to steal their sword?"
He murmured, as his tears began,
"He was a very Grand Old Man."

"And England's honour, credit, name,
Her colonies, her army, fleet,
All gone—her prestige turned to shame,
Her altered battle cry 'Retreat:'
Was not all this a biggish price
To pay for keeping even him
To talk, and make distinctions nice.
And be so eloquent and dim?"
He glared as only fathers can,
"He was a very Grand Old Man,"

"Father, I know we should be still
While foes are taking all we prize;
'Tis Gladstone-good to think no ill
Of murderers in moral guise;
But, somehow, if our forbears had
Just shut him up, I'd almost bet
That Englishmen might now be glad,
And England might be England yet."
Poor Father's tears in buckets ran,
"He was a very Grand Old Man."

DESART.

The *Morning Post*, June 5, 1886.

THE JACKANAPE JOCK.

(*From our Special Sporting Correspondent.*)

I.

GREAT stir in the air, great stir on the lea,
Stands, paddock and ring all noisy with glee,
All backing the favourite, for none had a notion
Except his sly owner, he'd been drugged with a potion.

II.

As the hour of two chimed forth from the clock,
Out came the favourite with Jackanape Jock,
As they swept round the corner, they were received with a yell,
Cantering down in the open, both showed off so well.

III.

Even the starter of the Horsely stock
Had lumped his little on Jackanape Jock;
He mounted his steed, as the hand bell rang,
Which signalled the time when his duties began.

IV.

Then, the rest of the field trotted down to the dell,
They muster'd fifteen—all known very well;
But none so cute at getting out of a block
As the favourite bay and the Jackanape Jock.

V.

The sun in heaven shone bright and gay;
All who'd any coin began to hedge or to lay;
Bookmakers screamed their odds all around,
Four to one, three to one, then two to one pound.

VI.

The bay with the Jackanape Jock was seen
A dark little speck by the other fifteen;
Sir Ralph took his glasses from round his neck
And fixed his eyes on that dark little speck.

VII.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
He'd all on the bay, slap down to his ring,
It was wealth or ruin—nothing less—
But Sir Ralph felt certain of success.

VIII.

He watched the white flag brightly float,
He watched the starter's light covert coat,
He saw the nags standing as firm as a rock,
But the one which stood best was the bay and his jock.

IX.

The flag is lower'd—away they go,
The start is fair—the pace not slow,
The excitement is great—all gaze on the race,
And even *their* tongues are quiet for a space.

X.

Up by the dell, as if spurning the ground,
Though straining each muscle, each gracefully bound;
But from the tip of his tail to the end of each hock
It looks like a win for the bay and his jock.

XI.

Sir Ralph he shouted and praised the bay,
He fancied he'd got it all his own way;
He began counting his gains, and hoarding his ore,
And chuckled with glee at the thought of his store.

XII.

All of a sudden, the bay lessens his speed,
And cease to take such a prominent lead;
"He's keeping him in for the finish," says he,
And he praised the jock as he had the gee.

XIII.

"The chap wants to show he's well up to the course,
And can win in a canter without tiring his horse;
But I hope he won't try and run it too fine,
For even in racing you must draw the line."

XIV.

Yet still the bay lags behind more and more,
The ring and the stands make more noise than before;
Says Sir Ralph, "If he means pulling the bay,
I tell you beforehand, I'm d—d if I pay."

XV.

Here they are—they have pass'd and the great race is run,
The numbers go up and all have been done—
And nothing but swearing and cursing is heard,
For the bay and his jock came in a bad third.

XVI.

Sir Ralph he swore and tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
He curst the bay; he curst the jock;
And he curst his owner like one o'clock.

XVII.

But before he departs from the scene of the tale,
To catch the first trans-Atlantic mail,
He mutters this moral, at the thought of his losses
"Mind you don't go and put your trust in racehorses,"

From *Cribblings from the Poets*, by Hugh Cayley
(Jones and Piggott, 16, Trinity Street, Cambridge 1883.)

PARODIES OF SOUTHEY'S EARLY POLITICAL POEMS.

In order to explain the parodies of Southey's political poems, it is necessary to refer to the peculiar opinions he held, and the widely varying theories he advanced, at two different periods of his life.

In Southey's youth his friends had wished him to enter the English Church, but he, in addition to holding strong republican views, had also imbibed Socinian principles. Feeling, therefore, that he could neither conscientiously receive holy orders, nor remain happily under a purely monarchical government, he decided upon resigning both his college and his country. He enlisted his two bosom friends, Lovell and Coleridge, in his projects, and, proceeding to Bristol, there held a consultation as to the best mode of securing the liberties of the human race in future, from the designs and ambition of political rulers. The system agreed upon was that of a Pantisocracy, or society wherein all things should be in common; and the spot fixed on as the citadel of future Freedom was on the banks of the river Susquehana, in North America.

But the poverty of the three friends prevented them from putting the scheme into execution, and procuring, as they had fondly hoped, universal liberty and equality for the entire human race.

Notwithstanding this disappointment Southey's enthusiasm in the cause of republicanism was kindled even higher than before; and, in his "Wat Tyler," published in 1795, he advocated the principle of universal liberty and equality, with a fervour not exceeded by any writer of that agitated period. This vehemence, he lived to regret, —whether the calmer judgment of maturer years condemned the errors of those that were past,—or whether self-interest was the influencing motive for a sudden and total change of political sentiment, it is not now possible to ascertain. So complete was his change of sentiment that he employed the most active measures for the suppression of the work itself: he destroyed all the unsold copies, bought up many of those that had been distributed, and exhibited the plainest demonstration of an abandonment of his early projects and principles. Carlisle, and others, who did not hesitate to expose themselves to legal penalties, provided they could hold up a political deserter to public scorn, had the boldness to republish "Wat Tyler" without Mr. Southey's permission. An injunction was instantly applied for by the indignant author, but Lord Eldon refused to grant this protection, on the plea that "a person cannot recover damages upon a work which "in its nature was calculated to do injury to the public." This decision encouraged the vendors of the poem, and not less than 60,000 copies are supposed to have been sold during the excitement it created. And such passages as the following were extracted from it, and widely quoted by the opposition journals:—

"My brethren, these are truths, and weighty ones.
Ye are all equal: Nature made ye so,
Equality is your birth-right;—when I gaze
On the proud palace, and behold one man
In the blood-purpled robes of royalty,
Feasting at ease, and lording over millions;
Then turn me to the hut of poverty,
And see the wretched labourer, worn with toil,
Divide his scanty morsel with his infants;
I sicken, and, indignant at the sight,
Blush for the patience of humanity."

Nor had Southey the consolation of public sympathy, which indeed is seldom shown to such political apostates.

Henceforward Southey cast off his revolutionary opinions, and all his future writings were marked by an intolerant attachment to church and state, and servile adulation of the Royal Family. He soon reaped the reward of his apostacy, he was appointed secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, with a salary of £350 a year, and very light duties. In 1807, the government conferred a pension of £200 a year upon him, and in 1813, on the death of Henry James Pye, he was appointed Poet Laureate. In this capacity he did not compose the usual Birthday odes, and New Year's Day odes, as had been done by his predecessors, but he produced various courtly poems on certain important events. These appeared at irregular intervals, and there are only three which need be specially alluded to, namely, *Carmina Aulica*, written in 1814, on the arrival of the allied sovereigns in England; *Carmen Triumphale* for the commencement of the year 1814; and *Carmen Nuptiale*, the Lay of the Laureate on the marriage of the Princess Charlotte. But last, and worst of all, was *The Vision of Judgment*, written on the death of George III, in 1820. These poems were all deeply tinged with Southey's political prejudices, and contained the most bitter sentiments towards all who differed from his views; they provoked much animosity and ridicule at the time, and would soon have passed into utter oblivion, but for the satires and parodies they gave rise to.

Of these Lord Byron's *Vision of Judgment* was, of course, the most powerful, in it the Laureate received a mercilessly witty castigation, which even his admirers admitted to be not altogether unmerited, as he had gone out of his way to attack those who had done him no wrong.

The mere fact of Southey's complete change of opinions on political and social affairs would not, in itself, have been sufficient to account for the violence of the attacks to which he was subjected. It was not only that he turned from being an ardent Republican and a Communist, to a staunch Royalist and supporter of the Aristocratic form of government, but the change came at a time when party feeling ran very high, when the great body of the people were suffering sore distress, and when his own prospects, pecuniary and social, were greatly benefitted by deserting what was then known as the popular cause.

Further, he at once proceeded with all the ardour of a pervert to violently attack all who held similar views to those he had but so lately upheld, and advised that the most severely repressive measures should be taken against them, which caused Byron to address him thus, in the opening lines of *Don Juan*:

BOB SOUTHEY! you're a poet—Poet-Laureate,
And representative of all the race;
Although 'tis true that you turned out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case;
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty blackbirds in a pye;

Which pye being open'd they began to sing"
(This old song and new simile holds good).
"A dainty dish to set before the King."
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food,—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his explanation.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only blackbird in the dish;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture, quite a-dry Bob!

I would not imitate the petty thought
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its price.
You have your salary was't for that you wrought?
And Wordsworth has his place in the excise.
You're shabby fellows—true—but poets still,
And duly seated on the immortal hill.

Notwithstanding all the attacks aimed at him, Southey continued to write in the interest of his patrons, and retained the office of Poet Laureate until his death in 1843, when it was conferred upon William Wordsworth, who already held a lucrative government appointment. For more complete details of the duties and emoluments connected with the post of Poet Laureate, readers may refer to my little history of the Poets Laureate of England.

The most witty and amusing attacks of Southey's early republican poems proceeded from the pen of George Canning who started the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, a series of weekly papers, the avowed object of which was to expose the doctrines of the French Revolution, and to ridicule the advocates of that event, and the friends of peace and parliamentary reform. The editor was William Gifford, author of the *Baviad and Mæviad*, and John Hookham Frere, Lord Clare, and Lord Mornington, were amongst the contributors. Their purpose was to disparage and blacken their adversaries, and they spared no means in the attempt. Their most distinguished countrymen, whose only fault was their being opposed to the government, were treated with no more respect than their foreign adversaries, and were held up to public execration as traitors, blasphemers, and debauchees. So alarmed, however, became some of the more moderate supporters of the ministry at the violence of the language employed, that Mr. Pitt was induced to interfere, and after an existence of eight months, the *Anti-Jacobin* (in its original form) ceased to exist.

The Poetry which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin* has been frequently reprinted, but the prose contents are now generally forgotten. The best of the poetry was contributed by George Canning, with some assistance from John Hookham Frere, and whilst ridiculing the utopian views of Southey, and his friends, with much point and spirit, it differed from the prose articles of the *Anti-Jacobin* in that it contained fewer insulting personal allusions, and was generally written in a style of good humoured banter.

It was in November, 1797, that the first parody on Southey appeared, founded upon the following

INSCRIPTION.

For the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned Thirty Years.

FOR thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Marten linger'd. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison; not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist,
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?

He had REBELL'D AGAINST THE KING, AND SAT
IN JUDGMENT ON HIM; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! Awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

INSCRIPTION.

For the Door of the Cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her Execution.

FOR one long term, or ere her trial came,
Here BROWNRIGG linger'd. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She scream'd for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street.
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
SHE WHIPPED TWO FEMALE 'PRENTICES TO DEATH,
AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE. For her mind,
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! but time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd!

In the next number of the *Anti-Jacobin* there was an article on JACOBIN POETRY, in which it was stated that "one of the most universally recognised principles in the Jacobin creed was that the truly benevolent mind should consider only the *severity of the punishment inflicted by human laws* without any reference to the *malignity of the crime*. It remained only to fit it with a poetical dress, which had been attempted in the inscription for Chepstow Castle, and which (we flatter ourselves), was accomplished in that for Mrs. Brownrigg's cell."

"Another principle, no less devoutly entertained, and no less sedulously administered, is the *natural and eternal warfare of the Poor and the Rich.*"

"This principle is treated at large by many authors, we trace it particularly in a poem by the same author from whom we borrowed our former illustration of the Jacobin doctrine of crimes and punishments. In this poem, the pathos of the matter is not a little relieved by the absurdity of the metre. The learned reader will perceive that the metre is sapphic, and affords a fine opportunity for his SCANNING and PROVING, if he has not forgotten them":—

THE WIDOW.

COLD was the night wind; drifting fast the snows fell;
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;
Cold was the night wind, colder was her bosom:
She had no home, the world was all before her,
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her:
"Pity me!" feebly cried the poor night wanderer.
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger
Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends—but they have all forsook me!
Once I had parents—they are now in heaven!
I had a home once—I had once a husband—
Pity me, strangers!

"I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!"
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining;
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;
She heard a horseman: "Pity me!" she groaned out,
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining;
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold and hunger,
Down sunk the wanderer: sleep had seized her senses.
There did the traveller find her in the morning
God had released her.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1796.

"We proceed to give our imitation, which is of the *Amœbœan* or Collocutory kind":—

IMITATION.

SAPPHICS.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY, AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.*

Friend of Humanity.

"NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
'Scissars to grind O!'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knife-Grinder.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers.
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
-stocks for a vagrant.

* The "Friend of Humanity" was intended for a satire on Mr. Tierney, M.P., for Southwark, who in early times was amongst the most zealous of the Reformers. He was an active member of the *Society of Friends of the People*, and drew up the justly celebrated Petition in which that useful body laid before the House of Commons all the more striking particulars of its defective title to be a body truly representing the people, which that house then, as now, but with far less reason, assumed.

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

This is generally admitted to be the best parody in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and has itself been frequently imitated. A few of the most interesting examples may be here quoted.

In *John Bull* (a London newspaper) for March 25, 1827, there was a parody on the subject of Roman Catholic emancipation, a topic then engaging much attention, although the bill on the subject was not passed until 1829.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY, AND THE BRICKLAYER'S LABOURER.

Friend of Humanity.

POOR Roman Catholic! ere you mount the ladder,
Unfold to me your melancholy story:
Soil'd is your neckcloth, and your whole apparel
Ragged and rusty.

Ah! Roman Catholic! all the proud Protestants who to churches sometimes go on Sunday
Think you an ass for carrying the hod of
POPE DELLA GENGA.

Once your clothes were new—and how came they shabby?
Did the Home Minister throw dirt upon you?
Or did His Honour the Master of the Rolls? or
Chancellor ELDON?

Did Mr. PEEL, for killing of his game? or
Did His Honour, for denying of the *veto*?
Or JOHN LORD ELDON, because you don't like a
Chancery lawsuit?

(Ought not O'CONNELL and SHIEL to be M.P.'s?)
Tell, without reserve, each of your privations;
Ready is my tongue the nation to rouse to
Render you justice.

Bricklayer's Labourer:—

Justice! Privation!—what is it you mean, Sir?
Little do I know of our Lord the POPE, Sir,—
Father SHANGOLDEN gives me absolution
Often enough, Sir.

Secrets there are,—and those I shall not tell ye—
Captain ROCK and I can keep our own counsel;
But my clothes were spoiled long before I came here
Over from Ireland.

Give me some whiskey—*that* is all I want now—
That makes me happy, for indeed I do not
Either for SHIEL or O'CONNELL, or the *vato*
Care a potato!

Friend of Humanity.

I give thee whiskey—I will see thee burnt first.
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the Bricklayer's Labourer, overturns his hod of mortar and exit in a transport of liberal enthusiasm, and universal toleration.*]

SAPPHICS OF THE CABSTAND.

Friend of Self-Government.

SEEDY cab-driver, whither art thou going?
Sad is thy fate—reduced to law and order,
Local Self-Government yielding to the grip of
Centralisation.

Victim of FITZROY! little think the M.P.'s,
Lording it o'er cabs, 'bus, lodging-house and graveyard,
Of the good times when every Anglo-Saxon's
House was his castle.

Say, hapless sufferer, was it MR. CHADWICK—
Underground foe to the British Constitution—
Or my LORD SHAFTESBURY, put up MR. FITZROY
Thus to assail you?

Was it the growth of Continental notions,
Or was it the Metropolitan police force
Prompted this blow at *Laissez-faire*, that free and
Easiest of Doctrines?

Have you not read MR TOULMIN SMITH'S great work on
Centralisation? If you haven't, buy it;
Meanwhile, I should be glad at once to hear your
View on the subject.

Cab-driver.

View on the subjeck? Jiggered if I've got one;
Only I wants no centrylisin', I don't—
Which I suppose it's a crusher standin' sentry
Hover a cabstand,

Whereby if we gives e'er a word o' cheek to
Parties as rides, they pulls us up like winkin'
And them there blessed beaks is down upon us
Dead as an 'ammer.

As for MR. TOULMIN SMITH, can't say as I knows him,
But as you talks so werry like a gem'man,
Perhaps you're a goin' in 'ansome style to stand a
Shillin' a mile, sir.

Friend of Self-Government.

I give a shilling? I will see thee hanged first—
Sixpence a mile or drive me straight to Bow Street,
Idle, ill-mannered, dissipated, dirty,
Insolent rascal!

Punch, July 30, 1853.

Lay of the Proctor.

"Tell me, O Proctor, whither art thou going?
Thus with thy bull-dogs putting the pace on,
Thick is the rain, your hands will get spoilt, sir
So will your velvet.

Tell me now frankly what made you turn Proctor,
Was there a lady somewhere in the case, sir,
Was it from duty, or is true you're
A misanthrope, sir?

Did you want coin to help you to marry,
Or did you feel it a duty to your College,
Or was it simply from a love of mischief
That you turned Proctor?

If 'twas the first, then I will gladly tell you
My name and College, and pay you the five shillings,
Nay more, I don't mind giving you a trifle
To help you on, sir."

"Trifle!! I only hope that you're drunk, sir,
Openly to insult a Proctor daring
Thus in the streets. If you are not tipsy
You'll be sent down, sir.

Are you aware, sir, whom you're addressing?
One who can fine you, send you down, or gate you,
Once more I ask you, sir, *will* you tell me
Your name and College?"

"My name and College? I'll see thee d—d first,
Wretch, with no sense of gentlemanly feeling,
Sordid, unholy, pitiless, degraded,
Brute of a Proctor."

(*Trips up the Proctor, knocks down Bull-dogs, and exit in transports of joy.*)

Will Scarlet.

From *The Shotover Papers, or Echoes from Oxford*, May 2, 1874.

Interviewed.

Scene—*A Sea Port. Friend of Humanity (Mr. P***h) meeting Seafaring Person.*

Friend of Humanity (loq.)—

Stranger, why so deeply blushing?
Why your hat your temples crushing?
Why strange oaths so freely gushing?
Why inclined to so much lushing?
Why your way so madly pushing?
And from haunts of seaman rushing,
Through wet streets insanely slushing,
Fretting, fuming, "tish"-ing, "tush"-ing?

Seafaring Person.

'Cos it's me as run the Russian
Emperor aground at Flushing!

[*They weep together.*

Punch, May 23, 1874.

The Friend of Humanity.

"Russicos odi, puer, apparatus"

Horace (latest edition.)

Friend of Humanity.

"Mr. John Bull! What ever are you doing?
Turkey is crush'd, the East is out of order;
War-trumpets blow; your interests are threaten'd,
So is your honour!

"Mr. John Bull! how little thought the great ones,
Who are supposed to settle European
Questions, that you would ever be content to
Play second fiddle!

"Tell me, John Bull, have you no human feeling?
Won't you assist these luckless lambs of Moslems?
Will you sit still and see the Russians enter
Constantinople?

"Can you allow your foe of former days thus
All undisturbed to carry on his old game?
Can you behold his arrogance, and yet not
Give him a thrashing?

"Have you not read the Special Correspondents'
Shocking accounts of Muscovite aggressions?
Will you not make a spirited retort?—I
Pause for an answer."

John Bull.

"Answer! good gracious! I have none to give, sir!
Only, I know that many papers, and the
Stock Exchange too, occasionally spread ri-
-diculous rumours.

"Often I'm told the wily tricks of Russia
Here or there put my interests in danger:
Still, they're untouch'd, whilst quietly I keep my
Weather-eye open.

"I shall be glad to fight for British honour,
When it's attack'd, and you of course will help me;
But, for my part, I never like to mix it
With Politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"I come and help thee! I will see thee d—— first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance;
Baffled, effete, humiliated, sordid,
Spiritless Shopman!"

[*Wisely refrains from kicking Mr. J. B., and exit in a transport of martial enthusiasm and impartial philanthropy.*]

Funny Folks, March 30, 1878.

The Friend of Agriculture, and the Needy new Voter.

A contribution to modern Anti-Jacobinism.

(*Imitated from the celebrated Sapphics of Canning and Frere.*)

Friend of Agriculture.

Needy New Voter! Whither are you wending?
Bad are the times, and hard upon *your* order.
Prices fall fast;—your stomach feels a vacuum,
So does your pocket!

Nubbly-knee'd rustic! little know the proud ones,
Who at their button flaunt the expensive orchid,
What dreary work 'tis delving all your days, and
Ending a pauper.

Tell me, Giles Joskin, whom your vote inclines to,
Is 't the rich Rad, who only aims to use you?
Or the kind Squire? or Parson of the Parish—
Lavish of blankets?

Is it sly Joe, who's playing his own game, or
Arch-diddler Arch? Are you the dupe of "ransom"
Or roguish land-schemes, baited with that bogus
Cow and Three Acres?

(Have you read *Popular Government*, by Sir R. Maine?)
Tears of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Tell *me* your tale; turn up those Rads, and trust the
Pitiful Tory.

NEEDY NEW VOTER.

Tory? Lor' bless ye, *he* has proved a sell, Sir,
What hath he done for I, or for the farmer?
This poor old hat and breeches, yon bare acres,
Show *him* a diddle.

Promised Protection? Boh! Can't take *me* in so.
Cow and Three Acres; That's a Tory scare-crow;
But there *be* some small hopes in altered land-laws
And small allotments.

I should be glad to think yer honour loved us;
Might, if ye'd been the first to gi' us the Vote now,
But *do ut des*,* as Bizzy puts it; *that* is
My politics, Sir,

FRIEND OF AGRICULTURE.

Give *thee* the Vote? I wish we'd seen thee starve first.
Wretch! whom no thought but gain can move to gratitude;
Sordid, uncultured, Socialistic, stupid
Radical cat's-paw!

(Kicks the New Voter, compares him unfavourably with the intelligent Conservative Working Man, and exit in a transport of Constitutional enthusiasm and universal Anti-Jacobinism.)

Punch, February 6, 1886.

—:o:—

Again, in December, 1797, did *The Anti-Jacobin* attack Southey's muse, saying: "we have already hinted at the principle by which the followers of the Jacobinical sect are restrained from the exercise of their own favourite virtue of charity. The force of this prohibition, and the strictness with which it is observed, are strongly exemplified in the following poem. It is the production of the same author whose happy effort in English Sapphics we presumed to imitate; the present effusion is in Dactylics, and equally subject to the laws of Latin prosody."

* Evidently Giles now reads his newspaper.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Dactylics.

WEARY way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road;
Wild-visaged wanderer! Ah! for thy heavy chance.

Sorely thy little one drags by thee barefooted,
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back—
Meagre and livid, and screaming its wretchedness.

Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.*

Thy husband will never return from the war again;
Cold is thy hopeless heart, even as charity—
Cold are thy famished babes—God help thee, widowed one!

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1795.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

(Canning's Contrast.)

COME, little Drummer Boy, lay down your knapsack here;
I am the soldier's friend—here are some books for you;
Nice clever books by Tom Paine, the philanthropist.

Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some handbills too—
Go to the barracks, and give all the soldiers some,
Tell them the sailors are all in a mutiny.

(*Exit Drummer Boy, with handbills, and half-a-crown, mane Soldiers' Friend.*)

Liberty's friends thus all learn to amalgamate,
Freedom's volcanic explosion prepares itself,
Despots shall bow to the fasces of liberty.
Reason, philosophy, "fiddledum diddledum,
Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggledy,
Higgledy, piggledy, "fiddledum, diddledum,"
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

* This stanza was supplied by S. T. Coleridge.

In the following number of *The Anti-Jacobin* (December 18, 1797), another parody of the same original appeared:—

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Imitation Dactylics.

(Being the quintessence of all the Dactylics that ever were, or ever will be written.)

WEARISOME Sonnetteer, feeble and querulous,
Painfully dragging out thy demo-cratic lays—
Moon-stricken Sonnetteer, "Ah! for thy heavy chance."

Sorely thy Dactylics lay on uneven feet;
Slow is the syllable which thou would'st urge to speed,
Lame and o'erburthen'd, and "screaming its wretchedness!"

* * * *

Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling book;
Dilworth and *Dyche* are both mad at thy quantities—
DACTYLICS, call'st thou 'em?—"God help thee, silly one!"

Both these Parodies were written by William Gifford, the Editor of the *The Anti-Jacobin.*

SOUTHEY'S OFFICIAL POEMS.

Southey wrote an ode on the first overthrow of Napoleon, entitled "*Carmen Triumphale,* for the year 1814," this gave James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, the hint for a long and uninteresting parody "*The Curse of the Laureate, Carmen Judiciale,*" published in "The Poetic Mirror," in 1816.

But of all Southey's official poems "*The Vision of Judgment,*" published in 1820, on the death of George III, was the most important, and the one which received the greatest attention, praise, blame, and ridicule from his contemporaries, according to their various shades of opinion.

There are two notable instances in English literature of the respect described as having been paid by heaven to deceased kings. The first of these was the tribute paid by the servile Dryden to the memory of Charles II, entitled "*A Funeral Pindarique poem, sacred to the Happy Memory of King Charles II,*" the other was the description, by Robert Southey, of the beatification of George III, entitled "*The Vision of Judgment.*"

Of Dryden's poem nothing need here be said, except that it contained the oft quoted lines:—

"For, e'er a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs omnipotence a second thought."

Second thoughts are not always the best, and few kings have been above the average of mankind.

At the time these poems were written each author was enjoying the pension of Poet Laureate, which furnishes the only possible excuse for the blasphemy, and the fulsome adulation, which characterise the poems.

Southey's poem, with all its faults, was scarcely so glaringly profane at that of Dryden, who spoke of the *second* Charles, as

That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above!

yet Southey did not hesitate to represent the Almighty as leaving his throne especially to come down to meet the spirit of George III at the gate of heaven. Then all the spirits in heaven, and in hell, are summoned to the trial of the old king, and his accusers are ordered to stand forth to bear witness against him.

According to Mr. Southey this immaculate king had no accusers save two from amongst the fiends, and they are too terrified by his presence to bear witness against him. These are the shades of *Junius* and *John Wilkes,* both of whom are immediately hurled away into sulphurous darkness.

After this George III is told by an angel that "*there is none to arraign him,*" which is scarcely surprising considering the summary manner in which Southey had disposed of the previous accusers.

The beatification of George follows, and he makes his triumphal entry into heaven, according to Southey, as the KING OF GLORY! The poem was written in blank verse, and consisted of twelve cantos, whereas Lord Byron's *Vision of Judgment* is written in rhyme, and can scarcely be styled a parody of Southey's *Vision* It is, besides, a rather lengthy production, and as every one has a copy of Byron's works, it is unnecessary to insert it here. In his preface, Byron alludes to the inconsistencies of Southey's life and opinions, and in the poem itself he causes Southey thus to describe his works to the Arch-angel Michael:

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
Upon all topics; 'twas besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
"Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—
["Waterloo."

He had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever;
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever,
Then grew a hearty Anti-Jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd;
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows.

He had written Wesley's life:—here turning round
To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes, and preface, all that most allures
The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints."

Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet. By the way my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my vision!
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment, and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.
I settle all these things by intuition,
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
Like King Alfonso. When I thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

He ceased, and drew forth an M.S.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial, and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."

* * * *

—:o:—

In 1821, William Hone issued a pamphlet entitled "A SLAP AT SLOP, *and the Bridge Street Gang*," with some clever political caricatures by George Cruikshank. This pamphlet contains several amusing parodies, notably one on Canning's *U*-niversity *of Gottingen*, and a very close imitation of part of Southey's "*Vision of Judgment.*"

Hone's object was not only to ridicule Southey's poem, but also to attack the members of *The Loyal Association*, or, as it was afterwards styled, "The Constitutional Association," a body formed with somewhat similar objects to those of *The Primrose League* of to-day. This society had its offices in New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, hence Hone's term, "*Bridge Street Gang*," its secretary was one Charles Murray, a thin, elderly man with a wooden leg; whilst "Dr. Slop" was a name borrowed by Hone from *Tristram Shandy*, and applied to Sir John Stoddart, M.D., a choleric physician, who had formerly been on the staff of *The Times* newspaper. He had therein attacked certain persons, and opinions, so intemperately that he was discharged, according to an article in *The Times* itself, in 1817, on account of "the virulence and indiscretion of his articles."

He then started a journal of his own, called *The New Times*, in which the objects and proceedings of "The Constitutional Association" were constantly puffed and praised. Hone christened this paper, with doubtful taste, "The Muck Times, or Slop-pail," and in the following parody he imitates Southey's description of the hosts assembled in heaven to welcome George III, amongst whom only those were named whose political opinions were pleasing to the Poet Laureate.

A NEW VISION.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.! L.L.D.!!

Poet Laureate!!! &c.!!!! &c.!!!! &c.!!!

'TWAS at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
I alone in SLOP'S office was left; and, in trouble of spirit,
I mused on old times, till my comfort of heart had departed.
Pensile at least I shall be, methought—*sus per coll.* surely!
And therewithal felt I my neckcloth; when lo! on a sudden,
There came on my eyes, hanging midway 'twixt heaven and St. James's,
The book called the *Pension List.* There did I see my name written.
Yea even in that great book of life! It was sweet to my eye-lids.
As dew from a tax! and *Infinity* seem'd to be open,
And I said to myself, "Now a blessing be on thee, my Robert!
And a blessing on thee too my pen! and on thee too my sack-but!"

Now, as thus I was standing, mine ear heard a rap at the street-door,
Ev'n such as a man might make bold with, half gentle, half footman;
And lo! up the stairs, dotting one, one, after the other,
Came the leg of a wonder, hop! hop! through the silence of evening
And then a voice snarling from the throat of him they call MURRAY,
Who said, as he hopp'd, "must the *Much Times* be mournful at *all* times?
Lo, SLOP, I've a sop, for your mop; yes—hop! hop! I've a *story*,
With which I'll light *you* up, if you'll light me, Slop, up another."

"Don't be so *bold!*" methought *a larking* voice from the sky-light
Answer'd, and therewithal I felt fear as of frightening;
Knowing not why, or how, my soul seem'd night-cap to my body.
Then came again the voice, but then with a louder squalling—
"Go to HELL" said the voice, "What, I?" said I inwardly, "I go?"
When lo, and behold, a great wonder! I, I, ROBERT SOUTHEY,
Even I, ROBERT SOUTHEY, *Esquire*, L.L.D. POET LAUREATE,
Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the
Ditto of History too, of the Institute Royal
Of Dutchland, and eke of the Welch Cymmodorion wonder,
Author of Joan of Arc, of much Jacobin verse, and Wat Tyler,
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera,
(For it's unknown all the things that I am, and have written),
I, as I said before, ev'n I, by myself, I,
Unlike in that single respect, to my great master Dante,
(For Virgil went with him to help him), but like in all others,
Rush'd up into PARADISE boldly, which angels themselves don't,
Yea ev'n into Paradise rush'd I, through showers of *flimsies*,

All as good as the Bank, and for hailstones I found there were *Sovereigns*
Spick and span new; and anon was a body all glorified
Even all the great HOST both of CHURCH and STATE,
Crosses, Grand Crosses,
Commanders, Companions, and Knights of all possible orders,
Commons and Peers, the souls of the sold, whom pensions made perfect,
Flocking on either hand, a multitudinous army,
Coronet, Crosier and Mitre, in grand semicircle inclining,
Tier over tier they took their place, aloft in the distance,
Far as the sight could pierce, Stars, Garters, and Gold Sticks.
From among the throng bless'd, all full dress'd, in a Field Marshal's uniform,
Rose one, with a bow serene, who, aloft, took his station;
Before him the others crouched down, all inclining in concert,
Bent like a bull-rush sea, with a wide and a manifold motion:
There he stood in the mid'st alone; and in front was the presence,
With periwig curling and gay, and a swallow-cut coat tail.

Hear ye of long ears! Lo! in that place was *Canning*,[1]
He who strengthens the Church and State, with his Manton's hair-triggers,
And sneers on his lips, and eyes leering, and *rapturous* speeches;
With him *Fletcher Franklin* I saw, and *Sir Robert*, my namesake,
Worthy the name! even *Baker*, Sir Robert, of Bow-street;
And *Gifford*, with face made of lachrymose, savage and feeble,
Who delighteth with *Croker* to cut up men, women, and young men,
And therefore did *Hazlitt* cut *him* up, and so he stood mangled,
There, too, brocaded and satin'd, stood smiling and bowing,
With court-mask'd appearance, *the Fearful One*, him of *Triangle*!
And there, too, the *Foolish* one, *circular*-conscienced, the *Doctor*!
And I saw in the vision, the *Generals*, *Sol* and *Attorney*;
And *Sacchi*, was there too, and him surnamed *Non-mi Ricordo*;
And *Mademoiselle Daemon*, and *Barbara Kress*, and *Rastelli*;
And *Mister*, and *Mister-ess Jessop*, and eke the *Miss Jessops*;
And *Mar——ss H——d*, and *M——ss C——m*, also;

And *Mrs. Fitzherbert*, and *C—ch*; and in sooth all the *Beauties*
Of the "GEORGIAN *Age*"; except *Robinson Mary*,[2]
Whom great G. first sent to the D—— and little G. after,
(Namely *Gifford*, who smote at her sorely, yea, ev'n at her crutches,
So that she fell in her grave, and said, 'cover me kind earth!')
And the great-minded *Cl—* was there, looking like to Behemoth;
And the *Lauderdale* disinterested, great Scotch standard-bearer,
And there, too, the King's much-conspired-against-stationer, *King*, stood,
The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who sendeth his Majesty's whiskey;
And the members of *Orange Clubs*, all anti-Irish shillelaghs,
And a heav'nly assembly of *parsons*, some lately expectant—
Parson *Hey*, Parson B. called, otherwise, Parson *Blackcow*, divine brute!
Parson C., alias *Croly*, or *Crawley*, or Coronaroly,

1 George Canning, of the *Anti-Jacobin*.

2 Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mary Robinson, the one the wife, the other the mistress of George, Prince Regent.

Who putteth forth innocent pamphlets on pure coronations,
Expecteth Milleniums, and audeth the *Blackguard* of Blackwood's,
And looketh both lofty and slavish, a dreariness high-nosed,
As if he had, under the chin been, by worshipful men, chuck'd;
And great Parson *Eat-all-stone*, who'd swallow *any* thing surely;
And the *Manchester Yeamanry Cavalry*, riding down women;
And *Alderman Atkins*, with *Curtis*, that *big belly*-gerent;
And *Flower*, and *Bridges*, *C. Smith*, and the rest of the BRIDGE GANG;
All cloth'd for the heav'nly occasion in their *best* Indictments!
And there all the *Lottery Contractors*,[3] and such like, were also;
And there Mr. *Strong-i-th-arm*, his Majesty's Seal Engraver, was also;
And they all who *forged*, lo! the French Assignats, were there also;
And the *Court Newsman* also was there—
(The Spirit now bids me write *prose*, but that, you know's all the same thing.)
And *Colburn* with his *Muck Monthly Magazine* was there;
And *Ward* the animal Painter, with a piece of spoil'd canvas, 35 feet wide by 21, was there;
But *Bird* who, most disloyally, died of a broken heart, was not there;
And the *Duke of Wellington*, with his Sword of State was there;
And *Sir John Silvester*, the Recorder of London, and his *assistant* were there;
And Messrs. *Rundell and Bridge*, the Jewellers who repair'd the Crown were there,
And the *Pigtails* cut off from his Majesty's guards were there;
And the guards themselves in their *next* uniforms, and new white gaiters, were there;
And the *State Coach and Coachman and Horses* were there;
And the *other Ministers of State* in the new State liveries were there;
And the *Clerks of the Council* and the *two Silver Inkstands* were there;
And all the Gentlemen of the *Stock Exchange* were there;
And all the Gentlemen of the *Shipping Interest* were there;
And all the Gentlemen of the *Landed Interest* were there;
But all the people *without Interest* were not there;
And all the *Peers* who voted the Queen of England *guilty* were there;
And all the *Ministerial Members* of the House of Commons were there;
And Dr. *Slop* with '*fresh* fig leaves for *Adam* and *Eve*[4],' was there;
And the *Royal Proclamation* against Vice and Immorality was pasted up there;
And behold, while I read it, thinking to put it, excellent as it was, into language still better,
Methought, in my vision, I dreamt—dream within dream intercircled,—
And seem'd to be hurried away, by a vehement whirlwind,
To FLAMES and SULPHUROUS DARKNESS, where certain of my *Minor Poems* were scorching,
Yet unconsumed, in penal fire; and *so* was *I* purified,
For deeds done in the flesh, being, through them, burnt by proxy,

3 State Lotteries were then permitted, but were abolished in 1816.

4 Alluding to a coarse skit published by Sir John Stoddart, in *The New Times*.

There, too, roasted the Bishop of Osnaburgh's *Doxy*,[5]
But the Righteous-one, *the Prince-Bishop himself*, was in Heaven;
And *two boots*[6] were there, as a burnt offering for *pecadillo*,
But the *Owner* thereof was a glorified spirit above,
Whereof, as in duty bound, I had sung to him "Twang-a-dillo,
He that loves a pretty girl, is a hearty good fellow!"
And *in Torment* (but here the blest rage of the bard returns on me)
And in torment was *She*, who, on earth, had been also tormented
By *Him* who is never, nor can be accused, of aught *vicious*;
With her were the friends of my childhood—not leaving out *Coleridge*;
And they who were *killed* by the Manchester Yeomanry also;
And *Truth*, the whole Truth, nothing *but* the Truth, suffered the burning.
Then I turn'd my meek eyes, in their gladness, to Heaven, and my *place* there,
And ascending, I flew back to Paradise, singing of Justice;
Where, fill'd with divine expectation of merited favour,
The gathering host look'd to him, in whom all their hopes center'd,
As the *everlasting* hang; and I, too, press'd forward to obtain—
But old recollections withheld me; down, down, dropped my sack-but,
And my feet, methought slid, and I fell precipitate. Starting,
Then I awoke, with my hair up, and lo! my young days were before me,
Dark yet distinct; but instead of the voice of the honest,
I heard only Murray's *Yap! yap!* and *hop! hop!* through the silence of evening:
Yap! hop! and *hop! yap!* and hence came the hop, step, and jump of my verses.

—:o:—

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

BY R. S., P.L.

LAST eve as I sate in my room that looks o'er the church of Saint Clement,
(*Nota Bene*: I had but of late arrived in town upon business,)
I ordered my boots for a walk, my boots that polished and pointed,
Bright on their surface display the beauty of Warren's jet blacking:
Now you must know that my man, in his speed to reply to my summons,
Brought me my Wellington boots, but never once thought of the boothooks;
So to allay my spleen by calm and ennobling reflections,
Such as might wile the time disturb'd by my valet's omission,
I sate me down in a chair, and thus apostrophised Warren.
"Pontiff of modern art! whose name is as noted as mine is,
Noted for talent and skill, and the cardinal virtues of manhood!
Receive this tribute of praise from one whose applause is an honour,
I am he who sang of Roderick, the last of the Goths, and
Gothic enough it was, I'm told, in metre and meaning;
Thalaba too was mine, that wild and wondrous effusion,
Madoc and Joan of Arc, and the splendid curse of Kehama;
If I then, the author of these and other miraculous volumes,
And a laurell'd bard to boot, laud thee, oh my Warren, in epic
Verse, both peasant and peer will echo thy name o'er the West end,
And thus shall it be with the man whom S—y delighteth to honour,
Already I hear thy puffs discussed in the circle at Almack's,
Dusking with sable shade the light of the Scotch Ariosto
Already I hear them arranged for the violincello by Smart, and
Melting on syren lips in lieu of Italian bravuras:
Braham at Drury Lane, the Stephens at proud Covent Garden,
Dwell on each soul stirring rhyme as a lover dwells on the moonlight,
When by its virgin beam his nymph hurries onward to kiss him.

"Through thee in the season of spring, oh pride of the modern creation!!!
Beauty sets off by night each grace of her whirligig ankle,
When to the music of harps in dulcet symphonies sounding,
She waltzes with twinkling twirl, and butterfly bucks hover round her;
Thee she hails as a friend, while her pumps, in the pride of their polish,
Illumine the ball-room floor like the slippers of famed Cinderella,—
In Brighton thy name is known, and waxeth important at Cheltenham;
Travels *per coach* to Bath, that exceedingly beautiful city;
Thence crossing the channel to Wales, it stirs up attention at Swansea;
Or flees with the speed of a dove o'er the mountainous ridges of Snowden,
Till valley, and rock, and glen ring aloud with 'Buy Warren's Blacking.'
"But not unto Britain alone is thy fame, Robert Warren, confined: o'er
The civilised regions of Europe, believe me, 'tis equally honoured;
For when, as a proof of the fact, I rambled through Switzerland lately;
And, spent with the labour of travel, put up in the vale of Chamouny,
My boots by the waiter were bathed in the luminous dew of thy blacking:
This, as you well may guess, astonished my nerves not a little;
So, flaming with zeal, I said, 'now tell me, oh waiter, I pray thee,
Th' extent of this tradesman's fame in the vales of the Switzer, that straight I
May note it down as a hint for some future edition of travels,
Then blythe the waiter assured me that through Chamouny, the splendour
Of Warren's name beamed joy, as the snow on the summit of Jura,

5 The Bishop of Osnaburgh's *Doxy*. The Duke of York was Bishop of Osnaburgh, but the *Doxy* here mentioned alludes neither to Orthodoxy nor to Heterodoxy, but simply to Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, the wife of a stonemason. She became the mistress of this reverend Bishop, who was also Commander of the Forces, and to whose memory a column was erected—Heaven only knows why—at the junction of Waterloo place and St. James's-park. The Duke got into debt, and Mrs. Clarke had to find money by the sale of commissions in the Army—it is said, indeed, that she had also applications for bishoprics and deaneries. The Duke of York had control of the Army, and as the regulation price of a majority was £2,600 and of a captaincy £1,500 while Mrs. Clarke only charged £900 and £700 respectively, she drove, for awhile, a thriving trade; but at last Colonel Wardle brought the scandal before the House of Commons, and the Duke was obliged to resign his post.

6 Two Boots, an allusion to George IV., and the next few lines refer to his ill-used wife, Caroline of Brunswick, who died in August, 1821, shortly after his coronation.

Tinged by the occident ray, sheds glory and gladness around it,
While villages bask in its smiles :—meantime I continued my Carmen,—
Thrice honoured artist, who hast a minstrel like me to commend thee !
Year upon year may roll, but you never will get such another ;
For I am the bard of time, the puffer of peer or of peasant,
Whether Russ, German, or French, Whig, Radical, Ultra, or Tory,
Provided my *sack-butt* is paid with a *butt of sack* for each bouncer
Hence, nobles are proud to bow to my laurelled head at Saint James's,
Deeming his Majesty's grace dispensed through me, for they well know
His Majesty loves in his heart my political creed
(*Nota Bene*—I will not swear that he does ; but is it not likely, oh Europe?)"

Here I concluded my stave, for my valet returned with my boot-hooks ;
So taking my hat in my hand a remarkably requisite practice,
I sought that widening gulf where the Strand with a murmur susurrous
Flows into Pall Mall East, like Thames at the Nore into ocean ;
Here I stood rapt awhile, commending the buildings around me,
Especially Waterloo Place, with which I was highly delighted ;
Till hearing the clock strike eight, I returned to my Strand habitation,
And heard the bell from St. Clement's toll, toll through the silence of evening.

From *Warreniana*, by W. F. Deacon. (Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green, London, 1824.)

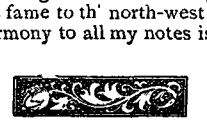
——:o:——

"*The Satirist, or Monthly Meteor*" for September 1, 1813, contained several burlesque applications for the Laureatship, then vacant through the recent death of Henry James Pye.

None of the poems is of sufficient interest to be worth reprinting, the authors supposed to be imitated are Hannah More, George Colman, Lord Byron, W. Wordsworth, Dr. Thomas Busby, Thomas Campbell, Walter Scott, George Crabbe, W. H. Fitzgerald, and Robert Southey.

The burlesque of Southey concludes thus :—

"Then what a happy Prince you'll be
With a Poet Laureate such as me ;
When duly here, to George the Regents praise,
My Prince, as with an angel's voice of song,
Pours my melodious lays
Upon the gales of even,
And sounding strenuous like a gong,
I lift his fame to th' north-west gates of heaven,
Such harmony to all my notes is given."



EPITAPH FOR ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., POET LAUREATE

AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER, &c., &c.

Dignus auribus Principis—HORAT.

HERE lies our good Laureat, whom *Byron* has sent hence,
Without any time for "a death-bed repentance,[1]
Of his sapphics, so cruelly mangled by *Canning*—
So safely remov'd both from sense and from scanning ;[2]
(For our Laureat dealt largely in sapphics seditious,[3]
Before he got scent of the loaves and the fishes),
Or his Botany Eclogues, from which one would swear
That the Poet had learnt his morality there.[4]
Poor Joan[5] ever doom'd to be burnt in our ire,
Once more by all England condemn'd to the fire.
Sure *Southey*, like *Bedford*, was born for thy curse,
And we burn thee again, to atone for his verse.
Next *Thalaba* came, that selfslaying destroyer,
Of readers and conjurors too the annoyer ;
Let him murder magicians, and all their relations,
But why did he murder our rhyme[6] and our patience?
Then *Madoc's* adventures so ably were sung,
You'd think they were told in his own native tongue.[7]
For the curse of *Kehama* one cannot help dreading it,
The curse is so cursedly felt in the reading it.
Then a Monarch of Spain—how strange he should blast one !
For though he's a *Goth* he might surely have past one,
Since he is (*the Belov'd* not excepted) the last one.[8]
But as soon as our bard got attach'd to the crown,
He try'd to sing up what he used to sing down ;—
One day *Bribery's* slave and the next its reviler,
Praising Castlereagh now, and now praising Wat Tyler,[9]
To constraint and corruption now bidding defiance,
And now lauding the deeds of the Holy Alliance.[10]
Enduring the scorn of all England most martyrly,
Secure that his sores would be lick'd by the *Quarterly*.
Then forth came that Letter, or crack "branding iron,"

[1] A favourite phrase of the worthy Poet Laureate.

[2] "Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities." See Mr. Canning's Parody on Mr. Southey's Dactylics.

[3] Not only in "Seditious Sapphics," but in divers kinds of verse "without a name," happily unknown to English Poetry, before Mr. Southey.

[4] "Botany Bay Eclogues," written in the Laureate's youth, full of thefts and theories worthy of the *Bay*, though the poetry certainly is not.

[5] "Joan of Arc," Mr. S. says, was written in six weeks. It may be so—it is easier to *write* than to *read* such an epic.

[6] "Thalaba, the destroyer," a hotch-potch of all the measures in the English (and a few more) without rhyme. The catastrophe is precisely that of Tom Thumb.

[7] "Madoc," a moral quarto, in which whatever is good for anything is stolen without acknowledgment from Robertson's History of America, whose elegant prose Mr. Southey has *traduced* into barbarous blank, in applying all the striking incidents in the story of Columbus, to a buccaneering Welsh Chieftain of the 12th century.

[8] "Roderick the last of the Goths."

[9] "Wat Tyler" was republished about the time Mr. S. suffered the Laurel—which gave rise to some edifying and curious contrasts of his new and old opinions.

[10] Mr. S. is guilty of sundry odes to the Holy Alliance, &c., &c.

Which the Laureat so cackles about to Lord *Byron*,[11]
That letter so famous, in which he advances
Truths such as you find in the Spanish Romances,
Traduced by our Bard, who contriv'd in abridging all,
To make one, *for shortness*, desire the original.
Next like some "obscene birds" of his feather, he flew
To prey on the stain of thy field, Waterloo![12]
Then returned to o'ershade, with his sad gratulation,[13]
An event that awak'd all the hopes of a Nation,
And surely the Laureat alone could have told it,
In rhymes, that had *Sternhold* himself out-Sternholded.
Then *Byron* and *Juan* eternally lamming him,
Play'd the devil with him—so he set about damning him;
And if to his foes or his friends he a grudge meant,
What could he do worse than his *Vision of Judgment!*
But 'twas fit that this model of tergiversation,
Who began in sedition, should end in damnation.
To atone for all this, what must now be his lot?
Shall he "lie" like his Works "in obstruction and rot?"
No—let him be punished by quitting his urn to
See all the "vile uses" they're sure to return to.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1823. London, 1824.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

As the early poems of Robert Southey were repeatedly parodied in this celebrated journal, a few words as to its contents may conveniently be inserted here. "*The Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner*," was edited by W. Gifford, and the principal contributors to its pages were the Rt. Hon. George Canning, Mr. John Hookham Frere, Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), Mr. George Ellis, Lord Clare, Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis Wellesley), and Dr. John Whittaker. The Poems in *The Anti-Jacobin* were not exclusively political, and the following is a list of all that can be properly termed Parodies, omitting only those which have already been included in the collection of Parodies on Southey.

La Sainte Guillotine, a new song attempted from the French. (*Tune*—"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France.")

The Progress of Man, a Didactic poem. Written to ridicule Mr. R. Payne Knight's *The Progress of Civil Society*, a Didactic Poem.

Chevy Chase, a parody founded upon the Duke of Northumberland's attempt to evade the payment of Income Tax.

The Loves of the Triangles, a parody of Dr. Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*.

Brissot's Ghost, a parody on Glover's Ballad of *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*.

Ode to Jacobinism, a political parody of Gray's *Hymn to Adversity*.

The Jacobin, a political skit, written in imitation of Southey's Sapphics, but not so good as the examples already quoted, and dealing with obsolete facts and forgotten individuals.

Ode to a Jacobin, in imitation of Suckling's *Ode to a Lover*.

The Anti-Jacobin also contained several humorous imitations of Horace, and a burlesque play, founded on some German dramas, translations of which were then being performed in England to the detriment, and discouragement of English dramatists. The greater portion of this amusing work was written by Canning, it was entitled "*The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement*," and has passages which parody *The Robbers*, and several other plays by Schiller: *Stella* by Goethe, and *Count Benyowsky, or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka*.

The Rovers.

The second scene of the first act contains the gem of the burlesque. It opens thus:—

Scene changes to a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh with coffins, escutcheons, death's heads, and cross-bones,—toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—Rogero *appears, in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head—beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.*—Rogero *rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.*

Rogero. Eleven years! it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre, the cruelty of a Minister—the perfidy of a Monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellowmen. Soft! what have we here? (*stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*) Oh! the register of my captivity. Let me see; how stands the account? Eleven years and fifteen days!—Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. Some demon whispered me that I should never see her more. . . . . Soft, what air was that! it seems a sound of more than human warblings. Again, (*listens attentively for some minutes.*) Only the wind; it is well, however; it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar.

(*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air,*

[11] "Letter to W. Smith, M.P., from R. Southey, Esq." of the contents of which most of our readers are in a state of happy ignorance—for the publisher, Mr. Murray, is the only person who suffered from Mr. S.'s "branding iron" It was said of Joe Manton's guns, that they were not *sold* but *given away*. As much might Mr. Murray say of this famous Letter, except that nothing of the Laureate's resembles the said Joe's in readiness *to go off*.

[12] "A Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo," in which Mr. S clearly explains Dryden's bull—"twice he slew the slain."

[13] A right melancholy "Lay of the Laureate," inflicted on the occasion of the nuptials of the late Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold.

with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra. Air, Lanterna Magica.

SONG.

By Rogero.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

(Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen!
-niversity of Gottingen.

At the repetition of this line, ROGERO *clanks his chains in cadence.*

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat, post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen
-niversity of Gottingen.

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen!
-niversity of Gottingen.

V.

There first, for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
-tor, law professor at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen!
-niversity of Gottingen.

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-
-el, never shall I see the U-
-niversity of Gottingen!
-niversity of Gottingen.

During the last stanza ROGERO *dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops; the music continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*

There is a curious circumstance connected with the composition of this song, the first five stanzas of which were written by Mr. Canning. Having been accidentally seen, previous to its publication, by Mr. Pitt, who was cognisant of the proceedings of the "*Anti-Jacobin*" writers, he was so amused with it, that he took up a pen, and composed the last stanza on the spot. As the song has been so frequently parodied any detail connected with it is interesting, and it may be remarked that Mr. Pitt fell into a grave error in describing *Rogero* as doomed to starve on water gruel, for in the previous scene the waiter mentions that he had just conveyed the usual dinner to the prisoner in the vaults, namely, pease-soup, with the scrag end of a neck of mutton.

A NEW GOTTINGEN BALLAD.

OXFORD and Cambridge, sisters two,
With prejudice begotten in,
Your tassell'd Commoners * should embue
Their minds, with knowledge from the U-
-niversity of Gottingen!

Johnson and Milton ye can show,
Or tell the graves they're rotting in;
But what are they to Kotzebue,
Who studied morals at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen?

Hyde-Park, that aristocrats, with new
Buckskins and boots, are trotting in,
Boast you the philosophy true,
Subliming mankind at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen?

Ah! no; your ring, where men in du-
-els go for to be shotten in,
Can boast no slaughters like the su-
-icides, that happens at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen!

Commons and Lords, where *buff* and *blue*
Now seem to be forgotten in,
Ye want a thorough *revolu-*
-tion, and the system of the U-
-niversity of Gottingen!

Halls of the city, that the crew
Of traders are begotten in,
I'd share your fatt'ning revenue
With *literati* at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen?

O! people banking base, and *bou-*
-tiquière, that are so hot in gain,
O! learn the doctrine of commu-
-nity of goods, and send yours to
The doctors meek of *Gottingen*!

From *The Morning Herald*, 1802.

* The author here alludes to that class of noble or opulent students, who at Oxford are called *Gentlemen Commoners*, and at Cambridge *Fellow Commoners*.

SONG.

WHENE'ER with aching eyes I view
The troublers of the nation,
I find them one conspiring crew
The BRIDGE STREET GANG—the CONSTITU-
-TIONAL *Association.*
-TIONAL *Association.*

Slop's venom, of high *Tory* blue,
The Stuart royal fashion,
In secret gave the poison to
The daggers of the CONSTITU-
-TIONAL *Association.*
-TIONAL *Association.*

Forth from his SLOP-PAIL swift he flew,
In dread of moderation,
Assassin's knives to cowards threw,
And called the GANG the CONSTITU-
-TIONAL *Association.*
-TIONAL *Association.*

I, who when wild his *curses* flew,
Gave him his appellation,
Would force him into light, in du-
-ty to unmask his CONSTITU-
-TIONAL *Association.*
-TIONAL *Association.*

Against me if his SLOP-PAIL brew,
For that high designation,
I spurn his SLOP-PAIL, spurn him too,
And scorn his GANG, the CONSTITU-
-TIONAL *Association.*
-TIONAL *Association.*

Until a fouler opportu-
-nity a filthier still occasion
He'll empty his dirty SLOP-PAIL gru-
-el, through his sink-hole CONSTITU-
-TIONAL *Association.*
-TIONAL *Association.*

But should he shrink from public view,
Or skulk with mean evasion,
I'll lash the knave with all his crew—
SLOP and his GANG, the CONSTITU-
-TIONAL *Association.*
-TIONAL *Association*

From *Hone's Facetiæ and Miscellanies. A Slap at Slop* by William Hone, with illustrations by G. Cruikshank. *London*, 1822.

The allusions to Dr. Slop, (Dr. John Stoddart,) and the *Constitutional Association*, or Bridge Street Gang, have already been explained in reference to *A New Vision of Judgment.*
(See page 177.)

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

In 1826 a party who believed that the home and university plan of education which prevails in Scotland, was much better than the college and university education of Oxford or Cambridge, made Lord Brougham and Mr. Charles Knight their spokesmen, and declared they would have a university within reach of their own homes. A joint-stock company was formed, and the place in Gower Street was opened on October 1, 1828, under the name of the "London University." One very prominent feature in the prospectus was that there should be perfect religious freedom within the university. The scheme met with much opposition and ridicule, Theodore Hook dubbed the place "Stinkomalee," and R. Harris Barham, the author of the Ingoldsby Legends, satirised it in the following amusing parody :—

SONG.*

WHENE'ER with pitying eye I view,
Each operative sot in town,
I smile to think how wondrous few
Get drunk who study at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town.

What precious fools "The People" grew,
Their *alma mater* not in town;
The "useful classes" hardly knew
Four was composed of two, and two,
Until they learned it at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town.

But now they're taught by JOSEPH HU-
-ME, by far the cleverest Scot in town,
Their *items* and their *tottles* too;
Each may dissect his sister Sue,
From his instructions at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town.

Then L——E comes, like him how few
Can caper and can trot in town,
In *pirouette*, or *pas de deux*—
He beats the famed *Monsieur Giroux*,
And teaches dancing at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town!
-niversity we've GOT in town.

And GILCHRIST,[1] see, that great Geentoo—
Professor, has a lot in town
Of cockney boys who fag Hindoo,
And *larn Jcm-nastics* at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town!
-niversity we've GOT in town.

SAM ROGERS,[2] corpse of vampire hue,
Comes from its grave to rot in town;
For Bays the dead bards' crowned with yew,
And chants, the Pleasures of the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town!
-niversity we've GOT in town.

*A few of the names, indicated only by initials, are now difficult to identify, but most of them refer to well-known individuals.

[1] John Borthwick Gilchrist, L.L.D., an eminent oriental scholar, died in 1841.

[2] Samuel Rogers, Poet and Banker, died in 1855.

FRANK JEFFREY,[3] of the Scotch Review,—
Whom MOORE had nearly shot in town,
Now, with his pamphlet stitched in blue
And yellow, damns the other two,
But lauds the ever glorious U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town!

Great BIRKBECK,[4] king of chips and glue,
Who paper oft does blot in town,
From the Mechanics' Institu-
-tion, comes to prate of wedge and screw,
Lever and axle at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town!

LORD WAITHMAN,[5] who long since withdrew
From Mansion House to cot in town;
Adorn'd with chair of ormulu,
All darkly grand, like Prince Lee Boo,
Lectures on *Free Trade* at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town!

Fat F——, with his cost of blue,
Who speeches makes so hot in town,
In rhetoric, spells his lectures through,
And sounds the V for W,
The *vay they speaks* it at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town!

[3] Francis, Lord Jeffrey, a Scotch Judge, chiefly remembered on account of his long connection with, and numerous contributions to *The Edinburgh Review*, (the "Blue and Buff") of which he was one of the founders. In an article in that Review (July, 1806) he denounced Tom Moore as "the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of the propagators of impiety." On this charge, which was too true to be answered in any other way, Moore challenged Jeffrey to fight a duel, and the two met at Chalk Farm, then a favourite spot with duellists. The proceedings were stopped by the interference of the police, when it was found that in loading the pistols, the bullets had been carefully omitted. This circumstance became the talk of the town, and Moore, especially, was subjected to much ridicule. Byron thus alludes to the duel:—

"Health to great Jeffrey; Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars.
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?"

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

When Moore read these lines he was so incensed that he addressed a challenge to Lord Byron, but by cautiously confiding it to a discreet friend it somehow never reached its destination. Moore afterwards became very intimate with Byron, but he still had his revenge, for he wrote Byron's Life.

[4] George Birkbeck, M.D., president of the London Mechanics' Institute, and founder of the Birkbeck Institution in Southampton Buildings, was a physician by profession, and an ardent advocate for the education of the people. He died in 1841.

[5] Lord Mayor Waithman, four times elected M.P. for London, a strenuous advocate for popular rights. He died in 1833, and an obelisk was erected to his memory, n Ludgate Circus.

Then H——E comes, who late at Newgate Market, sweetest spot in town!
Instead of one clerk, popp'd in two,
To make a place for his ne-phew,
Seeking another at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town!

There's Captain ROSS, a traveller true,
Has just presented, what in town—
—'s an article of great *virtu*
(The telescope he once peep'd through,
And 'spied an Exquimaux canoe
On Croker Mountains), to the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town!

Since MICHAEL gives no roast nor stew,
Where Whigs might eat and plot in town,
And swill his port, and mischief brew-
Poor Creevy sips his water gru-
-el as the beadle of the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town!

There's JERRY BENTHAM,[6] and his crew,
Names ne'er to be forgot in town,
In swarms like Banquo's long is-sue—
Turk, Papist, Infidel and Jew,
Come trooping on to join the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town.
-niversity we've GOT in town.

To crown the whole with triple queue
Another such there's not in town,
Twitching his restless nose askew,
Behold tremendous HARRY BROUGH-[7]
AM! law professor at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town—
-niversity we've GOT in town.

Grand Chorus:

Huzza! huzza! for HARRY BROUGH-
AM! law professor at the U-
-niversity we've GOT in town.
-niversity we've GOT in town.

[6] Jeremy Bentham, political economist, and father of the Utilitarian School of writers, died in 1832.

[7] Henry Brougham, Lord Chancellor, who took great interest in the spread of popular education, and was very active in the formation of the London University.

PENNY POSTAGE.

The Penny Postage commenced on January 10, 1840. The following parody was issued during the same month.

THE UNIVERSAL PENNY POSTAGE.

FROM universal suffrage some
Say every blessing's sure to come,
As clear as one and one make two;
But others say it's all a hum,
And there's no blessing like the U-
-niversal Penny Postage.

Of all the penn'orths Nature gave—
A penny show, a penny shave,
There's blacking for a penny too,
A penny biscuit—all must waive
Their claims in favour of the U-
-niversal Penny Postage.

For all things now there's some new way—
To write, to seal, to fold, to pay;
And you must talk in idioms new,
And when you mean Post-paid must say,
"Prepaid," by order of the U-
-niversal Penny Postage.

If aught's *not* new the wonder's great,
The tables are so turned of late,
E'en useful tables, though so true:
Your half-ounce makes one *penny-weight*,
According to the school of U-
-niversal Penny Postage.

Who'd think our great authorities
Would do a thing so (penny) wise?
(Pound foolish things we know they do!)
How now in history they'll rise!—
The Government that gave the U-
-niversal Penny Postage.

Oh, Rowland Hill, immortal man,
How can we pay you for your plan!
To *you* our thanks, our pence are due;
It was the Emperor of Japan
As much as *they* that gave the U-
-niversal Penny Postage.

Send up a column to the sky,
Five thousand office inkstands high;
Take for a basement fair to view,
As many reams of "wove demy";
Write—"To the author of the U-
-niversal Penny Postage."

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

Sung by Dodge-ero (COLONEL T-YL-R) *in the Burlesque Play of "The Reform Rovers"*

IT is a most provoking do!
To think that I was potting 'em—
The guileless DILLWYN and his crew,
When who should twig us but the hu-
-morous M.P. for Nottingham—
-morous M.P. for Nottingham.

(Weeps and pulls out a true blue Reform bill. Gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—

Sweet Measure! checks of truest blue
They soon had found garotting 'em,
If they had helped to pass you through,
Without detection by the hu-
-morous M.P. for Nottingham—
-morous M.P. for Nottingham.

(At each repetition of this line Dodge-ero cracks his whip in cadence.)

Bah! Bah! As RAREY trotted Cruiser, I was calmly trotting 'em,
When, hang it! who should enter—who?
But that confounded pest—the hu-
-morous M.P. for Nottingham—
-morous M.P. for Nottingham.

The very form, in which they drew
My words up, clearly spotting 'em,
He offered to the House as scru-
-tineers—he did indeed, the hu-
-morous M.P. for Nottingham—
-morous M.P. for Nottingham.

My eyes! (with soda corks, it's true,
I have a way of dotting 'em
At awkward times)—a rare to-do
Was thus created by the hu-
-morous M.P. for Nottingham.—
-morous M.P. for Nottingham.

And since they can't escape the cru-
-el sentence he's alloting 'em,
Their only chance is to abu-
-se, and heap strong terms upon the hu-
-morous M.P. for Nottingham—
-morous M.P. for Nottingham.

(During the last stanza Dodge-ero perceives that he has run his head against a wall, so hard as to produce a visible confusion. The curtain drops.)

Fun, April 27, 1867.

THE ORATOR'S SONG.

"Glory, Glory, to the Union."

MY years are many—they were few
(The flight of time immense is)
My cap and gown were both brand new
When first a member of the U-
-nion Oxoniensis,
-nion Oxoniensis.

A Literal *then* of deepest hue
(*Now* Time's restored my senses)
My jokes were old, my facts were few
When first a speaker at the U-
-nion Oxoniensis,
-nion Oxoniensis.

I'd done myself, as others do
In railing at th' expenses,
Yet thought such criticism stupid when the Treasurer at the U-
-nion Oxoniensis,
-nion Oxoniensis.

And still with pride I can review
How I sternly fined offences,
And rigorously enforced them too
When I was President at the U-
-nion Oxoniensis,
-nion Oxoniensis.

What fights from those old frescoes grew,
They drove us into frenzies,
Whether their charms should shine anew,
Or, whitewashed, vanish from the U-
-nion Oxoniensis,
-nion Oxoniensis.

When first my beard and whiskers grew
(A Bachelor in all senses)
I'm afraid I swaggered—(so would you,)
An hon'rary member of the U-
-nion Oxoniensis,
-nion Oxoniensis.

Ah, me, perhaps those days I view
Thro' gaudy-tinted lenses,
Yet, sad, I bid my last adieu
To all thy well-known rooms, O, U-
-nion Oxoniensis.
-nion Oxoniensis.

From *The Shotover Papers*, or Echoes from Oxford. March 1874.

The "Union" is a well known Club for Oxford Students, having reading and smoking rooms, a good library, and a debating room, in which some of our finest public speakers have made their maiden efforts. The frescoes above referred to were painted in 1857 by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and are, unfortunately, rapidly fading away.

There was another Oxford parody of this song in "*Diogenes*" for July, 1853, entitled *The Oxford Installation Ode.* The celebrities to whom it alluded are now all dead, and the parody is quite out of date.

THE PLEA OF PADDINGTON.

THE Board of Works, a thrifty crew,
Oppose in cold, heart-sadding tone,
The Park! Ah! Bumble may pooh-pooh,
But "Let us have it!" is the U-
-niversal prayer of Paddington.

Non possumus? Nay, that won't do!
Pray drop official fadding tone!
Builderdom's selfish bosh eschew,
And listen kindly to the U-
-niversal cry of Paddington.

Asphyxia on our Town, too true,
Weighs yet in many a madding ton;
Give us another "lung," pray do,
Is now the hearty, ardent U-
-niversal plea of Paddington.

Are Cockney souls as dull of hue
As Babylon's pervading tone?
"Let's look upon the heavenly blue
From one more vantage," is the U-
-niversal wish of Paddington.

Posterity, on its turf pursue-
-ing pleasant sports, in gladding tone
Will bless the foresight, wise and true,
Which *timely* listened to the U-
-niversal prayer of Paddington.

Punch, February 11, 1882.

A SONG OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

"The Association was founded to elucidate the economical and moral principles on which the Constitution of Society should be based, and to influence, by the light of those principles, the course of future legislation."—Mr. G. W. HASTINGS, M.P, *in his Address at the Opening of the 25th Annual Meeting of the Social Science Congress, in the new Lecture Hall of the University at Nottingham.*

IF "principles" are "nuts" to you,
And promptly you'd be spotting 'em,
Best take a turn, Sir, at the new
Big lecture-rooms that grace the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

There Blues orate till all is blue,
(Knights and M.P.'s "big-potting" 'em)
If you the social maze would view,
They'll guide you through it at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Twenty-five years since first they blew
Big Guns, Lord Brougham shotting 'em,
And now there's nothing new or true
But they'll bang at you—at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

If you would dish the Landlord crew,
By laws, *without* Boycotting 'em,
The Settled Land Act's action scru-
-tinise as pictured at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

If you'd rejoice in skies of blue,
With no big chimneys blotting 'em,
You'll probably learn what to do
By patient listening at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

If you tight-lacing would eschew,
See girls with "bags" *culotte*-ing 'em,
Or "dual garmenture," why few
Subjects more "fetch" them at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

You'd learn how Women's rights first grew,
And how Man shirked allotting 'em,
On all such questions they'll adju-
-dicate serenely at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Our Social Factors you'd review,
And learn the art of "totting" 'em?
Bless you! Statistics stiff are stu-
-diously fed on at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Facts about drains, the Workman's "screw,"
Girls' boots, would you be jotting 'em?
They'll stuff you with enough to ru-
-minate for years on at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Would you the World of Hobbies view,
Behold their riders trotting 'em,
That Universe they *will* elu-
-cidate completely at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Battle of Hastings! Pun, Sir? Pooh!
Poor wags are always plotting 'em.
Yet twenty-five years' war, 'tis true,
Culminates *this* year at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Punch, October 7, 1882.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

ON

MR. GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE.

During the recent election *The Times* newspaper was strongly opposed to Mr. Gladstone's policy, and on July 1, 1886, it published a poem by A. C. Swinburne, entitled "*The Commonweal*" to which it thus solemnly drew attention in its leading article :—

"None can accuse Mr. Swinburne of sympathy with oppression, or with failure to champion the cause of struggling nationalities. But he is clear-sighted enough to see on which side in this struggle lie the great interests of human liberty, and the vigorous poem which we print to-day from his pen is a worthy contribution to the battle now being waged. "See the man of words embrace the man of blood"—points an alliance which English Liberals may well blush to acknowledge ; and an appeal to all that is sound in this nation cannot better end than in Mr. Swinburne's words :—

'Yet an hour is here for answer ; now, if here be yet a nation,
'Answer, England, man by man, from sea to sea !"

THE COMMONWEAL.

A Song for Unionists.

1.

MEN, whose fathers braved the world in arms against our isles in union,
Men, whose brothers met rebellion face to face,
Shew the hearts ye have, if worthy long descent and high communion,
Shew the spirits, if unbroken, of your race.

2.

What are these that howl and hiss across the strait of westward water,
What is he who floods our ears with speech in flood ;
See the long tongue lick the dripping hand that smokes and reeks of slaughter !
See the man of words embrace the man of blood !

3.

Hear the plea whereby the tonguester mocks and charms the gazing gaper—
"We are they whose works are works of love and peace ;
Till disunion bring forth union, what is union, Sirs, but paper ?
Break and rend it, then shall trust and strength increase."

4.

Who would fear to trust a double-faced but single-hearted dreamer,
Pure of purpose, clean of hand, and clear of guile ?
"Life is well-nigh spent," he sighs, "you call me shuffler, trickster, schemer ?
I am old—when young men yell at me, I smile."

The next day *The Daily News*, which was in favor of Mr. Gladstone's policy of Home Rule for Ireland, published a parody of the poem, and, in one of its articles, alluded to Mr. Swinburne in the following terms of reproach :—

"Every topic of prejudice is being urged by the opponents of Home Rule. All the sins of the Irish people, all the errors of their leaders, are being daily enumerated by critics who have made it their business to stir up international hatred between the two countries as the best means of consolidating union. The latest ally of the Tories is a red republican, who happens also to be the foulest-mouthed and foulest-minded poet of the age. Mr. Swinburne is alleged by Mr. Theodore Watts to be a man of genius, and he has unquestionably a marvellous command of rhythmical and sonorous verse. But the words in which he attacks Mr. Gladstone are faint and feeble when compared with the language in which he has previously inveighed against Christianity, morality, and Almighty God."

THE OLD CAUSE.

A Counterblast.

1.

MEN, whose fathers did most grievous wrong in ignorance and blindness,
Men whose brothers wrought our Commonweal's disgrace,
Show the hearts ye have, if holding honour high and human kindness,
Show the courage, conscience-guided, of your race.

2.

What are these that shriek and shout against the resolute wrong-righter ?
What is he that sets their wrath to tuneful chimes ?
See the lyric tongue swift tripping aid the furious party fighter !
See the men of wrath embrace the man of rhymes !

3.

Hear the plea whereby the poet helps the swaggering patriot-aper—
"We are they whose fathers never failed in fight."
And the clamour of the Club-room and the prating of the Paper
Hail the vain and vapid vaunting with delight

4.

Who will care to hear the poet when he turns a parrot screamer ?
At the party Yahoo's yelling men may smile,
But the fieriest Muse must sigh when the fine and fluent dreamer
Stoops like rancorous Lord Randolph to revile.

5.

Many a year that priceless light of life has trembled, we remember,
On the platform of extinction—unextinct;
Many a month has been for him the long year's last—life's calm December:
Can it be that he who said so, saying so, winked?

6.

No: the lust of life, the thirst for work and days with work to do in,
Drove and drives him down the road of splendid shame;
All is well, if o'er the monument recording England's ruin
Time shall read, inscribed in triumph, Gladstone's name.

7.

Thieves and murderers, hands yet red with blood and tongues yet black with lies,
Clap and clamour—"God for Gladstone and Parnell!"
Truth, unscared and undeluded by their praise or blame, replies—
"Is the gaol of fraud and bloodshed heaven or hell?"

8.

Old men eloquent, who truckle to the traitors of the time,
Love not office—power is no desire of theirs:
What if yesterday their hearts recoiled from blood and fraud and crime?
Conscience erred—an error which to-day repairs.

9.

Conscience only now convinces them of strange though transient error:
Only now they see how fair is treason's face;
See how true the falsehood, just the theft, and blameless is the terror,
Which replaces just and blameless men in place.

10.

Place and time decide the right and wrong of thought and word and action;
Crime is black as hell, till virtue gain its vote;
Then—but ah, to think or say so smacks of fraud or smells of faction:—
Mercy holds the door while Murder hacks the throat.

11.

Murder? Treason? Theft? Poor brothers who succumb to such temptations,
Shall we lay on you or take on us the blame?
Reason answers, and religion echoes round to wondering nations,
"Not with Ireland, but with England rests the shame."

12.

Reason speaks through mild religion's organ, loud and long and lusty—
Profit speaks through lips of patriots pure and true—
"English friends, whose trust we ask for, has not England found us trusty?
Not for us we seek advancement, but for you.

13.

"Far and near the world bears witness of our wisdom, courage, honour;
Egypt knows if there our fame burns bright or dim.
Let but England trust as Gordon trusted, soon shall come upon her
Such deliverance as our daring brought on him.

5.

What, *you* echo the coarse railings of the rude and rabid rabble,
Who cackle, and calumniate, and curse?
You drape their silly slander and their base insulting babble
With the brave, dishonoured vesture of your verse?

6.

Many a year your Muse has fulminated fiercely, we remember,
Against tyrants. Is that righteous rage extinct?
How you smote the scourge of Italy, the false Man of December!
Can it be that he who did so, doing so, winked?

7.

No: the lust of right, the thirst for noble freedom, Sir, live in you,
Splendid brighteners of the splendour of your fame.
All is well with that; but wherefore should the scurril chorus win you
To cast dust upon another noble name?

8.

It is stale and slanderous fustian, all this talk of "blood" and "lies,"
Clap-trap clamour that 'tis poor of you to swell.
Leave-carrion to the crows, Sir, and putrescence to the flies,
Our goal is one—what need to rage and yell?

9.

Old men eloquent may err, and are poets safe from error?
All hearts recoil from blood, and fraud, and crime;
But to say that we to traitors mean to truckle, and from terror,
Is plain falsehood, whether put in prose or rhyme.

10.

When tyranny makes traitors then the tyrant's plea is "treason!"
We through love would make men loyal to just law,
Our means *may* be ill-chosen, but our aim is right and reason,
An Union without gyves but without flaw.

11.

The Commonweal? Go to, Sir! We all love it, in our fashion,
He most whom you mistakenly malign;
Not with fiery patriot vauntings or with wild hysteric passion,
But with justice, which we deem yet more divine.

12.

If we differ—let us differ, but like gentlemen and brothers,
And fight the fight out fairly to the end,
These Isles shall bear our children, as they bare our sires and mothers;
Where lives the traitor-fool who's not their friend?

13.

Not in our shapes, Sir Singer, nor in his whom you bespatter
With too stale slime, but whom we love and trust.
He traitor, trickster, coward? Well, let time decide the matter;
Our hearts are hot, but history's cool and just.

14.

"Far and wide the world rings record of our faith, our constant dealing,
Love of country, truth to friends, contempt for foes.
Sign once more the bond of trust in us that here awaits but sealing,
We will give yet more than all our record shows.

15.

"Perfect ruin, shame eternal, everlasting degradation,
Freedom bought and sold, truth bound and treason free"
Yet an hour is here for answer; now, if here be yet a nation,
Answer, England, man by man from sea to sea!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

June 30, 1886.

The Times, July 1, 1886.

THE COMMON SQUEAL.

A Song for Shriekers.

I.

MEN, whose fathers lied, and tricked, and bribed to bring about the Union,
Men, whose brothers at the Music Hall grimace,
I will show you that the Poet with your spirits own communion,
I will show you that the Bard is of your race.

II.

What are those that shriek and squeal against the Isle across the water.
What is he that crams our ears with patriot cant?
See the lyrist lick the party hack at breathing fire and slaughter?
See the man of rhymes embrace the man of rant?

III.

Here the plea whereby the Poet apes, and charms, the Penny Paper—
"We are they whose works sensationally shine,
I was ever good at curses, Victor Hugo I'll out-vapour,
And if there is a scurril tongue 'tis mine."

IV.

Who would fear to back the Poet as a double-barrelled screamer,
Pure of morals, clean of language, free from bile?
Do you want old Gladstone scarified, the sanguinary schemer?
I will show you how to slander and revile.

(*Does so in nine violent verses, savage and scathing, but scarcely suited for publication.*

* * * * * *

XIV.

There! That cuts every record in the way of party squealing,
That's the style to pelt and pulverise your foes.
You thought Lord Randolph rabid, but this comes as a revealing,
And there's lots more where it comes from—verse or prose.

XV.

Perfect rancour, wrath eternal, everlasting objurgation,
Freedom? Yes, I've always praised it, and may be
It may do for France or Italy. But that curst Irish nation?—
Rather slay them man by man from sea to sea!

Punch, July 10, 1886.

14.

O "man of words"—and wild ones—"men of blood," by sorrow maddened,
Have made the task we toil at sorely hard;
Yet must we toil unhalting, though unaided and ungladdened
By the Song of England's tyrant-scourging bard.

15.

Such causes long are championed amidst slander, shame, and sorrow,
But ever to one issue. Well know we,
Heard by our ears to-day or by other ears to-morrow,
Our England's "Aye!" shall ring from sea to sea!

The Daily News, July 2, 1886.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH PARODY COMPETITION.
PRIZE POEM.

MEN, whose fathers went to battle hounded on by bards and singers,
Deafened by loud cymbals and the sounding drum,
Show your spirit now, if any trace of courage in you lingers;
Something worse than all these evils now has come.

Who is this most dreary driveller, rowdy ranter, prating poet?
Whence comes all this filthy flood of nasty rhyme?
See the tongue that talked of truth so steeped in lies that none may know it;
See the man of poesy besmeared with slime.

Quarrelling cats upon your housetop, cocks and hens in your back garden.
Dogs that in the silent midnight bay the moon,
Next-door neighbour's cracked piano, wild excursionists to Hawarden,
Are a sweet relief compared with this man's tune.

Perfect nonsense, utter rubbish, everlasting shameless drivel,
Still to some it sounds like truth. To you and me
There's still time to kill the slander, put to shame the lying devil;
Spitting venom o'er our land from sea to sea.

A. WHALLEY.

Highly commended:—

THE COMMON SQUEAL: A SONG FOR THE SLEEPLESS.

What are these that scream and squeal upon the roof of this, my dwelling?
Who are they who flood my ears with nightly squall?
See the tabby join the horrid band that sets the neighbours yelling—
See Grimalkin lord it grimly over all!

Hear the words wherein I sharply rate, and execrate this babel
"Ye are they who are disturbers of my peace.
Till I bring forth my revolver, what is slumber but a fable?
When I use it—then shall hope of sleep increase!"

Who would fear to shoot a double-faced, unmusical old tabby,
Harsh of language, lank of limb, and sharp of claw?
"Night is well-nigh spent," I cry; "you vote me cruel, tricksy, shabby?
I am riled and will not give you any law!"

Many a night that caterwauling has continued, I remember,
On my housetops and my neighbour's in the town;
Many a time I've blazed at him — the fell band's grey and grizzled member—
But, unluckily, I've never brought him down!

F. B. DOVETON.

From *The Weekly Dispatch*, July 18, 1886.

George Gordon, Lord Byron,

Born January 22, 1788. *Died April* 19, 1824.

BYRON'S first published volume, entitled *Hours of Idleness*, contained few poems of note, or that gave promise of his future fame, although the greater number were far too good to justify the savage attack made on them in *The Edinburgh Review*. Only a few of these poems have been thought worthy of imitation, that entitled "*Maid of Athens*" apparently being the favourite theme chosen for parodies.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance ;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove !
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove ;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love !

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love !

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art !
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from the heart
Which throb with delight to the first kiss of love !

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move.
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams :
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love ?

Oh ! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove ;
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove,
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

BYRON.

THE MAIDEN I LOVE.

AWAY with fictitious and flimsy expanse
Of those tresses of falsehood which folly has wove ;
Give me the real hair, and unmedicalled glance
The beauties that dwell in the maiden I love.

Ye charmers whose bosoms with cosmetics glow
Whose passions are put on and off like a glove ;
I'm blessed if your long studied acting can show,
With the natural charms of the maiden I love.

If Rachel should e'er her assistance refuse
Or her kin, for that lady has taken a move
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to your *ruses*
And copy the forms of the maiden I love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
All young men despise ye, and old ones reprove
I court the emotions that spring from the heart
The unpractised charms of the maiden I love.

Your eyebrows, your locks, your fantastical dresses
Perhaps may amuse, but never can move ;
The arcade exhibits a thousand such tresses
What are Mummies like these to the maiden I love ?

Oh ! cease to affirm that your sex since its birth
From Eve until now, has with coming age strove,
Some portion of nature still is on earth
In the delicate blush of the maiden I love.

When age chills your blood, and your pleasures are passed,
And your youth fled away on the wings of the dove ;
Why caricature you, still to the last
The natural bloom of the *maiden I love.*

P. F. T.

——:o:——

WELL ! THOU ART HAPPY.

WELL ! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too ;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot ;
But let them pass—Oh ! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not !

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break,
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kissed it—and repressed my sighs,
Its father in its face to see ;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu ! I must away :
While thou art blest I'll not repine ;
But near thee I can never stay ;
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quenched at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met, and not a nerve was shook. BYRON.

To MARY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I say
That I should thus be happy too;
For still I hate to go away
As badly as I used to do.

Thy husband's blest,—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot;
But let them pass,—O, how my heart
Would hate him, if he clothed thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought, like Dutchmen, "I'd go dead,"
But when I saw its breakfast piled,
I thought how much 't would take for bread.

I saw it, and repressed my groans,
Its father in its face to see,
Because I knew my scanty funds
Were scarce enough for you and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away;
While thou art blest, to grieve were sin;
But near thee I can never stay,
Because I'd get in love again.

I deemed that time, I deemed that pride,
My boyish feeling had subdued,
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
I'd try to get you if I could.

Yet was I calm: I recollect,
My hand had once sought yours again,
But now your husband might object,
And so I kept it on my cane.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with neither woe nor scoff;
One only feeling couldst thou trace,
A disposition to be off.

Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake;
O, where is Mississippi's stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break!

From *Poems and Parodies*, by Phœbe Carey, Boston, United States, 1854.

——:o

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
*Zoe mou sas agapo.**

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zoe mou sas agapo.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Maid of Athens! I am gone.
Think of me, sweet! when alone,
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Zoe mou sas agapo.

The heroine of this poem died in London ten or twelve years ago. For some time previously she had been in poverty and when, about 1870, a subscription was started for her, Gounod composed an air to Byron's "Maid of Athens" which produced about £20 towards the fund for the benefit of Mrs. Black, as she then was. It is said that Lord Byron wrote the poem in Athens, about 1810, when he was quite a young man, but I have never yet seen any mention made of the wonderful similarity between it, and the following ballad which appeared in *The Monthly Mirror*, November 1799:—

BALLAD.

Addressed "to her I DEARLY LOVE."

By those orbits which, oft, I enraptur'd survey,
Which, sparkling Content, the mind's image pourtray,
While sweet Affability tempers their ray,
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!

By those features, which Grief of her tears can beguile,
Aid the gambols of Mirth, light the burthen of Toil,
Dispensing delight when bedeck'd with a smile,
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!

By thy tongue, which I ne'er have heard prattle amiss,
By thy teeth, snow-drop white, thy lips, teeming with bliss,
By the exquisite rapture you breathe in a kiss,
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!

By thy temper as gentle as Spring's mildest shower,
By the accents so soft, which rob Grief of its power,
By the *form* my eyes doat on, the *mind* I adore,
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!

By thy wish to alleviate Misery's smart,
By the genial solace that wish does impart,
By the fond heart you've won, and your own little heart,
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!

By those vows at the altar our souls did approve,
By that union so sacred recorded above,
A compact divine, which demands *love for love*!
I conjure thee *still* love me Sophia!

BENEDICT.

PRETTY POLKA.

The sentimental young lady at the close of the season 1844.

DARLING Polka! ere we part,
Hear th' outpourings of my heart!
Since the season now is o'er,

* Pronounced, "Zo-ee mou sas ag-a-po," a Romaic expression of tenderness. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day, as, Juvenal tells us, the first two words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenized.

Wretched, I can Polk no more.
Hear my vow before I go
Polka mou sas agapo !

By those steps so unconfined,
By that neat kick-up behind,
COULON'S hop, and MICHAU'S slide,
Backward, forward, or aside,
By the alternate heel and toe
Polka mou sas agapo.

By the waltz's giddy round,
By the galop's maddening bound,
By the obsolete quadrille,
Polka mine! "I love thee still."
Compared with thee each dance is slow
Polka mou sas agapo.

Happy season! thou art gone,
I. alas! must Polk alone!
Though the country now I roll to,
Almacks holds my heart and soul too.
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Polka mou sas agapo.

Punch, August, 1844.

PAY, OH! PAY US WHAT YOU OWE.

Song for the London Tradesmen.

HIGHER classes, ere we part,
For the country ere you start,
Let your tradespeople distress'd
Trouble you with one request:
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By those orders unconfined,
Which for goods of every kind
You so readily did give,
Think, oh! think that we must live—
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By those dresses of the best,
Silken robe and satin vest,
In whose splendour, by our aid,
You so gaily were arrayed:
Hear us cry before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By the Opera and the Rout,
Recollect who rigged you out;
By the drawing-room and ball,
Bear in mind who furnished all:
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By the fête and the soirée,
And the costly déjeuner,
By your plate and ormulu,
Let your tradesmen get their due:
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

Punch, July 31, 1847.

"The figure advances upon me, flourishing its umbrella in the most deadly manner.

I discover it to be a man—a creature with a long clerically-cut coat, a white linen stock—a creature with its hair parted down the middle to make the most of an inch-and-a-quarter of forehead—a young—a *very* young ritualist priest.

He flourishes his umbrella in my face, and bursts out in the following alarming way":—

AM I RIGHT FOR COLNEY HATCH?

I.

MAN of Mammon, e'er we part
Read the words upon my heart;
Or, if that has left my breast,
Go to Rome and read the rest.
By my vesper-breathing watch
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

II.

By mine alb and stole and cope,
By my tonsured head and Pope,
By my banners' silken flow,
By my chalice veil of snow,
By the laces that attach,
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

III.

By the chancel dossals hung,
By the incense burnt and swung,
By the candles lit at noon,
By the Sacramental spoon,
By my napkins, cutters, such,
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

IV.

By my chasuble and stool,
By Loyola's holy rule,
By the font's baptismal jugs,
By my maniples and mugs,
By my altar-cloths to match,
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

V.

By the acolytes that file
In procession down the aisle,
By the silken flags they bear,
By the holy Cross that's there,
By my vigil, fast, and watch,
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

VI.

By my piping treble tones,
By my loved Gregorian groans,
By the priest's Confessional,
By man's faults transgressional;
Ah! that whispered word I catch—
Yes, I'm right for Colney Hatch.

BENJAMIN D——. *His Little Dinner.* 1876.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

(*The hour of midnight strikes.*)

MR. GLADSTONE (*at his casement.*)

THIS is the hour when churchyards yawn, they say;
I wish that I could do the same. All day

I've worked right hard, yet sleep I cannot woo;
Oh! how I wish the weary night were through.

As he speaks, a form clad in large sheets of newspaper is seen stealing from the neighbouring copse, and sinking on its knees on the gravel before Mr. Gladstone's window, plaintively sings:—

PEOPLE's William, do not start,
Nor reply in accents tart;
See thy "Telly" kneel in pain,
Vowing thee to serve again;
See, and say before I go—
Is it all made up or no?

True it is I turned on thee;
Fate for this has punished me.
For, despite my subtle art,
Joseph M. is not a Bart.
Pity, then, thou'lt surely show!—
Is it all made up or no?

Should'st thou come again to pow'r,
William, recollect this hour!
That thy "Telly" on the stones
Knelt and prayed in piteous tones,
That thou should'st not be its foe—
Is it all made up or no?

Ere thou seek'st thy night's repose,
Tell me, are we friends or foes?
Wilt thou in our interests work,
If I drop the wicked Turk?
Tell me quickly ere I go,
Is it all made up or no?

Duo.—WILLIE AND HIS TELLY.

Willie: Telly, Telly, like a jelly, shiver I at what you've said,

Telly: Gladdie, Gladdie, lowland laddie, pardon here to seek I've sped,

Willie: Telly, Telly, quite *Pall-Mally*, have you been in all you wrote,

Tel'y: Willie, Willie, I was silly; on the Turk no more I'll dote.

Willie: You I'll pardon, ere you harden! Go, and don't your word forget.

Telly: Joseph Moses, too, supposes he may be Sir Joseph yet,
If right gaily, we now daily, puff the Muscovs up, and you?

Willie: You will see, T., how 'twill be, T.; trust, meantime, in what I do!

Solo.—TELLY.

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Thou can'st say I've not been clever;
But remember, please, this hour,
When thou com'st again to pow'r.

[*Exit* Telly, *dancing, and* Mr. Gladstone *retires to rest.*]
—*Truth*. October, 1877.

(At one time *The Daily Telegraph* (London), was very strong in its support of Mr. Gladstone's policy, but it afterwards completely veered round, and whilst Lord Beaconsfield was in power, he became the God of its idolatry. This change of front was popularly supposed to arise from the fact that the proprietor of the paper was very anxious to obtain a baronetcy.)

MAID OF ATHENS.

JOHN BULL *loquitur.*—

MAID of Athens, ere we start,
Take my arm—I'll take your part.
Be my partner. All the rest
Have paired off as suits them best.
Hear me swear, before we go,
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Bismarck's bland, but over-kind;
Gortschakoff would Argus blind;
Coy Andrassy's coldly cute.
No: such partners will not suit.
You are small, but safe, I trow.
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Hobson's Choice? Oh, not at all!
I've my business at the ball:
What it is I need not tell;
Attic *nous* should guess right well.
Come! together let us go!
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Maid of Athens! though alone,
Think not, dear, that I'll be "done."
They've an eye to Istambol,
Fain would leave me in the hole—
Do I mean to let them? No!
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Punch, March 23, 1878.

THE MAID OF CLAPHAM.

MAID of Clapham! ere I part,
Tell me if thou hast a heart!
For, so padded is thy breast,
I begin to doubt the rest!
Tell me now before I go—
Αρτ θου αλλ μαδε υποορνω?

Are those tresses thickly twined,
Only hair-pinned on behind!
Is thy blush which roses mocks,
Bought at three-and-six per box?
Tell me, for I ask in woe—
Αρτ θου αλλ μαδε υποορνω?

And those lips I seem to taste,
Are they pink with cherry-paste?
Gladly I'd the notion scout,
But do those white teeth take out?
Answer me, it is not so—
Αρτ θου αλλ μαδε υποορνω?

Maid of Clapham! come, no larks!
For thy shoulders leave white marks—
Tell me! quickly tell to me
What is really real in thee?
Tell me, or at once I go—
Αρτ θου αλλ μαδε υποορνω?

Jon Duan.

MADE OF SOMETHING.

MADE of Something! ere we part,
Tell me, truly, what thou art!
For, it needs must be confessed,
There is mystery at best
Lurking in thine amber glow—
Λαγερ μου σας αγαπω!

Tell me, doth the glucose shine
In this chalky foam of thine?
Is it malt of barley true,
Mingled in thy cheery brew?
Hops, not drugs, thy tincture? O
Λαγερ μου σάς ἀγαπῶ!

Howsoe'er it be, I fear,
Made of Something, you are queer!
For you make my head to ache,
And my stomach cause to quake,
After twenty Drinks or so—
Λαγερ μου σάς ἀγαπῶ!

Free Press Flashes, 1882.

ZOEDONE.

"Zoedone is a tonic, no doubt about it; but being rather sweetish, it must be thoroughly iced; then—put a liqueur glass of brandy into a small tumbler of Zoe, and, if you like shandygaffian sort of drinking, you will find this, what the leading Counsel finds his occasional fifty guineas, a gentle and agreeable Refresher. *Solvitur drink-no-endo. Verb. sap.* We dedicate to Zoedone this Byronic verse":—

MADE of something, ere we part,
Tell me, tell me what thou art?
If the truth must be confest,
With a nip thou goest best.
With liqueur one little "go,"
Ζώη-δῶν σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Punch, September 18, 1880.

CALF'S HEART.

MAID of all work as a part
Of my dinner, cook a heart;
Or, since such a dish is best,
Give me that, and leave the rest,
Take my orders, ere I go;
Heart of calf we'll cook thee so.

Buy, to price you're not confined—
Such a heart as suits your mind;
Buy some suet—and enough
Of the herbs required to stuff,
Buy some lemon-peel—and, oh!
Heart of calf, we'll fill thee so.

Buy some onions—just a taste—
Buy enough, but not to waste;
Buy two eggs of slender shell,
Mix, and stir the mixture well;
Crumbs of bread among it throw;
Heart of calf we'll roast thee so.

Maid of all work, when 'tis done,
Serve it up to me alone:
Rich brown gravy round it roll,
Marred by no intruding coal;
Currant jelly add—and lo!
Heart of calf, I'll eat thee so.

Punch, January 1852.

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER."*

MADAM RACHEL, ere we smash,
Give, oh, give me back my cash;
Or, since that has left my chest,
Let me have a little rest.
Hear my vow before I go,—
Upon my life, I'll sue you!

By these powdered tresses fine,
Falling from a brow divine;
By the beautiful gamboge;
By these soft cheeks' blooming rouge;
By these eyes, so like the roe,—
It is—it is no go!

By this lip he longed to taste;
By this zone-encircled waist;
By "dear William's" quenchèd love,
Which I never more can move;
Give me—solace in my woe—
All the cash, and let me go!

Madam Rachel, I'll be gone:
Think of me sweet, when alone.
I will fly to Mr. Knox;
Every nerve this system shocks,
Can I cease to sue thee? No!
Madam Rachel, oh dear, no!

Judy, June 24. 1868.

MAID OF ALL-WORK.
(To her Mistress.)

UNKIND Missis, e'er the day
Speed my willing feet away,
Let my injured spirit speak,
Prick your conscience, tinge your cheek,
Hear my words before I go:
If I'm bad, you've made me so.

By my weary hours confined
To work and dirt and heat combined;
By my ever-lengthening day,
By my ever-shortening pay:
By these grievances you know—
If I'm bad, you've made me so.

By the joints I ne'er might taste,
By the rows about the waste;
By your harsh, discordant voice
Scolding with expletives choice!
By my lot of work, and woe,—
If I'm bad, you've made me so.

Cruel Missis! never more
Shall midnight find my toil scarce o'er—
Never more! And Missis, yet,
My parting words you'll ne'er forget,
As changing slaveys come—and go:
If they're bad, you've made them so!

From *Grins and Groans, Social and Political.*

* The notorious Madame Rachel obtained large sums of money from a certain foolish woman, on the pretences that she could be made "*beautiful for ever*" and obtain the hand of the late Viscount Ranelagh in marriage. Neither Madam Rachel's cosmetics, nor her matrimonial schemes succeeded, and Madame Rachel was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for obtaining money under false pretences, whilst her victim became the laughing stock of London. Madame Rachel died before her term of imprisonment expired.

MAID OF GANGES.

By a Heart-broken Hindoo.

MAID of Ganges! thou that art
Maharanee of my heart,
Thou that fairest art in all
Rajpootana or Nepaul:
It were happiness to be
Syce or Ayah unto thee;—
Then one glance of pity fling
To Koot Nerbudda Chundra Singh.

Had I mines of gems and gold,
All Golconda's wealth untold;
Myriads of precious stones,
Begum's crowns and Nizam's thrones;
Lakhs of annas, pies, rupees,—
These I'd bring and more than these.
I have them not: and so I bring
Koot Nerbudda Chundra Singh.

Maid of Ganges! thou shalt feast
On all the dainties of the east;
Curry will I bring to thee,
Chutnee, rice, and cadgeree,
All that can delight the sense—
Thy lover will not spare expense.
He will buy thee anything,
Will Koot Nerbudda Chundra Singh.

Maid of Ganges? thou shalt wear
A Tuggaree twined in thy hair,
And about thy head shall play
A sportive punkah all the day;
While the bulbul's song by night
Shall fill thee with supreme delight,
And to the tomtom's plaintive string
Shall Koot Nerbudda Chundra sing.

Maid of Ganges! dost thou love
To watch the smoke-rings curl above?
Dost thou smoke? Then so do I,
So lay thy proud demeanour by
And sit beneath yon banyan tree
And share a narghili with me,
Or hubble-bubble murmuring
With Koot Nerbudda Chundra Singh.

Maid of Ganges! thou dost lave
Thy houri form in Jumna's wave;
Thou dost waste thy sunny smiles
On the sacred crocodiles,
As beneath thine eyes they bask
They have what I vainly ask.
Then one glance of kindness fling
To Koot Nerbudda Chundra Singh.

The Etonian, February 15, 1884.

TO A SLAVEY.

MAID-of-all-work we must part,
You are not a pleasing tart,
Smashing things with such a zest,
You must surely need a rest.
Anyway, one thing I know:
Holy Moses! out you go!

[*Takes her by the birdcage and the chignon and hands her out like a sack of coals.*]

The Topical Times, March, 1886.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The following verses were said to have been copied from an intercepted post card:—

JOE, my Joseph, ere we part,
Ere you break an old man's heart,
You that hold the Rads in check,
Ere the Cabinet you wreck,
Pause, nor let Trevelyan go:
Ιώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Leave, oh leave us not alone;
Hartington and James are gone;
Forster, Goschen, stand aside;
Bright (they say) to you's allied;
But the world I fain would show,
Ιώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Even those I reckon true:
Harcourt, heavy—Morley new—
Childers, blundering—Granville, old—
Some afraid, some rashly bold;
Wanting all, too much to know:
Ιώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

If with us you'll only stay,
In aught else we'll all give way;
Each shall have (if you'll show how)
His three acres and a cow;
"Ransom" shall be all the "go:"
Ιώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

St. James's Gazette, March 22, 1886.

(Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had just resigned his seat in the Cabinet.)

——:o:——

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

* * * * *

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
Had friends—my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour.

Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

* * * * *

LORD BYRON.

THE OLD FOGEY'S LAMENT.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still knowing not how to behave,
With dirty face and hair all wild
And not a bit of need to shave.
The cumbrous ways of manhood's day
Accord not with my boyish soul;
Again in dreams I "rounders" play,
The top I spin, the ball I roll.

Fortune, take back my house and lands,
For nuisances I them have found;
I want a tipcat in my hands,
I want to make the football bound.
Give me again the "rock" I loved
(Ah, it was sold in penny sticks!)
Which, in my trousers' pocket shoved,
With fluff and marbles used to mix.

I loved—but what I loved is gone.
Where are those soldiers made of lead
They could not leave my kite alone,
It now has altogether fled.
Let those who will seek Fortune's track,
And to Ambition's projects cling!
I only want my jew's-harp back,
My hoop, my silkworms, and my string.

How dull to hear the voice of those
Whom rank or chance, or wealth or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the present hour.
Give me again my faithful "chums,"
Who ate my cake and jam at school;
Who let me copy off their sums,
Then thrashed me 'cause I was a fool.

Oh, would my boyhood could return,
With all its appetite and joys!
Now doughy cake I'm bound to spurn,
And raspberry jam, by potfulls, cloys.
Life is a weariness, in fact;
And could I rid me of its pain,
With Fate I'd make a willing pact,
And gladly be a boy again.

Funny Folks.

—:o:—

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

From the French.

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted
Had still soar'd with eyes fixed on victory's sun.

Farewell to thee France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

LORD BYRON.

THE BOHEMIAN'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the Strand, and my uppermost story,
Which bore on the door in rude letters my name;
Whose shelter I've courted with countenance gory,
When street rows had soiled both my linen and fame!
I've warred with the landlord, who conquered me only
When liquor and love had allured me too far,
And the lodger made love to his fair daughter lonely,
While she giggled softly, and murmured "Ask ma!"

Farewell to the Strand! While the money had crown'd me,
Of coin for sprees I ne'er yet felt the dearth;
But Poverty says, I must leave as I found thee,
Decayed in my garments, and sunk in my worth!
Oh! for the numberless sov'reigns I've wasted
In strife with the p'lice ere my orgies were done!
Oh! for the numberless liquors I've tasted,
With blackened eyes fixed upon multiplied sun.

Farewell to thee, Strand! But when Bankruptcy rallies,
And calls me once more to thy regions, why then,
As the old well-known footstep recrosses thine alleys,
Welcome me back to Bohemia again!
E'en yet I may baffle the duns that surround me,
E'en yet may thy street be aroused by my voice;
And when for a spree you have gathered around me,
Then turn, and call on the chief of your choice!

JOHN J. BOSWORTH.

Worthy a Crown? 1876.

—:o:—

THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

THE spell is broken when we own
The girl who made us feel love's fever;
We madly smile, and wish we'd known
Her temper, ere too late to leave her.

Each curtain lecture brings the thought
Of all the woes of wedding's charter;
And he who had an angel sought
But lives to find he's caught a tartar.

Judy, December 29, 1880.

THE WAR SONG OF THE RADICAL PHILHELLENE.

(After Lord Byron's translation of a famous Greek War Song.)

Sons of the Greeks, our eyes
Are on your little State;
We view with pained surprise
The move you meditate.

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks! to go
In arms against the foe
Would be just now, you know,
Inopportune indeed.

Your glorious uprising,
Are you aware, my friends?
Is gravely jeopardizing
Your patrons private ends.

With Philhellenic fervour
He burns, and so do I,
As any close observer
May, if he can, descry.

Gladly would he, I take it,
Extend support to you,
If he could only make it
Convenient so to do.

But asking him to father
Your game, with *his* to play,
Sons of the Greeks, is rather
A strongish order, eh?

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks, etc.

Yet, O ye patriots banded!
Sons of the Greeks, I own
There *has* been, to be candid,
A certain change of tone.

I've not forgot full surely,
Nor shall I all my life,
How somewhat prematurely
I woke the Spartan fife.

I made a bold diversion,
Leonidas-like; but *he*—
He went in for coercion,
And left me up a tree.

And so amid back numbers,
From which I do not quote,
Now, hushed for ever, slumbers
That hasty battle-note.

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks, etc.

Well, to correct my blunder,
The least that I can do
Is just to preach knock-under
Perpetually to you.

And, after all, there's reason
In a filibustering raid,
For which 'tis *not* the season,
To seek our Gladstone's aid.

He's not at leisure, is he?
To cut up other Powers,
Just now when he's so busy
Carving this realm of ours.

Though loath then, I assure you,
To stay the lifted cup,
I solemnly adjure you,
Sons of the Greeks, dry up!

Chorus.

Sons of the Greeks, etc.

The Saturday Review, April, 1886.

—:o:—

ENIGMA

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder,
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death;
It presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
Without the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, and tho' deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear,
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower—
Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

LORD BYRON.

A Parody on the above, by Henry Mayhew.

I DWELLS in the Herth, and I breathes in the Hair;
If you searches the Hocean, you'll find that I'm there.
The first of all Hangels, in Holympus am Hi,
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'Igh.
But though on this Horb I'm destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel;
Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
I resides in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably absent from 'Ome.
Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art;
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye I appear,
Only 'ark, and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the Hear.
Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox)
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heternity Hi'm the beginning! and mark,
Tho I goes not with Noar, I'm the first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Ealth—have with Fysic no power;
I dies in a Month, but comes back in a Hour!

THE LETTER H'S PETITION.

WHEREAS, I have by you been driven
From house, from home, from hope, from heaven,
And placed by your most learned society
In exile, anguish, and anxiety,

And used, without one just pretence,
With arrogance and insolence;
I here demand full restitution,
And beg you'll mend your elocution.

ANSWER.

Whereas we've rescued you, Ingrate,
From handcuff, horror, and from hate,
From hell, from horse-pond, and from halter,
And consecrated you in altar;
And placed you where you ne'er should be,
In honour, and in honesty;——
We deem your prayer a rude intrusion,
And will not mend our elocution.

———

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE LETTER W TO THE INHABITANTS OF LONDON.

WHEREAS by you I have been hurled
From the first station in the *world*,
Condemned in *vice* to find a place,
And with the *vulgar* show my face;
I humbly ask to be restored,
In all that's proper, to a *word*.
But what I most complain of now,
Is that the *women* cut me so;
When any girl becomes a *wife*,
I'm turned away for all her life—
And even in her *widowhood*
I mayn't return to her abode.
Therefore with reason I complain,
Oh! let me not be heard in *vain*;
And born within the sound of *Bow*,
I trust I'm not your care below.

ANSWER.

Your prayer is graciously received,
But you can never be believed;
With *v*'s you often spell your name—
Then is it just your dupes to blame?
As long as you act parts so *double*,
We cannot deem you worth our trouble;
But rest assured that nought will hurt you,
So long as you remain in *virtue*.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

On the 14th of August, 1812, the following advertisement appeared in most of the daily papers:—

"*Rebuilding of Drury-Lane Theatre.*

"The Committee are desirous of promoting a free and fair competition for an Address to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next. They have, therefore, thought fit to announce to the public, that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary, at the Treasury-office, in Drury-Lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author, which will not be opened unless containing the name of the successful candidate."

Many addresses were sent in, but the Committee rejected them all, much to the annoyance of the competitors, who, having expended their time and paper, by the implied engagement on the part of the committee that the best bidder should have the contract, had a right to protest against the injustice of this wholesale rejection. The committee made an absurd engagement; but surely they were bound to keep to it.

In the dilemma to which that learned body was reduced by the rejection of all the biddings, they put themselves under the care of Lord Byron, who produced the following:—

ADDRESS.

Spoken at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, Saturday, October 10th, 1812.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakespere cease to reign.

Ye who beheld (oh! sight admir'd and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massive fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volum'd blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspere—worthy him and *you*?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she has *been*:
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu;
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!*
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs;*
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names emblazoned on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Play
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,

* R. B. Sheridan.

Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame,
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours.

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obeyed,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside.

Hereon followed "The Rejected Addresses" by the brothers Horace and James Smith, published in 1812 by John Miller, 25, Bow Street, Covent Garden, London, and the wonderfully clever and amusing imitations and parodies contained in the book made it at once popular, and caused it to prominently attract the attention of the literati of the day. The imitation of Lord Byron is not perhaps so successful as some of the other poems. As Lord Jeffrey remarked in *The Edinburgh Review*: "The author has succeeded better in copying the melody and misanthropic sentiments of *Childe Harold*, than the nervous and impetuous diction in which his noble biographer has embodied them." It is not to be expected that the burlesque address, by the brothers Smith, should present any resemblance to Lord Byron's opening address at Drury Lane.

CUI BONO?

(*Ascribed to Lord Byron.*)

I.

SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;*
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

*This would seem to show that poet and prophet are synonymous, the noble bard having afterwards returned to England, and again quitted it, under domestic circumstances painfully notorious. His good-humoured forgiveness of the Authors has already been alluded to in the preface. Nothing of this illustrious poet, however trivial, can be otherwise than interesting. "We knew him well." At Mr. Murray's dinner-table the annotator met him and Sir John Malcolm, Lord Byron talked of intending to travel in Persia. "What must I do when I set off?" said he to Sir John. "Cut off your buttons!" "My buttons! what, these metal ones?" "Yes; the Persians are in the main very honest fellows; but if you go thus bedizened, you will infallibly be murdered for your buttons!" At a dinner at Monk Lewis's chambers in the Albany, Lord Byron expressed to the writer his determination not to go there again, adding, "I never will dine with a middle-aged man who fills up his table with young ensigns, and has looking-glass panels to his book-cases." Lord Byron, when one of the Drury-lane Committee of Management, challenged the writer to sing alternately (like the swains in Virgil) the praises of Mrs. Mardyn, the actress, who, by-the-bye, was hissed off the stage for an imputed intimacy of which she was quite innocent.

The contest ran as follows:

"Wake muse of fire, your ardent lyre,
Pour forth your amorous ditty,
But first profound, in duty bound,
Applaud the new committee;
Their scenic art from Thespis' cart
All jaded nags discarding,
To London drove this queen of love,
Enchanting Mrs. Mardyn.

Though tides of love around her rove,
I fear she'll choose Pactolus—
In that bright surge bards neer immerge,
So I must e'en swim solus.
'Out, out, alas!' ill-fated gas,
That shin'st round Govent Garden,
Thy ray how flat, compared with that
From eye of Mrs. Mardyn!"

And so on. The reader has, no doubt, already discovered "which is the justice, and which is the thief."

Lord Byron at that time wore a very narrow cravat of white sarsnet, with the shirt-collar falling over it; a black coat and waistcoat, and very broad white trousers, to hide his lame foot. These were of Russia duck in the morning, and jean in the evening. His watch-chain had a number of small gold seals appended to it, and was looped up to a button of his waistcoat. His face was void of colour; he wore no whiskers. His eyes were gray, fringed with long black lashes; and his air was imposing, but rather supercilious. He undervalued David Hume: denying his claim to genius on account of his bulk, and calling him, from the Heroic epistle,

"The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."

One of this extraordinary man's allegations was, that "fat is an oily dropsy." To stave off its visitation, he frequently chewed tobacco in lieu of dinner, alleging that it absorbed the gastric juice of the stomach, and prevented hunger. "Pass your hand down my side," said his lordship to the writer; "can you count my ribs?" "Every one of them." "I am delighted to hear you say so. I called last week on Lady ——; 'Ah, Lord Byron,' said she, 'how fat you grow!' But you know Lady —— is fond of saying spiteful things!" Let this gossip be summed up with the words of Lord Chesterfield, in his character of Bolingbroke: "Upon the whole, on a survey of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but 'Alas, poor human nature!'"

His favourite Pope's description of man is applicable to Byron individually:—

"Chaos of thought and passion all confused,
Still by himself abused or disabused:
Created part to rise and part to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a slave to all:
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled—
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

The writer never heard him allude to his deformed foot except upon one occasion, when, entering the green-room of Drury-lane, he found Lord Byron alone, the younger Byrne and Miss Smith the dancer having just left him, after an angry conference about a *pas seul*. "Had you been here a minute sooner," said Lord B., "you would have heard a question about dancing referred to me:—me! (looking mournfully downward) whom fate from my birth has prohibited from taking a single step."

II.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

III.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief:
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

IV.

Albeit, how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that daunceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e;
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream.
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where nought is certain, save the uncertainty of fate?

V.

This goodly pile, upheaved by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice* more fleet,
Again red Lemnos' artisan may spoil;
The fire alarm and midnight drum may beat,
And all bestrewed ysmoking at your feet!
Start ye? perchance Death's angel may be sent,
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat;
And ye who met, on revel idlesse bent,
May find, in pleasure's fane, your grave and monument.

VI.

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper waste
The tradesman duns—no warning voice ye hear!
The plaintiff sues—to public shows ye haste;
The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear.
Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of truth

VII.

To thee, blest saint! who doffed thy skin to make
The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs with joy,
We dedicate the pile—arise! awake!—
Knock down the Muses, wit and sense destroy
Clear our new stage from reason's dull alloy,
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering youth
With cleaver, marrow-bone, and Tunbridge toy;
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,†
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make her boards a'booth.

VIII.

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul!"
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

IX.

Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black;
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempè's grove,
But pacing Grub-street on a jaded hack;
What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce, in rags, the rags ye blot in song,

*"Holland's edifice." The late theatre was built by Holland the architect. The writer visited it on the night of its opening. The performances were *Macbeth* and the *Virgin Unmasked*. Between the play and the farce, an excellent epilogue, written by George Colman, was excellently spoken by Miss Farren. It referred to the iron curtain which was, in the event of fire, to be let down between the stage and the audience, and which accordingly descended, by way of experiment, leaving Miss Farren between the lamps and the curtain. The fair speaker informed the audience, that should the fire break out on the stage (where it usually originates), it would thus be kept from the spectators; adding, with great solemnity—

"No! we assure our generous benefactors
'Twill only burn the scenery and the actors!"

A tank of water was afterwards exhibited, in the course of the epilogue, in which a wherry was rowed by a real live man, the band playing—

"And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?"

Miss Farren reciting—

"Sit still, there's nothing in it,
We'll undertake to drown you in a single minute."

"O vain thought!" as Othello says. Notwithstanding the boast in the epilogue—

"Blow, wind—come, rack, in ages yet unborn,
Our castle's strength shall laugh a siege to scorn"—

The theatre fell a victim to the flames within fifteen years from the prognostic! These preparations against fire always presuppose presence of mind and promptness in those who are to put them into action. They remind one of the dialogue in Morton's *Speed the Plough*, between Sir Able Handy and his son Bob:

"*Bob.* Zounds, the castle's on fire!
Sir A. Yes.
Bob. Where's your patent liquid for extinguishing fire?
Sir A. It is not fixed.
Bob. Then where's your patent fire-escape?
Sir A. It is not fixed.
Bob. You are never at a loss?
Sir A. Never.
Bob. Then what do you mean to do?
Sir A. I don't know.'

† A rather obscure mode of expression for *Jew's*-harp; which some etymologists allege, by the way, to be a corruption of *Jaw's*-harp. No connection, therefore, with King David.

X.

So fares the follower in the Muses' train !
He toils to starve, and only lives in death !
We slight him, till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland wreathe,
And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe—
Oh ! with what tragic horror would he start,
(Could he be conjured from the grave beneath)
To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
And elephants and colts down-trampling Shakespeare's art.

XI.

Hence, pedant Nature ! with thy Grecian rules !
Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface ;
Back, sister Muses, to your native schools ;
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace,
The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
Man yields the drama to the Hou'yn'm race,
His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
The stage a stable-yard,* a jockey-club the pit.

XII.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode ?
Is it for these your superstition seeks
To build a temple worthy of a god,
To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks !
Then be the stage to recompense your freaks,
A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
Where Punch, the lignum-vitæ Roscius, squeaks,
And Wisdom weeps and Folly plays his pranks,
And moody Madness laughs and hugs the chain he clanks.

From *The Rejected Addresses.*

Following close upon *The Rejected Addresses*, by J. and H. Smith, appeared a small volume entitled,

THE GENUINE REJECTED ADDRESSES,

Presented to the Committee of Management for Drury-Lane Theatre, preceded by that written by Lord Byron, and adopted by the Committee. London: B. McMillan, 1812.—This contained a collection of as many of the Addresses, sent in to the Committee for the competition, as the Editor could gather from the various authors. He admits that it is not a complete collection, nor do the authors' real names appear with every poem.

Several of the addresses were really written by authors who had been parodied in *The Rejected Addresses*, notably W. T. Fitzgerald, and Dr. Busby.

—:o:—

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

* "A four-in-hand" in early Editions.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALDERMEN.

A Mansion House Melody.

APOPLEXIA came down on the Alderman fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with jaundice like gold,
And the sheen of the spectres that own'd his behest
Glimmer'd bright as the gas at a new Lord Mayor's feast.

Every fiend that humanity shrinks from was there,
Hepatitis, Lumbago, with hollow-eyed Care,
Hypochondria, and Gout, grinning ghastly with pain,
And of Incubi phantoms a horrible train.

* * * *

Then he straightway amongst them his grisly form cast,
And breathed on each puffing red face as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the feasters wax'd deadly and chill,
And their stomachs once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And the turtle devourers were stretched on the floor—
Each cheek changed to purple—so crimson before !
Their dewlaps all dabbled with red wine and ale,
And extremities cold as a live fish's tale !

And there lay the Liv'ryman, breathless and lorn,
With waistcoat and new inexpressibles torn ;
And the Hall was all silent, the band having flown,
And the waiters stared wildly on, sweating and blown.

And Cripplegate windows are loud in their wail,
And Mary-Axe orphans all trembling and pale !
For the Alderman glory has melted away,
As mists are dispersed by the glad dawn of day.

Punch, November 13, 1841.

A NEW SENNACHERIB.

SIR Robert came down on the Corn Laws so bold,
And his backers felt savage, and sorry, and sold ;
But the Premier of votes had a majority,
Amounting, in all, to about ninety-three.

As sheep follow the wether, submissive and mean,
That host at the heels of their leader were seen ;
As sheep scatter wide when you leave them alone,
That host, says the *Times*, are now broke and o'erthrown.

For the Iron Duke set his fate on the cast,
And nailed, for the Corn-laws, his flag to the mast ;
And the Cabinet's hopes felt a sensible chill,
When they thought of the Duke, and his potent "I will"

And there sat the Premier, his head on one side;
His arguments pooh-poohed, his statements denied;
And tho' he tried hard, he had need of his nerve,
A decent composure of face to preserve.

And there sat grim Grahame, so nervous and pale,
With his hat on his head, and his mouth to his nail;
And their measures were done for, their plans overthrown,
And Peel had to leave his own trumpet unblown.

And Conservative gentry are loud in their wail,
That the country is ruined if Peel should turn tail;
And repeal of the Corn-laws, we soon shall record,
Has been won, not by Peel, but a certain small lord.

Punch, on Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington in the struggle for the repeal of the Corn-laws in 1846.

THE DESTRUCTION OF NICHOLAS.

THE Russian came down like a thief in the night,
And his legions were arm'd with all weapons, save Right;
And the sheen of their spears to the Turks seem'd afar
Like the passion that burn'd in the heart of the Czar.

Like the loaves of the baker, when breakfast is laid,
That host in their armour of "plate" were array'd;
Like the loaves of the baker, ere tea time next day,
That host lay all "cut up," and crumbled away!

For the warcry of England is borne on the air,
And France sends her brave in the conflict to share;
And link'd with the Moslem, they shout as they go,
And all Europe is thrill'd with the groans of the foe.

And there lay the sea, but no more on its tide
His vessels shall float in their strength and their pride;
And the foam of its billows shall dash o'er the graves
Of the serfs, who had come to make other men *slaves*.

And there lay the Czar, all dejected and pale,
With a frown on his brow, and his teeth at his nail;
His palace all silent, deserted, alone;
He trembled to think on his tottering throne!

And the widows of Russia are loud in their cries,
Though idle the tears that may flow from their eyes;
And the might of the tyrant, down-struck by the gun,
Hath melted, like butter when placed in the sun.

Diogenes. October, 1853.

THE BLIZZARD.

THE blizzard came down like a thousand of brick:
His breathings were cakes of ice four inches thick,
And his hair streamed far out in a stiffness that bent
With the swirl and the speed of the pathway he went.

His beard that found roots to the lids of his eyes
Hid his face in a hairy, unpierced disguise,
And spread out in ice-like rigidity far
From his one eye that flashed like a pivotal star.

Unseen was the rest of the demon-like form
Of the swift-moving blizzard, the god of the storm,
But the presence was felt of an unconquered will,
For the fast-running rivers stood suddenly still.

And the noses of people who travelled the street
Turned white with affright, and the hurrying feet
Were stung as with sting of a hundred bees,
While the blood crept away and allowed them to freeze

Columbus Dispatch.

THE ROUT OF BELGRAVIA.

THE Belgravians came down on the Queen in her hold,
And their costumes were gleaming with purple and gold.
And the sheen of their jewels was like stars on the sea,
As their chariots roll'd proudly down Piccadill-ee.

Like the leaves of *Le Follet* when summer is green,
That host in its glory at noon-tide was seen;
Like the leaves of a toy-book all thumb-marked and worn,
That host four hours later was tattered and torn.

For the crush of the crowd, which was eager and vast,
Had rumpled and ruin'd and wreck'd as it pass'd;
And the eyes of the wearer wax'd angry in haste,
As a dress but once-worn was dragged out of waist.

And there lay the feather and fan, side by side,
But no longer they nodded or waved in their pride;
And there lay lace flounces, and ruching in slips,
And spur-torn material in plentiful strips.

And there were odd gauntlets, and pieces of hair;
And fragments of back-combs, and slippers were there;
And the gay were all silent; their mirth was all hush'd;
Whilst the dew-drops stood out on the brows of the crush'd

And the dames of Belgravia were loud in their wail,
And the matrons of Mayfair all took up the tale;
And they vow, as they hurry, unnerved, from the scene,
That it's no trifling matter to call on the Queen.

Jon Duan.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A CAT.

MISS Pussy jumped down, like a thief in the night,
From the cream in the cupboard with eyes gleaming bright;
And the ends of her whiskers bedabbled her face,
When Somnus had chloroform'd Europa's race.

Like all guilty creatures, she feared to be seen,
And crawled o'er the carpet so spotlessly clean;
Like the streaks of the sunlight so daintily thrown,
The whiskers of Pussy a demon had drawn.

This image of death spread its wings o'er the cat,
And rising on tip-toe he lifted his hat;
But the eyes of Miss Pussy grew deadly and chill,
For something had told her—and told her still—

That she had ta'en poison, there could be no doubt,
For there she lay gasping and rolling about,
And as she lay sprawling and thumping the floor,
The demon arose and went out at the door.

And then Puss was silent, distorted, and pale,
From the point of her nose to the end of her tail,
And all the night long she lay there all alone,
Till out of the window at last she was thrown.

And the maid in the kitchen is loud in her joy,
For now "There's no 'orrible cat to annoy,"
"No dishes is broke," and "Missus can't say
As ever I put the poor Pussy away,"

DON DIEGO.

Truth for January 25, 1877 contained a long parody on "Sennacherib." It related to the Conference, and commenced :—

THE Diplomats came like a wolf on the fold,
With their uniforms gleaming in green, blue and gold ;
And they all were picked men, there was never a fool,
That recently met to confer in Stamboul.

IROQUOIS.

THE Yankee came down with long Fred on his back,
And his colours were gleaming with cherry and black.
He flashed to the front, and the British Star paled,
As the field died away, and the favourite failed.
Like the leaves of the summer when summer is green,
The faces of *Peregrine's* backers were seen ;
Like the leaves of the autumn when autumn is red,
Flushed the cheeks of the Yanks as their champion led.
Iroquois ! ! !—then the shoutings shook heaven's blue dome,
As the legs of the Tinman safe lifted him home.
Oh ! A was an Archer, A 1 at this fun.
And A was America, too,—and *A won !*
And B was the Briton who, ready to melt,
A sort of a *je ne sais (Iro)-quois* felt,
To see his Blue Riband to Yankeeland go,
B too, none the less, was the hearty "Bravo ! "
Which, per *Punch*, he despatched to "our kin o'er the sea,"
Who, for not the first time, get the pull of J. B.
The Brokers of Wall Street are loud in delight,
And the *belles* of New York grow more beamingly bright ;
Fizz creams like the foam of the storm-beaten surf,
To Jonathan's triumph on John's native turf.
And *Punch* brims *his* beaker in Sparkling Champagne,
Your health Brother J. ! Come and beat us again !
And cold grudge at a victory honestly scored
Melts away like the snow when the wine is outpoured.

Punch, June 11, 1881.

THE MELTING OF THE IRON DUKE.

"The effect produced by the erection of a life-size *silhouette* of the statue of the Iron Duke and his war-steed opposite the St. James's Park front of the Horse Guards has quickly resulted in a decision to melt down Mr. Wyatt's equestrian effort, and to shape the materials into another, and, it is hoped, a better statue."—*Weekly Paper.*

ALL the papers came down, like a wolf on the fold,
And their leaders were trenchant, and fearlessly bold ;
And their cynical sneers were as lively and free
As the shrimps on the foreshore of Gravesend-on-Sea.

Thick as leaves of the Forest, when Epping is green,
Had the jokes and the jeers of the "comics" been seen ;
Thick as leaves in the Park when the season has flown
Had the jibes of the critics been ruthlessly thrown.

For the chosen Committee an effort had made,
And put up a Duke on the Horse Guards Parade ;
But one sight of this model more ludicrous still,
Made those who passed by feel dejected and ill.

For there stood the steed with his nostril all wide,
And his nose all turned up in his evident pride,
And his tail that seemed dressed with the stiffest of starch,
Stood out 'midst the trees, as it had on the Arch.

And there sat the rider, distorted and stern,
That long years of scoffing had failed to o'erturn,
And his hat was still cocked at the angle of yore,
And the same scrubby cape on his shoulders he wore.

And those that passed by gave one shuddering look,
And vowed such a Duke they no longer would brook.
They cried, "Take him off to some near melting-pot !"
And hastened forthwith from the terrible spot.

And the chosen Committee itself had to own
That nought could the horse's appearance condone ;
Whilst as to the rider, they had to confess
That melting alone could his failings redress.

So it straightway decided no site could be found
For this effigy vile of a warrior renowned ;
And ere very long they put forth a decree
That the Duke and his charger both melted should be !

* * * * * *

And the Statues of London were loud in their wail,
And the Griffin, in agony, waggled his tail,
Exclaiming, "Alas ! if the Duke's melted thus,
What chance can there be, then, for eyesores like us?"

Truth, August 16, 1883.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TORY (NOT SENNACHERIB'S) ARMY.

THE Tories came forth in their pride and their strength,
And flooded the land through its breadth and its length
With speeches whose burden no varying knew—
"Down with Gladstone the traitor and all his base crew !"

Like leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The hosts of the Tories in August were seen ;
Like leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
These hosts in September were withered and strown.

For "Gladstone the traitor" went up to the North,
And tackled the foe on the banks of the Forth ;
And the hopes of the Tories waxed deadly and chill,
And their tongues wagged but once, and for ever were still,

And the Tory old women are loud in their whines,
For their idols are broke, both at Hatfield and Pynes ;
And their army, unsmote by the sword or the lance,
Has melted like snow at old Gladstone's advance.

ALICK SINCLAIR.

The Weekly Dispatch, September 14, 1884.

MR. GLADSTONE'S HOME RULE BILL.

THE Premier came down to the House as of old,
With a smile on his face and a step light and bold,
And the cheers of the Parnellites smote on the air
As he rose in his place and saluted the Chair.

And the senators sat like men under a spell
While the rythmical tones of his voice rose and fell.
Like sleepers who wake from their dreams at the dawn,
Sober reason returned when the glamour was gone.

For the false light that blinded has vanished at last,
Revealing the pitfalls all round as it passed ;
The Magician has failed in his task, and the wand
Has dropped from the "old parliamentary hand."

And intriguers and Leaguers are loud in their wail,
And Coercion has carried the day o'er "Repale";
For till whittled away into Councils and Boards
The scheme of Home Rule has no chance in the Lords.

The Weekly Dispatch, April 18, 1886. C. RENZ.

THE CUTTING OF THE KNOT.

GREAT Gladstone came down his new Bill to unfold,
And his cohorts awaited their Leader so bold,
And the noise of their cheers was like tars of the sea,
When they're given the toast of old England's navee.

Like the geese of the farm-yard when summer is green,
The Cock-a-Hoop Tories at noon-day were seen,
Like the geese of the farm-yard when autumn has come,
Those Tories at midnight were nerveless and dumb.

For the King of Debate his opponents did blast,
And glared in the face of each foeman aghast,
And the hopes of the Tories waxed presently chill;
And their groans but once rose, then for ever grew still.

And the sturdy Home Rulers are loud in their cheers,
And the faces are blank in the House of the Peers.
And the knot of the hour, uncut by the sword;
Dissolves at the touch of the Cabinet's Lord!

F. B. D., 1886.

——:o:——

The two parodies following are written partly in imitation of Byron's *The Dream*, and partly after *Darkness*, which commences thus :—

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light;
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons.

* * * * *

MY OLD HAT.

I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In complement extern, had that within
Surpassing show - my head continued warm;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before) of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.
That which was black grew brown—and then men stared
With both their eyes (they stared with one before)
The wonder now was twofold; and it seemed
Strange that a thing so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might——but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
Green spring, and flowery summer, autumn brown,
And frosty winter came,—and went and came,
And still through all the seasons of two years,
In park and city, yea at parties—balls—
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, ties, gloves, trousers, could insconce
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
Grease spots appeared—but, still in silence, on
I wore it, and then family, and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said;
A time may come when I—away, away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will, I will!
The hat was now greasy, and old, and torn,
But torn, old greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone!
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat,
Of those who knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes; one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered;
Others in horrid mockery laughed outright;
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lovers, dogs,
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat,
For lo! at length the circling months went round:
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown old greasy coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze:
Once more I went my way, along, along,
And plucked no wondering gaze; the hand of scorn
With its annoying finger, men, and dogs,
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless—
And at last, not least of rescued blessings, love!
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A brand new chapeau of the Melton build;
And then the laugh was mine, for, then out came
The secret of this strangeness—'twas *a bet*,—
A friend had laid me fifty pounds to ten,
Three years I would not wear it—*and I did!*

ANONYMOUS.

THE GENIUS OF SMOKING.

[*We have been favored with the following defence of smoking, by an intimate literary friend of Lord Byron, who assures us it is selected from several unpublished juvenile trifles, written at various times in his album by the noble bard.*]

I HAD a dream—it was not all a dream;
Methought I sat beneath the silver beam
Of the sweet moon, and you were with me there,

And everything around was free and fair;
And from our mouths upcurled the fragrant smoke,
Whose light blue wreaths can all our pleasures yoke,
In sweetest union to young Fancy's car,
And waft the soul out thro' a good cigar.
There as we sat and puff'd the hours away,
And talked and laughed about life's little day,
And built our golden castles in the air,
And sigh'd to think what transient things they were,
As the light smoke around our heads was thrown,
Amidst its folds a little figure shone,
An elfin sprite, who held within her hand
A small cigar, her sceptre of command.

Her hair above her brow was twisted tight off,
Like a cigar's end, which you must bite off;
Her eyes were red, and twinkling like the light
Of Eastern Hookah, or Meerchaum, by night;
A green tobacco leaf her shoulders graced,
And dried tobacco hung about her waist;
Her voice breathed softly, like the easy puffing
Of an old smoker, after he's been stuffing.
Thus as she rolled aside the wanton smoke,
To us, her awe-struck votaries she spoke,—
"Hail, faithful slaves! my choicest joys descend
On him who joins the smoker to the friend,
Yours is a pleasure that shall never vanish
Provided that you smoke the best of Spanish;
Puff forth your clouds"—(with that we puff'd amain)
"Sweet is their fragrance"—(then we puff'd again)
"How have I hung, with most intense delight,
Over your heads when you have smoked at night,
And gratefully imparted all my powers
To bless and consecrate those happy hours;
Smoke on," she said. I started and awoke,
And with my dream she vanished into smoke.

ANONYMOUS.

—:o:—

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!
My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone!

* * * * *

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest. BYRON.

A LEAF FROM THE ALBUM OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

The following stanzas have no other heading than the pathetic words: "*On this day I complete my forty-sixth year.*" A friend who was with him at the time, made the following entry in his Dunn and Duncan's diary: "This morning Mr. Briefless came from his bedroom into the apartment where Mr. Dunup and some other friends were sitting, and said, with a smile, 'You were remarking the other day that I never draw any pleadings now. This is my birthday, and I have just finished something which I think is better than I usually write.' He then produced these noble and affecting verses;—

'Tis time that I should be removed,
And the position I can prove.
For since by me there's nothing moved,
I'd better move.

My gown is in the yellow leaf,
The curls from out my wig are gone,
The bands, the stock, the dummy brief,
Are mine alone.

The debts that on my bosom prey,
Have hopeless been this long, long while;
The bills which I can never pay
Are on that file.

The stamp'd receipt—the quittance fair,
The exacted portion of debts' ills,
I never am allowed to share,
But keep the bills,

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here,
I should succumb to maddening thought,
At Westminster I will appear
This day in Court.

The wig, the bands, the stock, the gown,
All, all around me still I see;
To Westminster I'll hurry down—
I will be free!

Awake! (not law, that's wide awake,)
Awake myself! this very day,
The Exchequer's roof my voice shall shake,
Yes—fire away.

Talk each opposing counsel down,
Unworthy Briefless—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Judges be.

If thou regret'st thy youth—why pause,
The way to occupation's short,
There stands the place to find a cause;
The County Court.

Start not—less often sought than found,
A little fish will always please;
Sure shillings beat the uncertain pound,
Take lower fees.

Punch's Pocket Book, 1856.

—:o:—

Lord Byron was married in January, 1815, and about the middle of January, 1816, Lady Byron left London for her father's house in Leicestershire, on the understanding that Lord Byron was shortly to follow her. But her father immediately wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would never return to him. The reasons for this conduct have never been satisfactorily explained, and though Lord Byron, and his friends, tried their utmost to bring about a reconciliation, all attempts to alter Lady Byron's decision were in vain. This domestic misfortune supplied the enemies of Lord Byron with a pretext for the the gratification of their envious and malignant feelings towards him. The press teemed with slanderous and abominable insinuations in explanation of the conjugal feud. The majority of his acquaintances declared against him; and the proud spirit of the noble poet, stung to the

quick, impelled him to leave his country. On the 25th of April, 1816, Lord Byron left England, never to return.

A short time prior to his final departure from his native land, he published the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina." He also wrote two short poems, which were highly popular, and which first appeared in the public papers—"Fare Thee Well," and "A Sketch from Private Life."

In "Fare thee Well," Byron pathetically alludes to his daughter, Augusta Ada, the only child of his unfortunate marriage, who was born on December 10, 1815.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well;*
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away;

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die. BYRON.

LADY BYRON'S REPLY TO LORD BYRON'S "FARE THEE WELL."

"As to the author of the reply, I have for years been trying to find out, but unsuccessfully. One or two gentlemen, whose opinions on this subject are well worthy of attention, have said in a joking way that the author must be Byron himself, as the lines are so very beautiful and appropriate. I certainly do not think Lady Byron was the author. From all that I can glean from the oldest inhabitants in this neighbourhood she was always held in the highest respect, a good, kind, domestic lady; but no one seems to give her credit for much poetic taste, let alone faculty."

YES, farewell; farewell for ever;
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom;
Bade hope's fairest blossom wither,
Never more for me to bloom!

Unforgiving thou hast called me;
Didst thou ever say forgive?
For the wretch whose wiles enthralled thee,
Thou didst seem alone to live.

Short the space which Time had given
To complete thy love's decay!
By unhallowed passion driven,
Soon thy wishes wildly stray.

Lived for me that feeling tender,
Which thy verse so well can show?
From my arms why didst thou wander—
My endearments why forego?

Rapt in dreams of joy abiding,
On thy breast my head hath lain,
In thy love and truth confiding—
Bliss I ne'er can know again!

When thy heart, by me glanced over,
First displayed the guilty stain,
Would these eyes had closed for ever,
Not to weep thy crimes again!

But by Heaven's recording spirit
May that wish forgotten be!
Life, though now a load, I'd bear it
For the babe I've born to thee—

In whose lovely features (let me
All my weakness here confess),
While the struggling tears permit me,
All her father's I can trace;

His, whose image never leaves me,
Whose remembrance yet I prize;
Who this bitterest feeling gives me—
Loving where I most despise.

With regret and sorrow, rather,
When our child's first accents flow,
I shall teach her to say "Father"—
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.

Whilst to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Wake me to a widowed bed;
In another's arms no sorrow
Wilt thou feel, no tears wilt shed.

For the world's applause I sought not
When I tore myself from thee;
Of its praise or blame I thought not—
What is blame or praise to me?

He in whom my soul delighted,
From his breast my image drove;
With contempt my truth requited,
And preferred a wanton love.

Thou art proud—and mark me, Byron!
Proud is my soul as thine own;
Soft to love—but hard as iron
When despite is on me thrown.

But, 'tis past!—I'll not upbraid thee,
Nor shall ever wish thee ill;
Wretched though thy crimes have made me,
If thou canst, be happy still!

ANONYMOUS.

Another reply was published entitled—

LADY BYRON'S RESPONSE TO "FARE THEE WELL."

"What reader of Pope's celebrated *Eloise* ever thought that poem really the work of its heroine? or who for a moment will conceive the following to be the production of *Lady Byron's* pen?"

AND fare *Thee* well, too—if, for ever—
How dread the thought!—still fare thee well!
Yet think not time or space can sever
The heart that wont on thine to dwell!

O cherish not the sad illusion,
All thy high-wrought hopes deceiving,
Which whispers thee, *that* heart's profusion
Of love can end in "unforgiving!"

Too well I know thy conscious breast,
That form'd, how brief! my "placid" pillow,
Hath wandered from its ark of rest,
Far stretching o'er life's cheerless billow.

(This is dated April 29, 1816, and consists of twenty-three verses in all. It is unnecessary to quote the remainder, but the poem can be found in the British Museum Library, 11642 b.b.b. 58.)

ANOTHER REPLY TO "FARE THEE WELL."

FARE thee well, and if for ever,
Then for ever let it be;
For again, false Byron, never
Canst thou be beloved by me.

If thy breast were bared before me,
What a cruel heart 'twould show;
False to her who did adore thee—
Cold as Russia's wastes of snow.

'Twas not I who rent asunder
Ties which should have lived till death.
Thou hast been a wide world's wonder
For thy scorn of love and faith.

Vain are now thy magic verses,
None to pity can they move;
Better far to send me curses
Than the mockery of love.

Though the world to soothe endeavour,
Though it sorrow for my pain
Can it, Byron, can it ever
Make thy false heart true again?

No! a heart once dead to feeling
True again can never prove,
And the wound that knows no healing
Is a woman's trampled love.

Oh! to banish recollection
Of that early love of mine,
When my young heart's deep affection
Thought it met the same in thine.

When in tones of gentle kindness
That false tongue love's accents pour'd
Could I think my love was blindness?
Could I doubt I was adored?

Still there is a tie that binds me
To respect thy once loved name,
Though each passing morrow finds thee
Deeper still in guilt and shame.

Yes—our little infant smiling
As she climbs upon my knee,
Lisping with her voice beguiling,
Teaches me to think of thee.

When, as twilight's shadows gather
She repeats her ev'ning prayer,
Then she prays for thee, her father,
Tho' she sees no father there.

Thus it is, though love has vanished
From this torn and bleeding heart,
That the feeling is not banished
That thou still my husband art.

Fare thee well, and, if for ever
In this world of grief and pain,
I will hope that those who sever
Here, will meet elsewhere again.

Lyrics and Lays, by Pips. Wyman Bros., Hare Street, Calcutta, 1867.

Whatever were the causes of the separation of Lady Byron from her husband (and many reasons have been assigned) will probably never be known, nor do they concern us here, except in so far as regards the statements made by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. In 1869 it pleased this American authoress to contribute an article to a London magazine, in which she deliberately accused Lord Byron of having committed the foulest crimes imaginable, and stated that although Lady Byron was aware of his depravity from their very wedding day, she yet continued to reside with him until after the birth of their daughter. A violent controversy ensued, many old scandals were revived, and whilst Mrs. Stowe's statements were generally disbelieved, Byron's reputation suffered considerably. For this result Thomas Moore was mainly to blame, he having destroyed the memoirs entrusted to him by Lord Byron. Had these memoirs been published, it is very improbable that Mrs. Stowe's article would have ever have

been written. Moore was imprudent enough to show these memoirs to several people, as well as the concluding five Cantos of Don Juan, before he destroyed them, and it is said that Lady Burghersh made copies of them. It is possible, therefore that Byron's view of the circumstances may yet be given to the world, but however that may be, nothing can excuse the action of Mrs. Stowe, whose article could serve no other purpose than that of blackening the memory of a great but ill-used and unfortunate man :—

THE UN-TRUE STORY.

Dedicated to Mrs. Stowe.

KNOW ye the land where the novelists *blurt* all
The family secrets they learn in our clime ;
Where skill in romance will contrive to *convert* all
The deeds of our bard to the blackest of crime ?
Know ye the land of the dollar divine,
Where Beecher's considered a speaker sublime ;
Where the dark wings of scandle will even presume
To flap o'er the great, long at rest in the tomb ;
Where writers and editors all "high falute,"
And the voice of the slanderer never is mute,
Where all, who as authors or speakers stand high,
Though varied in views, in "tall-talking" may vie,
And the principal journal can stoop to a lie ;
While lucre and puffs to support it combine
(Though Low and Macmillan adopt the same line) ?
'Tis the clime of the west, 'tis the land of a STOWE :
Can ye marvel her libels have angered us so ?
Oh ! false as all things merely written to sell
Are the statements they make, and the tales which they tell !

Punch and Judy (London) February 12, 1870.

—:o:—

TO THOMAS MOORE.

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea :
But before I go Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate ;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on ;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

LORD BYRON.

A NOBLE LORD TO HIS CREDITORS.

MY cab is at the door,
Thou must raise the wind for me,
But ere you go, Tom Moore,
Here's a snug douceur for thee !

Here's a bond for those who'll lend me,
And a bill at six month's date—
I'll sign whate'er you send me—
Get the cash at any rate !

Though boring duns surround me,
They still must trust me on,
Till you the cash have found me—
"Call again," to every one !

Each knock I know full well,
And my fainting spirits sink
When they pull the area bell,
So be off, and fetch the chink !

Mind and bring me back by one,
Of thousands half a score,—
Hark ! there's another dun,—
Adieu ! adieu ! Tom Moore !

The National Omnibus, December 9, 1831.

LES ADIEUX DU PREMIER. *

MY cab is at the door,
Of my red-box here's the key,
But before I go John Russell,
Here's some good advice for thee,

Act, that honest hearts may love thee ;
Act, that party knaves may hate ;
And from office when they shove thee,
Have a heart to meet thy fate.

Tho' Protection roar around thee,
As loud as roar it can,
Tho' they set on to confound thee,
"Young Ben," that "nice young man. —"

Tho' county members yell,
Tho' you sever Party's link,
Tho' Bedchamber Lords rebel,
Speak out boldly what you think.

Tho'-for shorter term than mine,
Quite sufficient of a bore
You'll find office, I opine,
And be glad when it is o'er.

Punch, 1846.

WARD HUNT AFTER BYRON.

MY boat has run ashore,
And my barque's beneath the sea
And I'm told I never more
Must rule the Admiraltee.

There's a sigh from those who love me,
And a smile from those who hate ;
And the man who's put above me
Will tremble at my fate.

But though Commons rail around me,
They still shall hear me on ;
Though the Upper House confound me,
It hath seats that may be won.

* On the repeal of the Corn-laws Sir Robert Peel resigned, and was succeeded by Lord John Russell.

My boat has run ashore,
And my barque's beneath the sea,
And I fear I never more
Shall rule the Admiraltee!

Punch, November, 1875.

—:o:—

THE CATHOLIC CANDIDATE.

DAN O'CONNELL came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his priest-ridden voters look'd bloody and bold;
And the noise of their cheering resembled the roar
Of galley-slaves plying the criminal oar.

Like the fell rebel Orr, in his livery of green,
O'Connell and Catholic Clergy were seen;
And their hopes and their actions, 'tis very well known,
Are to level our Church, and to hurl down the Throne.

But the *Protestant* voice came strong on the blast,
And O'Connell and Treason grew sick as it passed,
And the hopes of his traitorous party grew chill,
And their hearts quaked with sorrow, their voices were still.

* * * * *

And the precious *Cat:Ass:*were loud in their wail,
And mute was the Corn-Exchange temple of Baal;
For the might of the party, in spite of big words,
Must melt like the snow before Protestant Lords.

From "*Spirit of the Age Newspaper*" for 1828.

—:o:—

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Canto I.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

* * * * *

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land—Good Night!"

BYRON.

AS SUNG BY LORD GREY.

ADIEU, adieu! place once so sure,
Sounds through the house I see,
The Whigs must sigh, the Tories roar,
And shrieks the new M.P.
Yon tax they've taken off the malt,
We follow in its flight,
Farewell! 'twere vain to try and halt,
My premiership, good night.

With thee, my Brough'm, I'll swiftly go
And some new scheme design,
Nor care what shifts they put us to,
So 'tis not to resign.
Welcome, welcome, ye Whiggish slaves,
But should you fail to fight,
Welcome, ye ratting Tory knaves,
My premiership, good night.

Figaro in London, May 4, 1833.

—

THE FLIGHT OF THE ALDERMEN.

A! DOO, A! doo, my fav'rite scheme
Low in the market falls;
The lawyers sigh, the brokers scream,
They ask in vain for calls.
Yon bubble, bursting on the sea,
We follow in his flight:
Farewell! my simple allottee;
My engineer! good night.

With thee, my cash, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care should fortune take me to
The equinoctial line.
Welcome, welcome! ye bulls and bears;
And when I'm out of sight,
You're welcome to my worthless shares,
My Capel Court, good night!

Punch, 1846.

(The above refers to the Railway Panic in 1846.*)*

—:o:—

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell*
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated Chieftain: he did hear
That sound, the first amid'st the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

* On the night previous to the action, a grand ball was given at Brussels.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

* * * * *

CHILDE HAROLD, *Canto III.*

THE RAILWAY PANIC.

THERE was a sound that ceased not day or night,
Of Speculation. London gathered then
Unwonted crowds, and moved by promise bright,
To Capel Court rushed women, boys and, men,
All seeking railway shares and scrip; and when
The market rose, how many a lad could tell,
With joyous glance, and eyes that spake again,
'Twas e'en more lucrative than marrying well;—
When, hark! that warning voice strikes like a rising knell.

Nay, it is nothing, empty as the wind,
But a 'bear' whisper down Throgmorton street;
Wild enterprise shall still be unconfined;
No rest for us, when rising premiums greet
The morn, to pour their treasures at our feet;
When, hark; that solemn sound is heard once more,
The gathering "bears" its echoes yet repeat—
'Tis but too true, is now the general roar,
The Bank has raised her rate, as she has done before,

And then and there were hurryings to and fro,
And anxious thoughts and signs of sad distress,
Faces all pale, that but an hour ago
Smiled at the thought of their own craftiness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The coin from hungry pockets,—mutual sighs
Of brokers and their clients. Who can guess
How many a "stag" already panting flies,
When upon times so bright such awful panics rise?

(This alludes to the panic subsequent on the Railway Mania of 1845-6)

From "*Our Iron Roads*," by F. S Williams. London: Bemrose and Sons.

WATERLOO AT ASTLEY'S THEATRE.

"According to the latest Astley authorities, dated last June, the Battle of Waterloo occupied six minutes exactly. Several French soldiers walked undisguisedly into the quarters of the English army before the fight commenced; and some, at the extreme back of the scene, fought indiscriminately on either side, as occasion required. But the gravest circumstance is, that in the heat of the action the Duke of Wellington, approaching Marshall Soult, said to him, 'Don't let your fellows fire until mine have'! a course which must have led them to destruction, had not General Widdicombe roared, with a voice of thunder, 'what the devil are you doing there, you stupid asses?,' which produced the last grand charge. The following beautiful lines are but little known, and well deserve a place in this report. They are the production of Lord Byron, and were written at the request of the late Andrew Ducrow, Esq., describing the scene immediately before the commencement of the battle."

THERE was a sound of revelry by night;
And Astley's Manager had gathered then
His supers and his cavalry; and bright
The gas blazed o'er tall women and loud men.
The audience waited happily, and when
The orchestra broke forth with brazen swell,
Apples were sold for most extensive gain;
And ginger beer popped merrily as well!—
But hush! hark! what's that noise, just like our parlour bell?

Did ye not hear it?—No, sir!—Never mind,
P'haps it was the Atlas bus to Oxford Street.
Strike up, you fiddlers! Now, young feller, mind!
Don't scrouge, or you shall go where police meet,
To chase the knowing thieves with flying feet!—
But hark! that sound is heard again—once more!
And boys, with whistle shrill, its note repeat;
And nearer, clearer, queerer than before!
Hats off!—*It is, it is—the bell from prompter's door!*

Ah! then was hurry-skurry, to and fro;
And authors' oaths, and symptoms of a mess;
And men as soldiers, who, two nights ago,
Went round the circus in a chinese dress!
And there were rapid paintings, such as press
On those who ply the arts, with choking size,
Which ne'er might be completed! Who could guess
How all would look before the public eyes,
When on that "Street in Brussels" the act drop would rise!

From *George Cruikshank's Comic Almanack*, 1846.

A Farewell to Jenny Lind, after the Farewell to Thomas Moore, in five verses, appeared in *Punch*, September, 1848, and a long parody entitled "The Battle of the Opera," in *Punch*, May 19, 1849, commenced thus:—

"THERE was a sound—' 'Tis JENNY LIND'S last night!
And England's capital had gathered then,
Her beauty, rank, fashion and wealth—and bright
The gas shone o'er fair women and spruce men."

* * * * *

THE CHINESE WAR, 1856—7.*

THERE was a sound of orat'ry by night,
And Britain's capital had gathered then

* In October 1856, the Chinese captured 12 of the crew of the lorcha *Arrow* in Canton river, on the plea that they were pirates. Commissioner Yeh, the Chinese commander, released the prisoners but refused to apologise for the outrage, thereupon Canton was bombarded and other acts of war committed. In March 1857 the House of Commons, by a majority of 19, censured Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong, for the "violent measures" he had pursued. The Ministry (who took his part) dissolved Parliament, and in the new one a large majority was returned to support Lord Palmerston, and the Chinese War. Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Milner Gibson, Layard and many other leading opponents of the Chinese policy were left without seats.

Her parliament'ry chivalry, and bright
The gas shone o'er these intellectual men;
Six hundred hearts beat hopefully; and when
Cobden arose, that slaughter-hating swell,
Dark eyes flash'd fire at eyes which flash'd again,
And Cobden felt a second William Tell,
Obsequious Hayter paled, and Pam's bold visage fell†

Had'st thou but heard, O gentle reader mine,
The whispering talk, the noise of shuffling feet—
But mark'd the looks of men who wished to dine,
And dared not, for their lives, move from their seat,
Chafing within, without, with fervent heat,
Thou would'st have envied orators no more—
Thou would'st have owned no eyes could ever meet
A sight suggesting stronger the word "bore,"
And turned thee to thy bed contentedly to snore.

Ah! then and there were hurryings to and fro,
And notes delivered in a shocking mess,
And gents grew pale who, but a week ago,
Esteemed themselves "the cheese," and nothing less;
And there were sudden partings—I confess
These coalitions, ruptures, did surprise
The public gen'rally. Could any guess
That villain Yeh would break old English ties,
And British statesmen stoop to puff his Chinese lies?

Then ye might see cabs hurrying in hot haste
To Paddington, and Shoreditch, Euston-square,
And all the other stations—for no waste
Of time made Pam, nor did he even spare
His co-mates; for the ripen'd wheat and tare
Must grow and bloom together here, until
The reck'ning comes, and men's hearts are laid bare.
And well did Ministers their own plots till,
And sway the supple country at their lordly will!

Within a niche of Romulus's halls
Sat Manchester's sick member. He did hear
The news by telegraph, and loud he calls
For ink and paper; and he dropt a tear
(Of course well'd up by sentiment, not fear)
Upon the sheet which stated he would stand
Once more for that great town he loved so dear.
Ungrateful Manchester, I say—for it
Saw its sick member *stand* and would not bid him *sit*!†

And Thames' waves murmur as the members leave,
And sigh beneath its bridges as they pass,
Grieving (if aught so muddy e'er can grieve)
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
So shortly to be stript of all their brass
As well as tin, and, friendless, left to go
O'er the wide, gloomy world—consigned, *en masse*,
To vile obscurity by heartless foe,
Shorn of their proud "M. P." by base elector's "No!"

Last session found them full of lusty strife,
Last month in House of Commons blythe and gay—
The guns of Canton signall'd forth the strife
And called 'em all to arms. And "Gov'nor Yeh!"
The war-cry was which led them on that day;
The husting's mob closed round them—forth they went
Their hopes all wither'd, crush'd, in dust low lay—
To mourn their factious folly and repent
Were Gibson, Cobden, Bright, by angry England sent.

ANONYMOUS.

† Mr. Bright was absent on the continent for the benefit of his health during the whole of the session, and telegraphed from Rome his intention to stand again for Manchester, but he was defeated.

BILLIARDS AT OXFORD.

THERE was a clash of billiard balls by night,
And University had gathered then
Her members for a handicap, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair tables and dark men;
A hundred went up rapidly; and when
The clock struck nine a wild tumultuous yell
Bade them play on until the hour of ten
Brought into sound the evening chapel bell;
But hush! hark! a deep voice strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but a moke,'
Or a cad yelling from the distant street;
On with the game! don't interrupt the stroke;
No one should budge when two such players meet
To give us all an exhibition treat—
But hark! that fatal sound breaks in once more,
Alas! no pen its terrors could repeat;'
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Fly! fly! it is—it is—the Proctor at the door!

Within a windowed niche of those low walls
Sate Univ.'s famous dandy; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the billiard balls,
And caught its tones with sad, prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that sound too well
Which cost his father several pounds a year,
And roused the instinct flight alone could quell
He rushed into the street, and foremost victim fell

A. HASKETT SMYTH, *Univ. Coll: Oxford.*

THE FIRST NIGHT OF "OTHELLO."

I.

STOP: for your tread is on a Poet's dust!
'Tis Shakespeare, mangled, feels the dreadful blow!
The bubble of that overrated fame has *bust!*
No critics sing the praises of the slow:—
None; presumptuous player! why don't you go
Back to the "Bells" or "Diddler"? Can't you see
The Moor is not your form? ask Mrs. Crowe,
And all true friends; they will agree
That in this *role* you're more than ever up a tree.

II.

There was a sound of smother'd glee that night,
And at the Lyceum was gathered then
A crowd expecting something rich and bright
The gas shone o'er stalls filled with first-night men;
The pitites coughed impatiently, and when
Music beneath the stage was heard, the swells
Began to fidget in their seats again,
And many wished the play had been the "Bells,"
For *this*, 'twas feared, would prove the most grotesque of sells.

* * * * *

IV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
To leave the place, and murmurs of distress,
And some, who should have gone two hours ago,
Had only stayed because the dreadful mess
Must be reported in the daily press;

And these regretfully, with choking sighs,
Sat the performance through, for who could guess
If ever more, before the critics' eyes,
The curtain on such cruel sacrilege would rise?

The Figaro, February 26, 1876.

These lines refer to the first appearance of Mr. Henry Irving in the Character of "Othello." The success he met with then, induced him to revive it some time afterwards, and proves how reliable these verses were as a criticism. But at that time *The Figaro* persistently and indiscriminately ran down all Mr. Irving's impersonations.

LONDON'S INFERNO.

THERE is a sound of revelry by night,
For England's capital has gathered then
Her lowest and her foulest and too bright
The gas shines o'er frail women and fast men!
A thousand tongues wag noisily, and when
The music-halls the shameless concourse swells,
And drunken wretches reel from many a den,
The scene grows yet more like an earthly hell!—
But hush! Big Ben booms midnight, like some solemn knell!

Do they not hear it sounding on the wind,
These reckless haunters of the crowded street?
Nay, on they course, their laughter unconfined,
Prepared in all their brazen shame to greet
The ribald roysterers they haply meet!
But hark! that bell of doom breaks in once more,
And some lone hearts its echoes now repeat;
But louder, shriller, ghastlier than before,
Rises that hideous midnight Market's odious roar!

Ah! now there's eager hurrying to and fro,
And frightful oaths and tears of deep distress
And cheeks are drabbled which an hour ago
Were brave with artificial loveliness.
And there are sudden quarrels as the press
Of desperate women swirls and surges by,
With laughter forced and words of bitterness,
Which overwhelms the outcasts deep-drawn sigh,
As the pale moon breaks through the sombre-clouded sky.

And this in London! in the very street
Which speaks the grandeur of the wealthy west!
'Tis here debauchery and riot meet;
'Tis here each night, when purity's at rest,
There rages rampantly that moral pest
That saps our city's health and blasts her name,
And steals the reputation she posses't,
Leaving her rifled of her once fair fame,
A bye-word for the nations, and all Europe's shame.

Truth, Christmas Number, 1884.

A parody entitled *Childe Snobson's Pilgrimage*, in several parts, appeared in volume III. of *Punch* 1842; and again, in 1883, another long parody of *Childe Harold* ran through several numbers of the same periodical. This was called *Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage*, and, when complete, was issued in book form by Bradbury Agnew & Co., with the Author's name, E. J. Milliken, on the title page, and some illustrations by E. J. Wheeler.

This work is at once a parody of Childe Harold, and a satire on the typical young "Masher" of the period, who, having exhausted all modern forms of dissipation, finally "comes an awful cropper" in the slang of his tribe.

"Childe Chappie" bids farewell to the haunts of his boyhood in the following verses, sung to the accompaniment of a banjo.

I.

ADIEU! adieu! Home life's a bore
When one is twenty-two;
Nights were not given to snooze and snore,
Days, hours are all too few.
When the sun sets o'er land and sea,
Life's beacon blazes high.
Farewell, domestic fiddle-de-dee!
My Early Home—good-bye!

II.

A few short hours, and Sol will rise
To give grey morning birth;
We shall be prone with sleep-crowned eyes,
Dreaming of night's mad mirth,
Whilst yonder, round my father's hall,
My sisters, dear, but dull,
Will toss the early tennis-ball,
Or pull the morning scull.

III.

Let love be hot, let wine run high,
I fear not love or wine.
From tame delights of home I fly,
Life's fiery press be mine!
I mean to do the whole mad round,
Turf, Stage, Sport, Fun, light Love;
For in these things do joys abound
Home's doldrums far above.

IV.

My sire will "row" me vigorously,
My Mother sore complain,
But, o'er life's wildest waves I'll fly
E'er I touch shore again,
Let sermons scare the goody good
From Stage, or Bar, or Ring;
But I, who am of gayer mood,
Intend to have my fling.

V.

With ye, my bonny boys, I'll go
The fastest pace that's set;
With hopes to lead the field, you know,
And cut all record yet,
Welcome, the riskiest game that's on!
Brim, brim the beaker high!
Life's fizz till the last bubble's gone!
My early Home—good-bye!

Canto the First.

* * * * *

Canto the Seventh.

I stood in London, on the bridge which lies
Tall tower and swelling dome on either hand.
From out the stream Saint Stephen's spires arise,
St. Paul's huge summit dominates the land;
Between them runs the noisy, wheel-worn Strand,
Hushed now awhile, for early morning smiles
O'er the swift river, and the grey, yet grand
Wide-winged old city of Titanic piles,
Huge capital of our little, lordliest of all isles.

She looks a sprawling Mammoth from the river
Risen, with unspanned bulk and ungauged powers,
O'er league on league the silver morn-mists quiver
Upon her mighty maze of roofs and towers.
And what brings she, what are her dearest dowers
To wealth-spoilt golden youth? The Comus feast,
The Rahab lap piled high with gems and flowers,
The Circe draught proffered by Pleasure's priest,
Which lures the eager lip, and leaves the man—a beast,

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
Who 'midst this city lived the life called "fast"?
Doth he upon his pillow tarry long?
He comes no more—those flutterings were his last;
The butterfly is stricken, netted, cast,
Wing-bruised, bloom-robbed aside, a thing that was;
To-day a phantasy, not to be classed
With "form" maintainers—these must let him pass,
Vanish in Limbo's gloom, sink in Despair's morass.

Scattered his substance, linked life, honour, all
With—what? A thing that silence fain must shroud,
"Gone to the bad, poor beggar! What a fall!"
"Under the very dingiest kind of cloud."
"Thought he was 'cuter, or at least more proud."
"Yes—regular church and ring affair, a craze
Most melancholy,—can't be squared, *too* loud!"
So cackle they, in vague slang-garnished phrase,
The "other Johnnies,"— chums of his exuberant days.

What profits prying into the abyss
Where plunge the witless dupes of flaunting shame,
Of vulgar Mélusines who writhe and hiss,
Too late detected? Chappie's lost to fame.
Who'll wipe the dirt from the dishonoured name
Society no more hears? For never more
Shall he who's siren-mated be the same,
Unless high genius hush the social roar—
Genius whose spell to miss were "quite too great a bore."

But I must end. My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part—so let it be.
His task in life was the pursuit of "Fun;"
In Babylon there are thousands such as he;
Each year breaks hundreds, and the wrecks few see.
That venturous Muse were voted all too bold
Who golden youth in their gregarious glee
Should paint, or the veracious tale unfold
Of dull esurient lives in gilded styes outrolled.

* * * * *

Roll on, thou shallow stream of Pleasure!—roll!
Ten thousand skiffs float over thee in vain,
Prows prone to rapids, helms beyond control;
Awhile they dance upon thy watery plain,
Then fleet to wreck, and nothing doth remain
Save a sad memory of the bitter groan
When one more struggler, slackening the fierce strain,
Sinks wave-choked, weed-encumbered, stark, alone,
Gone to to the dogs, unstayed, unfriended, and unknown.

To Inez.

Nay, smile not at my garments now;
Alas! *I* cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Should'st dress, and haply dress so plain.

And dost thou ask, why should I be
The jest of every foe and friend?
And wilt thou vainly seek to see
A garb, even thou must fail to mend?

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambitions' honors lost
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I loved the most.

It is the contrast which will spring
From all I meet, or hear, or see,
To me no garments tailors bring,—
Their shops have scarce a charm for me.

It is a something all who rub
Would know the owner long had wore;
That may not look beyond the tub,
And cannot hope for help before.

What fellow from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life,—the ragged Coat.

Yet others wrapt in broadcloth seem,
And taste of all that I forsake!
O, may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst,
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er I wear, I've worn the worst.

What is the worst? Nay, do not ask,—
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on,—nor venture to unclasp
My vest, and view the shirt that's there.

From *Poems and Parodies.* By Phœbe Carey. (Ticknor Reed, and Fields, Boston, United States, 1854.)

—:o:—

Childe Harold.

Canto IV.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:

And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers,
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

BYRON.

VENICE UNPRESERVED.

"Steamers have been started on the Grand Canal at Venice."
—*Globe.*

I STOOD in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.
I saw from out the wave black funnels rise
Whence clouds of densest smoke I saw expand,
And common steamboats, at a penny a mile,
O'er the canal—saw many a person land
Upon the piers. O Anguish! it does rile
The Bard to see all this—and what a smell of ile!

Punch, November 12, 1881.

PRACTICAL VENICE.

(*By a Commercial Childe Harold.*)

I STOOD in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A factory, a mill on either hand,
I saw from out the wave tall chimneys rise,
And wharves and busy steam-cranes edge the strand,
And palaces to warehouses expand:
A murky air, where sunshine never smiles,
As black as Bradford. This was once the land
Where poets sang its countless marble piles,
And RUSKIN wrote and revelled in its sunny isles!

In Venice RUSKIN'S echoes are no more,
And steam has stopped the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crammed with goods galore,
And barcarolles no longer meet the ear;
Those days are past—but Enterprise is here.
Shares fall, Stocks fade, but Commerce doth not die
But reckons dodges more than Doges dear,
And gain above artistic sanctity;
Accounting best on earth, the Trade of Italy.

Punch, December 9, 1882.

——:o:——

ON SEEING AN INTOXICATED POLICEMAN.

ROLL on thou drunk and dark blue peeler—roll!
Thy bâton now thou wieldest quite in vain;
Thou'rt conquered by blue ruin—self controul
Hath ceased with thee; the gin and watery bane
Doth mar thy course, nor dost thou now retain
One sign of human reason save alone,
When for a moment with thy might and main
Thou cling'st unto some lamp-post with a groan,
Without a hat, and luckily, unseen, unknown.
His steps shake on the path—the hat he wears
Is but a sport for him—he doth arise,
And kick it from him; the vile nap it bears,
For four and ninepence, he doth all despise,
Spurning it from the pavement towards the skies,
And sends it shivering in his playful way
Into the gutter, where perchance it lies
Till, stumbling over it as well he may,
He falls beside it; there together let them lay.

The Puppet Show, March 25, 1848.

ADDRESS TO A WINE BARREL.

(*By a Poetical Butler.*)

THERE is pleasure in cask of wood,
There is a rapture on a stony floor,
There is society where none intrude,
The vaulted roof above and nothing more!
I love not master less, but more his store,
From these our interviews in which I steal,
From all I may be, or have been before
To mingle two good brews and feel,
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot (hic) all conceal!—

From *Cribblings from the Poets*, by Hugh Cayley. (Jones and Piggott, Cambridge, 1883.)

——:o:——

ARCADES AMBO.

The "Childe Harold" metre is comically reproduced and ridiculed in "Arcades Ambo," where Mr. C. S. Calverley thus addresses the beadles of the Burlington Arcade:—

WHY are ye wandering aye 'twixt porch and porch,
Thou and thy fellow—when the pale stars fade
At dawn, and when the glow-worm lights her torch,
O Beadle of the Burlington Arcade?
—Who asketh why the Beautiful was made?
A wan cloud drifting o'er the waste of blue,
The thistledown that floats above the glade,
The lilac blooms of April—fair to view,
And naught but fair are these; and such, I ween, are you.

Yes, ye are beautiful. The young street boys
Joy in your beauty. Are ye there to bar
Their pathway to that paradise of toys,
Ribbons, and rings? Who'll blame ye if ye are?
Surely no shrill and clattering crowd should mar
The dim aisle's stillness, where in noon's mid-glow
Trip fair-haired girls to boot-shop or bazaar;
Where, at soft eve, serenely to and fro
The sweet boy-graduates walk, nor deem the pastime slow

And O! forgive me, Beadles, if I paid
Scant tribute to your worth, when first ye stood
Before me, robed in broadcloth and brocade,
And all the nameless grace of Beadle-hood!
I would not smile at ye—if smile I could,

Now as erewhile, ere I had learned to sigh ;
Ah, no ! I know ye beautiful and good,
And evermore will pause as I pass by,
And gaze, and gazing think, how base a thing am I.

From *Fly Leaves*, by C. S. Calverley. Bell and Sons, London, 1878.

Mr. Calverley also wrote, when quite a young man, some most amusing Byronic stanzas (in Don Juan style), in praise of

BEER.

IN those old days which poets say were golden—
(Perhaps they laid the gilding on themselves :
And, if they did, I'm all the more beholden
To those brown dwellers in my dusty shelves,
Who talk to me "in language quaint and olden"
Of gods and demigods, and fawns and elves,
Pan with his pipes, and Bacchus with his leopards,
And staid young goddesses who flirt with shepherds :)

In those old days, the Nymph called Etiquette
(Appalling thought to dwell on) was not born,
They had their May, but no Mayfair as yet,
No fashions varying as the hues of morn.
Just as they pleased they dressed, and drank, and ate,
Sang hymns to Ceres (their John Barleycorn),
And danced unchaperoned, and laughed unchecked,
And were, no doubt, extremely incorrect.

Yet do I think their theory was pleasant :
And oft, I own, my "wayward fancy roams"
Back to those times, so different from the present ;
When no one smoked cigars, nor gave At-homes,
Nor smote a billiard-ball, nor winged a pheasant,
Nor "did" her hair by means of long-tailed combs,
Nor migrated to Brighton once a year,
Nor—most astonishing of all—drank Beer.

* * * * *

So to proceed. That abstinence from Malt
Has always struck me as extremely curious.
The Greek mind must have had some vital fault,
That they should stick to liquors so injurious—
(Wine, Water, tempered p'raps with Attic salt)—
And not at once invent that mild, luxurious,
And artful beverage Beer. How the digestion
Got on without it, is a startling question.

* * * * *

O Beer ! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsop, Bass !
Names that should be on every infant's tongue !
Shall days, and months, and years, and centuries pass,
And still your merits be unrecked, unsung ?
Oh ! I have gazed into my foaming glass,
And wished that lyre could yet again be strung
Which once rang prophet-like through Greece, and taught her
Misguided sons that the best drink was water.

* * * * *

Coffee is good, and so no doubt is cocoa ;
Tea did for Johnson and the Chinamen :
When "Dulce est desipere in loco"
Was written, real Falernian winged the pen.
When a rapt audience has encored "Fra Poco"
Or "Casta Diva," I have heard that then
The Prima Donna, smiling herself out,
Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout.

But what is coffee, but a noxious berry,
Born to keep used-up Londoners awake?
What is Falernian, what is Port or Sherry
But vile concoctions to make dull heads ache?
Nay, stout itself—(though good with oysters, very)—
Is not a thing your reading man should take.
He that would shine, and petrify his tutor
Should drink draught Allsop in its "native pewter."

But hark ! a sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well,
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
O blessed Bell ! Thou bringest beef and Beer,
Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell:
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.

I go. Untaught and feeble is my pen :
But on one statement I may safely venture :
That few of our most highly gifted men
Have more appreciation of the trencher.
I go. One pound of British beef, and then
What Mr. Swiveller called a "modest quencher ;"
That home-returning, I may "soothly say,"
"Fate cannot touch me : I have dined to-day."*

Verses and Translations, by C. S. C.—London, George Bell and Sons.

——:o:——

In "*The Poetic Mirror, or The Living Bards of Britain*," written by James Hogg, there is a poem entitled *The Guerilla*, written in the Spenserian stanza adopted by Lord Byron in his *Childe Harold*. As *The Guerilla* is a serious poem, not a parody, it would be out of place here. It consists of 47 stanzas, and is the first poem in *The Poetic Mirror*, of which volume a full account will be found on page 96.

A parody, entitled *The Last Canto of Childe Harold*, by Lamartine, was published in London in 1827, but is now difficult to find.

——:o:——

THE GIAOUR.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd !

* This line was borrowed from Sidney Smith.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair.
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

BYRON.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A "CALF'S HEAD" HANGING UP IN BENE'T STREET.

HE that had gazed upon this head
Ere yet the spark of life was fled,
Before the butcher's cursed fingers
"Had swept the lines where beauty lingers,"
Had playful seen in Nature's pride
The offspring at its mother's side—
Oh! who could think that tyrant man
Could e'er curtail its narrow span—
In fetters drag it helpless thence,
And slay it in its innocence!
E'en now methinks its looks implore,
Tho' fixed in death, tho' stain'd with gore;
"And but for that sad shrouded eye,"
That gives the rising thought the lie,
One yet might think it breath'd with life,
And gaz'd upon the threat'ning knife!

The sturdy ox falls in his prime,
The sheep is happy for a time,
This only feels man's ceaseless hate;—
I mused—and pond'ring o'er its fate,
And on the butcher's cruel steel,
I vow'd I'd never eat of veal!
Alas! our best resolves are vain,
Repentance leads to sin again!
That selfsame minute—callous sinner!
I hastened to my friend and dinner;
And, as a mistress at her lover,
Impatient eyed each envious cover:
Which, lo! disclosed—that Fate should will it!
Calf's head, mock turtle, and a fillet!
What could I do? To end my story,
I acted like a modern Tory;
For after all my long debate
On justice, cruelty and fate,
Like him I took the loaves and fishes,
And paid my court to all the dishes!

ANONYMOUS.

From *The Gownsman*, (Cambridge) December 31, 1830.

Another Parody appeared in *The Gossip* (London,) June 9, 1821, commencing:

HE that hath bent him o'er a goose,
When the first slice of breast is loose—
The first prime slice for tenderness,
The last for grateful savouriness;
(Before the glutton's eager fingers
Have swept the dish where gravy lingers)
And mark'd the brown inviting air,
The harvest of fine cuts that's there,
The firm yet greasy lumps that deck
The roundness of its luscious neck.

He who hath bent him o'er the bed
On which some dreamer rests his head,
Before the housemaid's tapping fingers
Disturb the room where slumber lingers,
May possibly have pondered o'er
The fitful start and vacant snore;
And wondered, as his vision caught
The working of the slumberer's thought,
How different a turn 'twould take
When he should be once more awake.

From *Beauty and the Beast*, by Albert Smith, 1843.

THE BLIND NUISANCE.

HE that don't always bend his head
When London streets he fain would tread,
But with a mild and stately air,
From left to right doth idly stare,
Or looking round him, slightly lingers,
Twirling his guard-chain round his fingers,
Will, as he gives a look behind,
Not seeing where he means to go,
Receive from a tremendous blind,
An almost stupifying blow.
So darkly low, so lowly dim,
It breaks the hat from crown to rim.
The taller victim as he goes,
Receives the blind below his nose;
While the less loftier passer-by,
Sheathes the fierce ledge-point in his eye.
A cry of vengeance fills the air—
'Tis vain, police are wanting there.

Punch, 1847.

THE NEXT MORNING.

(Desecrated from Byron.)

HE who hath looked with aching head
Where pipes and glasses still are spread,
In the first hour of seediness,
The last of seeing such a mess
(Before the housemaid's clumsy fingers
Have swept the rooms where smoke still lingers)
And marked the rank unwholesome air,
The evidence of gin that's there,
The upset trays that plainly speak
Of what has caused that pallid cheek;
And but for that strong stale cheroot
Which sickens now his very soul,
And but for that half-empty bowl,
Where sugar, limes, and rum to boot,
Appal the seedy gazers heart,
As if they ne'er had formed a part
Of what he'd lavished praise upon—
Yes, but for these, and these alone
Some moments, aye, till office hour,
He still might doubt false whiskey's power.
But no, to bed he faintly reels,
So sad the sight that room reveals.

The Puppet Show, April 8, 1848.

(The above lines were reproduced, without the slightest acknowledgment, in the Summer Number of "*The Chiel*," 1885.)

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the Gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BYRON.

This will remind those who have read Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* of some verses sung by Mignon, which also form the theme of one of the gems of the beautiful opera founded on that tale. In Carlyle's translation the poem opens thus:—

KNOW'ST thou the land where lemon-trees do bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom;
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it, then?
'Tis there! 'tis there
O my belov'd one, I with thee would go!

INSCRIBED TO AN ALDERMAN.

KNOW ye the land where the leaf of the myrtle
Is bestowed on good livers in eating sublime?
Where the rage for *fat ven'son* and love of the *turtle*
Preside o'er the realms of an epicure clime?
Know ye the land where the juice of the vine
Makes Aldermen learned, and Bishops divine?
Where each *Corporation*, deep flushed with its bloom,
Waxes fat o'er the eyes of the claret's perfume?
Thick spread is the table with choicest of fruit,
And the voice of the reveller never is mute:
Their rich robes, though varied, in beauty may vie.
Yet the purple of BACCHUS is deepest in dye:—
'Tis the clime of the EAST—the return of the sun
Looks down on the deeds which his children have done:
Then wild is the note, and discordant the yell,
When, reeling and staggering, they hiccup *—Farewell.*

From *Hone's Year Book*, Vol. I., p. 1337—38.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

KNOW ye the town of the turkey and turtle?
Fit emblems of tales that are told in their clime,
Where stems of the laurel and leaves of the myrtle
Grow broad in balconies and glorious in rhyme!
Where the tongue of the news-seller never is mute,
And the orange-stands glow with their yellow cheek'd fruit,
Where the stains of the street and the smoke of the sky
And the purple of faces are darkest in dye?
Where statesmen are pure as the papers they sign.
And even the cloth of their coats superfine?——
O large as the sigh at a lover's farewell
Are the fees which they take, and the fibs which they tell!

* * * * *

The Theatrical Journal, 1816.

"KNOW ye the house in which Vestris and Nisbett
Are sparkling and bright as the pieces they act,
Where the wretch who wants money may safely make this bet
Five to one on Madame 'gainst the world—that's a fact."

This parody proceeded to describe the various members of the Covent Garden Theatre Company.

Punch, Volume 2, 1842.

Another parody, of the same original, appeared in *Punch*, December 16, 1848, describing the advantages of emigration to Australia:—

KNOW'ST thou the land where the kangaroos bound,
And the queer looking ornithorhynci are found?
The land of the south, that lies under our feet,
Deficient in mouths, overburdened with meat,
KNOW'ST thou that land, JOHN BULL, my friend?
Thither, oh! thither, poor people should wend!

(Four verses omitted.)

KNOW YE THE HOUSE.

KNOW ye the House where the Whigs and the Tories
Are emblems of deeds that are constantly done;
Where the prosing of Peel, when in candour he glories,
Now sinks into twaddle, now rises to fun?
Know ye the house, of the benches all green,
Where dozing at night many members are seen;
Where the dull words of Borthwick,—the figures of Hume
Wax faint, e'en to those whom to gull they assume;
Where parties but squabble for place and its fruit,
Where the voice of self-interest never is mute;
Where the Minister's speech, and opponent's reply,
In phrases though varied, in falsehood may vie,
And the strongest assertion's the cleverest lie;
Where the heads are as soft as the yarns that they spin,
And all wish for change save the few that are in!
'Tis the House of the Commons—and Peel is its sun;
Can he smile when he thinks how the country is done?
Oh! vile as the votes which at Ipswich they sell,
Are the measures they pass, and the lies that they tell.

Punch, Volume 2, 1842.

The Vauxhall Masquerade.

Know ye the scene where the clerks and the tailors
Are deck'd out in costume both dirty and fine;
Where till-robbing shop boys, as soldiers and sailors,
Now stoop down to beer—now ascend up to wine?
'Tis the place for a feast: not the region of fun.
Can we smile on the jokes that are made there?—not one.
Oh, pointless and dull, as Ojibbeway yell,
Are the tricks which they play, and the *bon mots* they tell.

There a bevy of noodles, by puffing extreme,*
Are tempted to muster in numerous throng;
They're off to Vauxhall, where they drink, dance, and scream,
And fancy they come it exceedingly strong.
Vauxhall's Great *Bal Masqué* I ne'er can forget;
And oft when alone, at the close of the year,
I think, are the vagabonds dancing there yet?
Are they still at their brandy and water, and beer?

Punch, 1844.

The Mayor's Lament for the Loss of the Turtles.

"Several hundred lively turtles were thrown overboard a little while ago from a ship bound for Liverpool. The Mayor of that town, who is remarkable for hospitality, has been, ever since the sad event, in a state of fearful despondency. The following touching lament has been heard to issue from his windows at fitful and feverish intervals—

Know ye the loss of the beautiful turtles,
The emblems of soup, had they lived to this time?
Oh bind up my brows with the leaves of some myrtles,
Let me mourn for the loss of a feast so sublime.
Did they do it from fear?—did they do it in fun?
Sure no one could smile at the mischief they've done.
Had shipwreck been threaten'd, and had it been known,
That everything must have been overboard thrown.
Though the whole of the freight in the ocean were cast,
The turtles should always be kept till the last.
Oh, had I been there in that terrible hour,
As Mayor I'd at once have exerted my power,
And made the most active endeavours to save
The turtle alive, from a watery grave,
I envy thee, Neptune—for thou art possess'd
Of a treasure by which I had hoped to be blessed;
I'm almost disposed to make one of thy group,
And drown myself, just to come in for the soup."

Punch, 1846.

Reflections on a Tea Table.

Know ye the land where the hot toast and muffin
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their spheres;
Where scandalous stories and hints about nuffin,
Now melt into whispers, now rise into sneers?
Know ye the land where the liquids and cake
Their circumvolutions consecutive make;
Where Pompey's strong arms are oppressed with Pekoe,
And the air waxes faint with the scent of the sloe;
Where malice produces its bitterest fruit,
And the voice of detraction can never be mute;
Where the tints of the story, the shades of the lie
In number though varied, in falsehood may vie,
And the venom of scandal is deepest in dye;
Where virgins of fifty strange ringlets entwine,
In the fond misconception of looking divine?
'Tis the land of the teapot, the realm of the tray.
Can we smile when we know what their votaries say?
Oh! false as the curls of their ancientest belle,
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

Punch, December, 1846.

* The last eight lines parody the first eight lines of Zelica's song in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

The Foreigner's Lay of London.

Know ye the town where policemen and navvies,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime!
Where the noise of the clocks, and the cries of the tabbies,
E'er rouse you to madness o'er roofs as they climb?
Know ye that Smithfield, abounding in kine,
Where the dirt ever blossoms, and beams never shine?
Know ye the land where their coffee is beans?
Their milk chalk and brains, and their tea is but greens,
Where they polish their apples and all other fruit,
And the voice of the muffin-man never is mute?
Where the tints of your nose and the chimney-pot high,
In colour not varied with blackness may vie,
And the soot that falls on you is deepest in dye?
'Tis the town of the North, and of great Exhibitions,
Of pickpockets, thieves, and of base impositions!
Can you smile as you ride and you know all the while,
That the cabman will charge you five shillings a mile?
Oh, false as the bills of an actor's "farewell,"
Are the hearts that they bear, and the lies that they tell.

The Month, by Albert Smith and John Leech, October, 1851.

The Pride of London.

Know ye the stream where the cesspool and sewer
Are emptied of all their foul slushes and slimes,
Where the feculent tide of rich liquid manure
Now sickens the City, now maddens the *Times*?
Know ye the filth of that great open sink,
Which no filter can sweeten, no "navvy" can drink;
Where in boats overcrowded the Cockney is borne
To the mud-bounded gardens of joyous Cremorne;
Where the gas-works rain down the blackest of soot,
And the oath of the coal-whipper never is mute:
Where the liquified mud, which as "water" we buy,
With the richest of pea-soup in colour may vie,
And deodorisation completely defy;
Where the air's fill'd with smells that no nose can define,
And the banks teem prolific with corpses canine?
'Tis the stream of the Thames! 'tis the Pride of the Town!
Can a nuisance so dear to us e'er be put down?
Oh! fouler than words can in decency tell
Are the sights we see there, and the scents which we smell!

Punch, September 11, 1852.

A Byronic Valentine.

A City Article.

Know'st thou the spot where the venison and turtle
Meet best, from the heather and tropical clime;

Where the fat of the latter is green as the myrtle,
And the former as pink as the rose in her prime?
Know'st thou the hall where old Magog and Gog
Laugh a-sly at the centuries onward that jog?
The spots where the markets dispense the cane fruit,
Where Manilla has brokers to sell her cheroot?
Where the "Bulls" ever raise, and the "Bears" e'er depress
Consols to a quarter the more or the less?
Where the rumours of earth, and the clouds of the sky
Bid the sellers to hold, or the knowing ones buy,
(Which the public in general thinks, "All my eye")?
'Tis the place of the swain, 'tis the haunt of the one
Who thy beauty unceasingly ponders upon;
Whose passion for thee can ne'er suffer decline,
And till further advice is Thine Own Valentine.

Diogenes, February, 1853.

THE PRIDE OF ENGLAND.

KNOW ye the Inn where the laurel and myrtle
Well emblem the green who are done 'neath its sign?
Where they serve you on plate which is mock as their turtle,
Now fleecing the tourist, now maddening the *Times*?
Know ye the shams of that ill-managed house,
Where the host ever bows, and the bills ever chouse;
Where the "wax-lights" that don't half illumine your room
Give a muttonish rather than waxy perfume;
Where although you don't see half a waiter all day,
For "attendance" as much as a lawyer's you pay,
And find even then there's an extra for "Boots."
Nor the porters in asking for liquids are mutes;
Where your "bottle of sherry" (Cape under disguise,)
Scarce equals the vinegar-cruet in size,
And analysation completely defies;
Where the sofas are soft as yourself if you dine
At eight shillings a head—perchance even nine,
With the heaviest price for the lightest of wine?—
'Tis the English Hotel: and 'tis twenty to one
That, where'er you may enter it, brown you'll be done.
For more than e'en *Punch* in a volume could tell,
Are the shams they serve there, and the victims they sell.

Punch, 1853.

GENERAL VIEW OF GREECE.

"Greece sided with Russia until France and England sent troops to the Piræus, whereupon King Otho promised to observe strict neutrality."

KNOWS'T thou the land were a sly press's dirt'll
Be flung upon all that won't pay for it's slime,
When the merchant's a Doo, and the soldier's a Thurtell,
And the lawyer's their trusty accomplice in crime?
Knows't thou the land once beloved of the Nine,
More lately the scene of Pacifico's shine,
Where a soft head like Otho's the crown could assume,
A King—with the mien of an underbred groom—
Where the traders in feats of rascality vie
Where they cheat if you sell, and they cheat if you buy,
And to list to a native's to list to a lie.
Where, if trees (as we say) may be known by their fruit,
One's certain that Honesty never struck root.
Where their dastardly banner wears Christendom's sign,
In type that each fight is a Cross, we opine?
'Tis the fair land of Greece, whose demoralised son
Exults in the hope that the Russians have won.
Oh! wild are his accents, when telegraphs tell
That our soldiers are doing their duty right well.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1854.

A LESSON FOR LADIES.

"While the Lord Mayor elect and some friends were inspecting the preparations for the Guildhall feast, the Lady Mayoress unhesitatingly declared with reference to the turtle, that 'she did not like the nasty stuff!'"—*Daily News*.

Know you the Lady who doesn't like turtle,
And had the fine courage to speak out her mind;
Though Aldermen round her stood scowling like Thurtell,
And even her Chaplain lisped, "Rather unkyind,"
Long life to the woman who dared to declare it,
Be her gay Lady-Mayoralty marked by good luck:
Her robe fit divinely—her health last to wear it—
We don't share her taste, but we honour her pluck.

The good City Queen sets a lesson to ladies
Who haven't got minds, or have minds they don't know:
Who don't care if wine comes from China or Cadiz,
And simper alike over venison and *veau!*
We like a companion who knows what she's eating,
(What chance for your tastes if she's none of her own?)
So hip, hip, hurrah, for November that's seating
A Sovereign like this on the Mansion House throne.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1856.

JAMAICA.

(Written in 1866, when Governor Eyre was being prosecuted for his excessive severity in suppressing the negro insurrection in Jamaica.)

KNOW ye the land of molasses, and rum
Emblems of deeds that are done in their clime
Where the cant of the nigger or the beat of his drum
Now melts into humbug, now maddens to crime—
Know ye the land of the cocoa and pine,
Where the trees that would blossom are left to decline
Where those who would toil must bear the attacks
Of those blood-thirsty vipers, Liberty's Blacks?
Where murder and treason are the fairest of fruit,
And the voice of sedition never is mute
Where the sloth of the negro, cries aloud to the sky
And his vices tho' varied, in horror may vie
With those crimes of man that are deepest in dye.
Where whites must bow down, if the negroes combine
For is not a nigger a spirit divine?
'Tis the land of the negro who once was a slave
How has he deserved the freedom we gave?
'Tis the clime of the west, 'tis the land of the sun
Can he smile on the deeds that these darkies have done?
Oh! fierce as the accents of foemen's farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the lies which they tell.

W.H

Description of the Murtle Lecture delivered in our Public School.

Know ye the Hall where the birch and the myrtle
Are emblems of things half profane, half divine,
Where the hiss of the serpent, the coo of the turtle,
Are counted cheap fun at a sixpenny fine?
Know ye the Hall of the pulpit and form,
With its air ever mouldy, its stove never warm;
Where the chill blasts of Eurus, oppressed with the stench
Wax faint at the window, and strong at the bench;
Where Tertian and Semi are hot in dispute,
And the voice of the Magistrand never is mute;
Where the scrape of the foot and the audible sigh
In nature though varied, in discord may vie,
Till the accents of Wisdom are stifled and die;
Where the Bajuns are dense as the cookies they chew,
And all save the Regents have something to do:—
'Tis our Hall of Assembly, our high moral School,
Must its walls never rest from the bray of the fool?
Oh, vain as the prospect of summer in May
Are the lessons they learn and the fines that they pay.

All the public discipline, fines, &c., are arranged and levied at the Public School. The Bajuns, Semis, Tertians, and Magistrands are the four years of men. The Regents are the four Professors—Greek, Nat. Hist., Nat. Phil., and Mor. Phil.

From "*Life of Professor James Clerk Maxwell*" by Lewis Campbell and William Garrett, 1882.

A Lunatic's Love Song.

O, know you the land where the cheese tree grows,
And the unicorn spins on the end of his nose;
Where the sea-mew scowls on the circling bat,
And the elephant hunts in an opera hat?

'Tis there that I lie with my head in a pond,
And play with a valueless Tichborne bond;
'Tis there that I sip pure Horniman's tea
To the sound of the gong and the howling sea.

'Tis there that I revel in soapsuds and rum,
And wait till my creditors choose to come;
'Tis there that I dream of the days when I
Shall soar to the moon through the red-hot sky.

Then come, oh! come to that happy land!
And don't forget your galvanic band;
We will play at cards in the lions den,
And go to bed when the clock strikes ten.

An Address to Lord Byron.

Know'st thou the land where the hardy green thistle,
The red-blooming heather and harebell abound?
Where oft o'er the mountains the shepherd's shrill whistle
Is heard in the gloaming so sweetly to sound?
Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages has stood,
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And her young ones are rocked on high Cairngorm?
Know'st thou the land where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which its blue waters lave?
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light as their actions are free?
Know'st thou the land where the sun's lingering ray
Streaks with gold the horizon, till dawns the new day,
Whilst the cold feeble beam which he sheds on the sight
Scarce breaks through the gloom of the cold winter's night?
'Tis the land of thy sires!—'tis the land of thy youth,
Where first thy young heart glowed with honour and truth;
Where the wild fire of genius first caught thy young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy roamed free from control!
Ah, why does that fancy still dwell on a clime
Where Love leads to Madness, and Madness to Crime:
Where courage itself is more savage than brave;—
Where man is a despot, and woman a slave?
Though soft are the breezes, and sweet the perfume,
And fair are the "gardens of Gul" in their bloom;
Can the roses they twine, or the vines which they bear,
Speak peace to the heart of suspicion and fear?
Let Phœbus' bright ray the Egean wave,
But say, can it lighten the lot of a slave—
Or all that is beauteous in nature impart
One virtue to soften the Moslem's proud heart?
Ah, no! 'tis the magic that glows in thy strain,
Gives life to the action and soul to the scene!
And the deeds which they do, and the tales which they tell,
Enchant us alone by the power of thy spell!
And is there no charm in thine own native earth?
Does no talisman rest in the place of thy birth?
Are the daughters of Albion less worthy thy care,
Less soft than Zuleika, less bright than Gulnare?
Are her sons less renowned, or her warriors less brave,
Than the slaves of a Prince who himself is a slave?
Then strike thy wild lyre, let it swell with the strain,
Let the mighty in arms live and conquer again;
Their past deeds of valour thy lays shall rehearse,
And the fame of thy country revive in thy verse.
The proud wreath of victory round heroes may twine,
'Tis the poet who crowns them with honour divine;
And thy laurels, Pelides, had sunk in the tomb,
Had the bard not preserved them immortal in bloom!

Anonymous.

Jon Duan's Tale.

A STORY OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

Know ye the place where they press and they hurtle,
And do daring deeds for greed and for gain,
Where the mellow milk-punch and the green-fatted turtle
Now mildly digest, and now madden with pain?
Know ye the land of Stone and of Vine,
Where mayors ever banquet and aldermen dine;
Where Emma* was wooed, and Abbott laid low,
And they fly paper kites and big bubbles blow;
Where Gold is a god unassail'd in his might,
And neck-ties are loosened when stocks get too tight?
If this district you know—it is E.C. to guess,
And you go up a street which the Hebrews possess,
And turn to the right,—why, then, for a wager,
You come to the Church of St. Wackslite the Major;
And list, as o'er noises that constantly swell,
Comes the soul-stirring sound of its evensong bell.

From *Jon Duan*. London: Weldon and Co., 1874.

The Colorado Beetle.

A "Native of the Great American Desert" writes from Rosario on Colorado and its bug:—"We knew that potato bug before he was introduced into polite society

* The *Emma* Mines.

and world-wide fame; he was then called the 'camote spoiler,' a name derived from a sweet tuber that grows wild all over Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. Generations would have died ignorant of the very name of our newest State had it not been for the potato bug; newspapers wrote, orators eulogized, and poets sang about the advantages of Colorado, but all combined they could not command the attention of anybody east of the Mississippi river until that bug went booming across the Atlantic States and Ocean, and actually entered the House of Lords and the Privy Councils of various European monarchs. Since that day Colorado has become universally known, and one of its mountain poets something in ideas like Goethe, but in style after Byron, has chanted—

Is it where the cabbage grows so fast
That it bursts with a noise like a thunder's blast,
Is it where 'hro' the rich deep mellow soil
The beet strikes down as if digging for oil,
Is it where each irrigating sluice
Is fed with water-melon juice,
Where tatoes and onions are hard to beat
And the cattle get fat on nothing to eat,
Where everything grows to such a wondrous size
That the simplest stories appear like lies,
Tell me in sooth I'd like to know—
Is this the land they call Colorado?
You bet! old hoss, it is!"

PARODY.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

KNOW ye the land of reeds and of rushes,
Emblems of dampness innate in the clime,
Where the toad and the viper to show itself blushes,
And the damp air comes heavy impregnate with crime;
Where landlords in daylight like woodcocks they shoot
And the voice of the mendicant never is mute.
'Tis a land of the West, fair, glorious, and free,
First flower of the land, first gem of the sea;
I would we poor soldiers some method could learn,
To the depths of its bosom, this gem to return.

—.o:—

OVERWORKED.

THEY stood upon his nose's bridge of size—
His spectacles; a book in either hand.
I saw a queer expression in his eyes,
As if a sunstroke in some tropic land
Had made his too colossal brain expand
More than it ought; and on his face odd smiles
Would come sometimes, and then he'd laughing stand,
Clutching his gown, and talking loud meanwhiles.
He wore a college cap, the mouldiest of tiles.

Lays of Modern Oxford, by Adon, 1874.

—:o:—

CABUL—SEPTEMBER, 1879.

The following poem obtained the first prize in a parody competition in *The World*. Subject: "Cabul in September, 1879," treated in the style of Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth*.

'TIS done—the murd'rous work complete,
The turbaned hordes acclaim the feat:
Had fallen to a craven shot
The chiefest victim of a plot:
Brave leader! all too brave to date
A warning from Macnaughten's fate.
His gallant comrades round him strown,
An English youth stands—stands alone.*
His gallant comrades round him lie
Dead; it remains for one to die.
Forth on the foe the soldier leapt;
And, as his blade a circle swept,
Five traitors felt the avenging brand,
Ere dropped it from the lifeless hand—
A glorious tale indeed to tell—
'Neath thousand blows one hero fell.

'Tis done—the slaughtered guests are spread
Under a hecatomb of dead.
No need of marble pile to show
Where sleep the illustrious slain below;
No need of graver's art to trace
In lettered brass their resting place,
Their own right arms, in death still feared,
Eternal monument have reared:
Where, ere they fell, these warriors stood,
They wrote their epitaph in blood.

These devotees of Islam's creed
Shrink not to violate at need
The laws they worship; the behest
Of reverence due to hallowed guest.
Ah, but it were a goodly boast—
A stranger murdered by his host!
Yet think not, dastards, England slow
To recompense so foul a blow,
If payment meet could deal the sword
To miscreants honoured by the cord.
Where to the skies their summits push
The giant Alps of Hindu Kush;
Where Cabul's river hastes to hide
His shame beneath a mightier tide;
Where, with a scorn of time, proclaim
The records of a bygone fame
The ravished fanes, whose ruins trace
The march of Timour's conquering race
And, mid her oft-beleagured towers,
Dark Ghuzni's fortress sternly lowers;
Where many mouthed Helmund makes
His briny home in Seistan's lakes—
Not long delayed, the cannon's boom
Shall sound the knell of Cabul's doom. MERTON

The World, October 1, 1879.

—:o:—

THE CIVIC MAZEPPA.

"THE disappearance of GIBBS from the civic procession created some little astonishment, and many were the inquiries as to what had become of him. The following Poem gives a bold, but very probable, notion of how the Alderman was really occupied on the day of the opening of the Royal Exchange. It is supposed that some of his fellow parishioners, meeting with him in a back street, caught hold of him, and tied him on to a horse, which got dreadfully into a-rear, and

* Sir Louis Cavagnari murdered in Cabul.

was then suffered to run on without the smallest check—thus typifying the state of the accounts of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The Poem begins at the period when the Alderman is about to undergo his equestrian martyrdom."

"BRING forth the horse!" the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed—
A creature of the hackney sort,
Dash'd slightly with the dray-horse breed,
His sire had drawn a fly,
Into which six would often cram;
His mother was of lineage high,
Himself was worth—well worth his dam.
He plunged, he kick'd, he reared, he snorted,
With ears erect and eye distorted;
He switched his tail, he show'd his hoof—
E'en WIDDICOMB had kept aloof
At sight of such a noble steed,
He was a precious beast indeed.
They seized me fiercely by the daddle;
They thrust me down into the saddle;
They tied me strongly by the bridle:
The horrid brute began to shy,
To kick, to amble, and to sidle,
And then away they let him fly;
Away, away! my breath is gone;
Still gallop, gallop, gallop on,
Down, down the street, and up the Strand,
Over the woman's apple-stand.
We pass the cabs, and here we are,
Plunged at one bound through Temple Bar.
The courser's fleetness seems to mock
The slowness of St. Dunstan's Clock.
Away, away, we madly whisk
Along! past Waithman's Obelisk!
On, on we go, we gallop still
Up Ludgate's gently rising hill.
A moment now our way seems barr'd,
Oh! shall we stop at last?
'Tis the barrier at St. Paul's Church Yard—
No, no, he gallops past.
I pull'd the bridle, but in vain,
The horse refused my will to heed;
Each motion of the useless rein
But madden'd him to wilder speed.
I tried my voice; but nonsense, pooh!
Onwards the brute contemptuous flew:
At times I thought he must have stopp'd,
When 'gainst an omnibus he whopp'd;
But vain my hopes! the sudden blow
Served but to make him faster go.
Away, away, we turn and wind,
Leaving the city far behind.
He tears away, hock touching hock,
Swift up the hill of Haverstock:
Until, with just exhausted breath,
At last he reaches Hampstead Heath.
The brute has only strength to bound
Into the well remembered Pound;
Where in the morning we were found
By a policeman going his round.

Punch 1844.

The above poem was accompanied by a spirited, and very comical illustration, showing the worthy Alderman strapped on the bare-backed steed, which is urging on his wild career, followed by astonished beadles and policemen.)

DON JUAN.

BOB SOUTHEY! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race;
Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case;
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye."

* * * * BYRON.

DEDICATION.

BEN DIZZY! You're a humbug—Humbug-laureate,
And representative of all the race;
Although 'tis true that you turned out a Tory at
Last, yours is still an enigmatic face.
And now, O Sphyntic renegade, what are you at
With all the Rurals in and out of place?
Where will you leave the boobies in the lurch—
Have you resolved to double D—— the Church?

You've dished the Whigs before; we now would sing.
What is the pie that you're so busy making?
A dainty dish to set before the Thing—
Or aught that its digestion will be shaking?—
Or is it Discord's apple that you bring?
Or will you set the good old Tories quaking,
By saying that they hitherto have missed tricks,
By not going in for equal polling districts?

You'll educate them, won't you, Master Ben?
And make them think that they are clever, very,
Until the trick is won, and they'll wish then,
They'd taken you *cum grano Salis*-bury.
No wonder Mr. Miall's making merry,
And rallying his Liberation men—
He sees your tongue so plainly in your cheek,
When in your Church's champion *rôle* you speak.

Go on, neat humbug, laughing in your sleeve.
And winking, as you bid the Church not falter;
We joy to see her aid from you receive,
To guard her 'gainst the dangers that assault her;
The English Church has had her last reprieve,
Now *you* are standing boldly by her altar.—
Already in the glass we see the image,
Of an impending, big religious scrimmage.

* * * *

Jon Duan, by the authors of *The Coming K*——. 1874.

——:o:——

DON JUAN

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung.
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
  And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

* * * *

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
  They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks,
  The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
  But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
  Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
  There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine! BYRON.

MEDITATIONS BY A DESPAIRING ANGLER.

THE Isle of Eels! The Isle of Eels!
  Where Mrs. Hopkins dined and sung;
Where first (as this seared heart reveals),
  My passion for the Widow sprung!
The pies are good, and so's the ale—
But all to me is flat and stale!

Where Richmond looks on Teddington,
  In patient guise I threw my line;
And fishing there (and catching none)
  I dreamt, that she might still be mine:
For, dressed in Doudney's light gambroon,
I could not deem myself a spoon.

Fill high the glass with ginger wine!—
  We will not think on this here theme;
Nor for the charming Widow pine;
  Others may yet *more charming* seem.
More charming? Ah, it cannot be—
Her *equal* never made the tea!

Fill high the glass with ginger wine!—
  On Richmond's bridge, or Twit'nam's shore,
Oft had I held my rod and line,—
  But never had a bite before!
There was a downright tug that day;—
But ah! he tugged, and swam away!

And where is he? And where art thou,
  My widow? At the Angler's heart
Thou gav'st one mighty tug, and now
  Art fled—but hast received no smart!
Such loss would sure a Stoic move—
My only fish! My only love!

Place me on Railton's stunted post*
  (Queer pedestal for France's Fear);
And fishing there with Nelson's Ghost,
  I'm sure I'd catch as much as here!
Doudney and line no more be mine—
Dash down—no, don't—that ginger wine!

Punch, 1844.

* The Nelson Column.

THE SMILES OF PEACE.

THE Smiles of Peace, the Smiles of Peace,
  By Foreign need from England wrung,
Have bid the cannon's war-shout cease,
  The Thanks be said, the Anthem sung:
But there is that (besides our Debt)
Which English hearts should not forget.

It was not, surely, to amuse
  The gossip's hour of Club dispute,
We sat down daily to peruse
  Those tales from Camp, where man and brute
Alike endured the sternest test
That ever crushed our brave, our best.

Disraeli looks on Palmerston,
  And Palmerston on Mr. D.,
And in debates that last till one
  They taunt each other skilfully;
But there be questions far too grave
To edge a mere debater's glaive.

Ten thousand men of fearless brow,
  On lips they loved laid parting kiss—
O, titled soldiers! answer how
  A needless Death has claimed them his.
They went, one well-remembered day—
Some few brief months, and where were they?

What! silent still, and silent all?
  O no, the damning charge is read—
Even now, in Chelsea's trophied Hall,
  The judges sit, the scrolls are spread,
And haughty blunderers blustering come—
Unknown the shame that makes men dumb.

In vain, in vain accuse those Lords,
  All Lords are right, by right divine,
No, gild anew their tarnished swords,
  And let bereft plebeians whine:
You ask for proof of soldier's skill—
How vaunts each bungling Bobadil!

You've Lord John Russell's lectures yet,
  Where's William Russell's teaching gone:
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The bolder and the manlier one?
You have the letters William gave
  Think you he meant them for a Shave?

Trust not men who lodge in banks
  The price of swords your System sells;
Seek, in the people's healthier ranks
  The fire that no disaster quells;
But slang Routine, and jobbing Fraud
  Will break your back, however broad.

Along Pall-Mall a martial line!
  Our Life-Guards ride with helm and blade.
I see each glittering cuirass shine,
  But, gazing on the gay parade,
I own a wish to bite my nails,
  To think such horses ate their tails.

Her lofty place would England keep
In Europe's none too loving eye,
She'd make one grand and final sweep
*Of all her System's pedantry.**
But no—she bows by right divine.
Dash dumb that Punch's impious shine!

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1856.

IN VINO VERITAS.

THE wines of Greece! the wines of Greece!
(T'was thus a Shambro' merchant sung)
It gives the tortured mind no peace,
To think that Britons, old and young,
Their Port and Sherry can forget,
For Santorin, or mount Hymett.

* * * * *

Fill high the vat with Shambro' wine!
We will not think on themes like these
Let's call the mixture Sherry fine,
Or any other name they please.
Rebuke not, friends, the buyer's voice:
Who pays his cash should take his choice.

Punch, October 7, 1865.

THE ILLS OF GREECE.

THE ills of Greece, the ills of Greece,
By glowing GLADSTONE warmly sung!
Lord B. brought honour back with peace,
And Greece aside is coolly flung,
For wider boundaries yearning yet,
Which don't she wish that she may get?

Vague promise might awhile amuse,
Make her for fight less resolute;
Now help or counsel we refuse,
And even sympathy is mute.
We've urgent bothers East and West,
And Greece's claims may be—well, blest!

* * * * *

Fill high the bowl with Cyprus wine!
Hang hopes of nationalities!
The SULTAN'S much more in our line,
He serves some schemes of cute Lord B's.
A tyrant?—well, perhaps; but then
He plays our game, my countrymen!

Punch, April 26, 1879.

MUSICAL NOTES.

(*On the Claims of Greece.*)

I.

THE claims of Greece! the claims of Greece!
Which burning Byron boldly sung,
When in that land were few police
And robbers every day were swung,
Eternal humbug gilds you yet
And all against you dead are set.

II.

Lo! the *Dispatch*, the *Daily News*,
Charles Dilke, with many a gay recruit,
Have told how Greece the Powers abuse;
And even Fleet Street is not mute
To sounds which echo with more zest
At Rooms of Willis in the West.

III.

Charles Dilke, he looked at Lord Lansdowne—
Lansdowne, he looked at Rosebery—
And sitting there in study brown
They passed the bottle rather free;
Then sang o'er "dead men's" *empty* graves,
"Greeks never, never, shall be slaves!"

* * * *

(Five verses omitted.)

The Sporting Times, June 14, 1879.

The following lines were quoted by Mr. G. A. Sala, in the *Illustrated London News*, 24 May, 1879, *apropos* of a meeting held at Willis's Rooms, in favour of the claims of Greece to the Treaty rights promised at Berlin:—

The Claims of Greece! The claims of Greece!
Which Dilke declared and Roseb'ry sung,
Which Dizzy in his Berlin Peace,
To the Greek Kalends coolly flung.
Eternal Moonshine gilds them yet,
And moonshine's all they'll ever get!

THE AISLES OF ROME.

I.

THE aisles of Rome! the aisles of Rome!
Where burning censers oft are swung,
Where saints are worshipp'd 'neath the dome,
Where banners sway and mass is sung—
In Papal Sees these aisles have place,
But English churches they disgrace.

II.

The vestments, many-hued and quaint,
The alb, the stole, the hood, the cope,
The prayers to Virgin and to saint—
These are for them who serve the Pope:
Shame! that such mummeries besmirch
The ritual of the English Church!

III.

I took the train to Farringdon,
From Farringdon I walked due E.;
And musing there an hour alone,
I scarce could think such things could be.
At Smithfield—scene of martyrs slain—
I could not deem they died in vain.

IV.

And is it so? and can it be,
My country? Is what we deplore
Aught but a phase of idiocy?
Is England Protestant no more?
Is she led captive by a man—
The dotard of the Vatican?

* The system of the purchase of Commissions in the Army was not abolished until 1871.

V.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—our fathers bled.
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our martyred dead!
Of all the hundreds grant but three
To fight anew Mackonochie.

From *Jon Duan*, by the authors of *The Coming K——* and *The Siliad*. Weldon and Co., London, 1874.

Another imitation of the same original commencing—

"The isles decrease, the isles decrease,
The last fog-signal now has rung,"

occurs in *Faust and Phisto*, Beeton's Christmas Annual for 1876, but it has no literary interest, nor merit as a parody.

THE CLAIMS OF GREECE.

THE Claims of Greece! The Claims of Greece!
No doubt Miss SAPPHO loved and sung,
But how can Europe keep the peace,
The wily Greek and Turk among:
Eternal summer may be there,
But noise of war is in the air.

The nations look on Marathon,
And wonder sometimes will there be
A fight like that which erst went on
Between the mountains and the sea:
Where Turk and Greek may find a grave,
If neither party will behave.

A BISMARCK sat with furrowed brow,
And scanned the Treaty of Berlin,
Quoth he, "There'll be a fearful row,
My interference must begin.
We'll arbitrate." He spoke, when lo!
Both Greece and Turkey answered "No!"

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks,"
Was BYRON'S sage remark to Greece
He bids the Hellenes close their ranks,
Their only hope for full release.
They've ta'en his counsel it would seem;
Yet surely 'tis an idle dream?

"Fill the high bowl with Samian wine,"
Whatever Samian wine may be;
And still let Grecian temples shine,
Be Greece inviolate and free:
But ne'er shall European peace
Be broken for the claims of Greece!

Punch, January 29, 1881.

NICE IN MAY 1874.

"THE town of Nice! the town of Nice!
Where once mosquitoes buzzed and stung
And never gave man any peace,
The whole year round, when he was young!
Eternal winter chills it yet;
It's always cold, and mostly wet.

Lord Brougham sat on the rocky brow
Which looks on sea-girt Cannes, I wis;
But wouldn't like to sit there now,
Unless 'twere warmer than it is.
I went to Cannes the other day,
But found it much too damp to stay.

The mountains look on Monaco,
And Monaco looks on the sea
And, playing their some hours ago,
I meant to win enormously;
But, though my need of coin was bad
I lost the little that I had.

Ye have the Southern charges yet
Where is the Southern climate gone
Of two such blessings, why forget
The cheaper and the better one?
My weekly bill my wrath inspires;
Think ye I meant to pay for fires?

Why should I stay? no worse art thou,
My country! On the genial shore
The local east winds whistle now,
The local fogs spread more and more;
But in the sunny South the weather
Beats all you know of put together.

I cannot eat—I cannot sleep—
The waves are not so blue as I;
Indeed, the waters of the deep
Are dirty brown, and so's the sky.
I get dyspepsia when I dine—
Oh, dash that pint of country wine!"

This parody appeared in *Temple Bar* for March 1886, in a paper entitled *Humours of Travel* by Herman Merivale, but it had previously been printed in a volume entitled "*The White Pilgrim, and other Poems*" by the same author, and published by Chapman and Hall, London 1883.

THE SMILES OF PEACE.

THE smiles of Peace, the smiles of Peace,
Which Gladstone in Midlothian sung!
A song we hope may never cease
Though Jingoes yell, with blatant tongue,
To fight—not for themselves, you bet!
And howl for blood, and—"Heavy Wet!"

We look up to the Grand Old Man,
And he looks out upon the sea
Of stormy politics, which can
Be still'd by none so well as he!
For standing at the Nation's helm,
He safely guides the British Realm.

Fill high the bowl with Gladstone wine—
The sunny purple wine he gave—
Let fame and Bacchus round him twine
The wreaths that crown the good and brave!
His solid worth the nation rules,
Though worried by bombastic fools.

Trust not to Tories for a peace—
They have a chief who longs for war,
Let tax and income tax increase.
Pay! 'tis what we're created for,
Better to fight, and glory win,
Than hoard a pile of useless "tin."

Keep firm on Ministerial height
He who nor man nor nation fears—
He who seeks peace, yet fears not fight—
Whose strength and knowledge come with years—
Who knows that peace on earth's divine!
Here's Gladstone's health in Gladstone wine!

Funny Folks, May 23, 1885.

RENOUNCE THE PAPER UNION CREED.

THE Liberal seats! the Liberal seats!
That we in 'eighty proudly won!
Whence—while we suffered few defeats—
We saw the Stupid Party run!
Again we fight these borough's, yet
Nothing, except disgrace, we get!

The Unionist and Tory crews,
Led on, alas! by honest Bright,
Have gained the day; and men refuse
To vote the Grand Old Chieftain right,
Save in the Island of the West,
Where scarce a Tory dares contest.

The Liberals look to Chamberlain,
And Chamberlain looks sour and glum;
Yet, seeing what he had to gain,
We'd hoped that Joseph round would come.
For, gazing back upon his past,
We could not think his—spleen?—would last.

The chief sat in St. Stephen's, where
He'd nobly worked for fifty years;
He saw the Liberals crowded there,
And heard with joy their hearty cheers.
He looked at them one winter's day—
And in the summer—where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,
O Gladstone? In thy voiceless age
The heroic task comes harder now;
Soon must thou quit "the ungrateful stage."
And must thy part, praised in all lands,
Degenerate into pigmy hands?

'Tis something, in this shameful hour,
When beaten, with the fettered race,
To know at least that those in power
This question cannot choose but face.
And they may yield to craven fear,
However brave they now appear.

Why should we moan o'er times more blest?
Why should we wail? Our fathers worked!
The Tory must not peaceful rest,
The Irish Bill must not be burked!
'Tis but delayed, and time shall see
Another Ireland, glad and free!

Coercion now? Repression still?
Ah, no!—that sort of thing is dead!
You may reject our Home Rule Bill,
But tell us, what have you instead?
The eighty-six recruited come,—
Say, can coercion make them dumb?

In vain, in vain! Strike other chords!
Renounce your Paper Union Creed!
In spite of thirty thousand swords,
The Irish nation will be freed!
See! rising at their country's call,
Who fronts you in St. Stephen's Hall!

You have the Liberal leader yet;
Where is the Liberal phalanx gone?
You have two courses. Why regret
To take the nobler, manlier one?
You have the path that Justice shows—
And you've a nation to oppose!

Renounce the Paper Union creed!
You cannot govern men with this
Your Irish brethren you may need
When foreign foes around you hiss,
Renounce it, and the Irish then
Will prove themselves your countrymen.

The peasant of the sister Isle
Has with our best and bravest bled,
That peasant now is all that's vile—
Or—is your sense of justice dead?
Do right, and you perhaps will find
Him generous still, and brave, and kind.

No more these idle fictions whine!
On Liffey's banks, on Shannon's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as your English mothers bore.
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The British blood might proudly own.

Trust not the Tories and their pranks,
Despite the tales their leader tells;
In Irish hearts and Irish ranks
The old, strong love of justice dwells!
But Tory force and Tory fraud
Would crimson swift Rebellion's sword!

Renounce the Paper Union Creed!
Our party, though now in the shade,
Shall still, with glorious Gladstone, lead!
Repulsed we are; not yet dismayed.
No isle whose shore the Atlantic laves
Can ever be the land of slaves.

Place what you will before the House,
There nothing, save an Irish bill,
Will pass. Meanwhile, let Liberals rouse—
Prove Liberal England's Liberal still!
The Irish claim we must concede,
And have no Paper Union Creed.

G.W.

Pall Mall Gazette, July 13, 1886.

—:o:—

Warreniana, by Mr. William F. Deacon (London, 1824), contained an excellent parody on *Childe Harold*, unfortunately it is too long to give in full, but some stanzas may be quoted.

THE CHILDE'S PILGRIMAGE.

I.

WHILEOME in Limehouse docks there dwelt a youth,
Childe Higgins hight, the childe of curst ennui,
Despair, shame, sin, with aye assailing tooth,
Had worn his beauty to the bone.—Ah me!
A lone unloving libertine was he;
For reft of health and hope's delusive wiles,
And tossed in youth on passion's stormy sea,
He stood a wreck 'mid its deserted isles,
Where vainly pleasure wooes and syren woman smiles.

2

He was a merchant, 'till ennui'd with toil
Of counting house turned but to small account,
Sated of home, and Limehouse leaden soil,
Nee more to his dried heart a freshening fount
Of kindly feelings ; he aspired to mount
To intellectual fame, for when the brain
Is dulled by thoughts, aye fearful to surmount,
When youth, hope, love, essay their charms in vain,
The rake-hell turns a blue as doth his sky again.

3.

Thus turned the Childe, when in the Morning Post,
The Herald, Chronicle, and eke the Times,
He read with tasteful glee a daily host
Of the Strand bard's self eulogistic rhymes ;
He read, and fired with zeal, resolv'd betimes
A pilgrim to that minstrel's shrine to move,
As Allah's votaries in Arabian climes
To far Medina's hallowed altar rove,
There low to bend before the idol of their love.

4.

He left his home, his wife without a sigh,
And trod with pilgrim-pace the Limehouse Road ;
The morn beamed laughing in the dark blue sky,
And warm the sun on post and pavement glowed :
Each varied mile new charms and churches showed,
But sceptic Higgins jeered the sacred band ;
For his full tide of thought with scorn o'erflowed,
Or deep immersed in objects grave and grand,
Dwelt on the Warren's fame at number Thirty, Strand.

* * * * *

11.

Th' Exchange is past, the Mansion House appears,
Surpris'd the Childe surveys its portly site,
Dim dreams assail him of convivial years,
And keener waxes his blunt appetite,
Luxurious visions whelm his fancy quite,
Of calipash and ekecalipee,
While sylphs of twenty stone steal o'er his sight,
Smiting their thighs with blythe Apician glee,
And licking each his lips right beautiful to see.

12.

'Twas here they tucked, these unctuous city sprites,
'Twas here like geese they fattened and they died.
Here turtle reared for them her keen delights,
And forests yielded their cornuted pride.—
But all was vain, 'mid daintiest feasts they sighed ;
Gout trod in anger on each hapless toe ;
Stern apoplexy pummelled each fat side,
And dropsy seconded his deadly blow,
'Till floored by fate they sunk to endless sleep below.

* * * * *

15.

Something too much of this ; but now 'tis past,
And Fleet Street spreads her busy vale below :
Lo ! proud ambitious gutters hurry past,
To rival Thames in full continuous flow ;
The inner temple claims attention now,
That Golgotha of thick and thread-bare skulls,
Where modest merit pines in chambers low,
And impudence his oar in triumph pulls
Along the stream of wealth, and snares its rich sea-gulls.

* * * * *

19.

Thus mused the Childe as thoughtful he drew near
The sacred shrine of number Thirty, Strand,
And saw bright glittering in the hemisphere
Like stars on moony nights—a sacred band
Of words that formed the bard's cognomen grand
Each letter shone beneath the eye of day,
And the proud sign-boot, by spring breezes fanned,
Shot its deep brass reflections o'er the way,
As shoots the tropic morn o'er meads of Paraquay.

* * * * *

21.

But I forgot—my pilgrim's shrine is won.
And he himself—the lone unloving Childe
His Limehouse birth, his name, his sandal-shoon,
And scallop shell are dreams by fancy piled :
His dull despairing thoughts alone—once mild
As love—now dark as fable's darkest hell,
Are stern realities ; but o'er the wild
Drear desert of their blight the soothing spell
Of Warren's verse flits rare as sun-beams o'er Pall Mall.

22.

Farewell—a word that must be and hath been
Ye dolphin dames who turn from blue to grey
Ye dandy drones who charm each festive scene
With brainless buzz, and frolic in your May,
Ye ball-room bards who live your little day,
And ye who flushed in purse parade the town,
Booted or shod—to you my muse would say,
"BUY WARREN'S BLACKING" as ye hope to crown
Your senseless souls or soulless senses with renown.

AFTER THE EXAMINATION.

1.

WITHOUT one lingering look he leaves
The spot of all his troubles past,
With thoughtful heart ; for he believes
The dons have made this chance his last.
Those hated schools, brain-addling place,
That seems to haunt his mind for ever,
And sight of which before his face,
Makes all his limbs with horror shiver—
Shiver as though had fallen smack
A douche of water on his back
And arms and neck and head and face,
So hated was that awful place ;
But it must come, and all must go
Where, sitting sternly in a row
Examiners, with looks that chill,
Pluck those that do their papers ill.

II.

And he has gone to his lonely room
To sit alone by the fireside ;
He stirs the fire with the broom,
And does eccentric things beside.
For flurried by the exam. he seems,
And while his hissing kettle steams,
He mutters deep within his breast,
"What causes this delay ?
If with Testamur I am blest,
It can't be far away."
And then the toasting-fork he takes,
And with it in the cinders rakes,

And makes it in a fearful mess,
And then he walks in restlessness
About his room, while minutes creep
More slowly than in prison keep.

III.

He plucked his toothpick in his pocket,
But sheathed it ere the point was bare;
He rolled his eye within its socket,
And passed his fat hand through his hair;
Nay more—he took his meerschaum then,
And gazed upon it with a look
Of absent wonder, then he took
And put it in its case again;
And mopped his brow all cold and damp,
And blew his nose, and lit his lamp,
Then in his arm chair sat and numbered
The weary minutes till he slumbered.

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*. By Adon. London. Chapman and Hall, 1874.

(These lines parody stanzas 4, 5, and 7 of *Parasina*. The same volume contains a parody of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, entitled *Snowed Up*, but it is not of sufficient interest to be quoted.)

—:o:—

MISCELLANEOUS PARODIES OF LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

A very large number of Parodies of Byron's poems have been produced in the form of small pamphlets, either on political or social events, or of purely local interest. It will be sufficient to enumerate the principal of these, the curious in such matters can easily refer to them in the Library of the British Museum.

The Age of Soapsuds. A Satire, by Lord Vyron. London. W. Edwards, 1839; pp. 15

In his preface the author remarks: "We live in an age of bubbles, and if the 'Soapsud' of the following lines seem blown about on the gale of fancy—all I can say is, I write to please myself, and not the critics."

Despair: A Vision. *Derry Down and John Bull*: A Simile. Being two Political Parodies on "Darkness," and a scene from "The Giaour," by Lord Byron. London. T. Hughes 1820.—Political, and of no interest at present.

Arlis's Pocket Magazine for 1825, contained a parody of "The Maid of Athens," entitled *Sarah, I Love Thee*.

Railway Adventures and Anecdotes, edited by Richard Pike, 1884, contains a parody on the lines commencing—"There was a sound of Revelry by night."

The Mongrelites; or, The Radicals so-called. A Satiric Poem. By ——. Published in New York, by Van Evrie, Horton and Co., in 1866 (59 pp.)

This is said by the author to be an imitation of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," but as it relates to the party politics of the United States it does not come within the scope of this collection,

Two prize poems, in imitation of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* were printed in *The World*, April 14, 1880. The subject chosen was *Electioneering Speeches*, the poems were therefore of merely passing interest

In 1834 a small sixpenny pamphlet was published by Chalmers and Son, of Edinburgh, entitled *Lays of Straiton House*. It contained several poems, written in imitation of Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, and of a few popular songs. These were descriptive of the Caledonian Bazaar and its contents were of local interest only, and are now quite out of date.

Abel: written, but with great humility, in reply to Lord Byron's *Cain*. By Owen Howell. London: John Mardon, 1843; pp. 22.

"The object of Lord Byron in his drama 'Cain,' was to embody all the emotions of Despair as they act upon the human mind; in the present poem (if it deserves the name) the author has endeavoured to personify Hope, and to bring together as many pleasing expectations as possible."

Cain: A Poem, intended to be published in Parts, containing an Antidote to the Impiety and Blasphemy of Lord Byron's Cain. By Henry Wilkinson, Stone-gate, York. London: Baldwin, Cradock and Joy. 1824. pp. 97.

(A short poem, with voluminous notes, violently abusive of Lord Byron's poem, and his theological views.)

Several of Lord Byron's poems have been produced upon the stage, the most notable examples being *Manfred*, brought out at Drury Lane Theatre some years since, with grand scenic effects; and *Mazeppa*, at Astley's Theatre, with Ada Isaacs Menken in the title *rôle*. *Mazeppa* has, however, long been quite a stock piece with Circus proprietors, and as far back as December 27, 1858, a burlesque of it (written by the late Henry James Byron) was produced at the Olympic Theatre, with F. Robson, H. Wigan, Miss Wyndham, and Mrs. Emden in the caste, which had a long and successful run.

The late Mr. Gilbert Abbot a'Beckett wrote a burlesque, entitled *Man-Fred* in 1828; and Mr. H. Such Granville wrote "*Sardanapolus*, or The Light of other Days, an original Ninevitish Burlesque," which was first performed at St. George's Hall, on December 23, 1868, when the author performed the part of *Zarina*.

"*The Bride of Abydos*; or, The Prince, the Pirate, and the Pearl" was the title of another Burlesque, written by the late Henry James Byron,* and produced at the Strand Theatre, with a strong caste, including Mr. H. J. Turner, Miss M. Oliver, and Miss Swanborough.

As a rule these burlesques merely give a ludicrous turn to the plot of the original poems, and contain little which could be quoted as interesting parodies.

Amongst the numerous Parodies, Imitations and continuations of Lord Byron's unfinished poem, *Don Juan*, the following may be mentioned:

Don Juan Unmasked, 1819.
Gordon, a review of Don Juan, 1821.
The Templar. A Poem in the Stanza and Spirit of Don Juan, with allusions to Lord Byron. 1822.
A Sequel to Don Juan, London, 1825.
Juan Secundus, 1825.
An Apology for Don Juan, Cantos I and II, 1824.
The Seventeenth Canto of Don Juan, London, 1829.
Don Juan Junior, a poem (with notes), by Byron's Ghost, edited by G. K. Wythen Baxter, 1839.
Don Juan reclaimed, 1840.
Termination of Don Juan, H. W. Wetton, 1864.
Don Juan, Canto the Seventeenth. London, Thomas Cooper and Co., 1870. (In this curious production the author has spread his scanty materials over 56 pages, by the simple expedient of leaving about a quarter of them blank)
Some Rejected Stanzas of Don Juan, with Byron's own curious notes. From an unpublished manuscript in the

* In connection with these burlesques, it may be noted that this prolific dramatic author and inveterate punster was remotely connected with Lord Byron, to whom, indeed, he bore a slight personal resemblance. Admiral John Byron, the grandfather of the poet, was the great-great-uncle of the author of "Our Boys," in other words, both the poet and the dramatist were lineal descendants of William the fourth Lord Byron.

possession of Captain Medwin. A very limited number printed at Charles Clarke's private press, Great Totham, Essex, 1845.

This consists of twenty stanzas relating to the early history of Ireland, is coarse in its language, and of no general interest,

The Royal Progress, a Canto, with notes written on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Ireland, August, 1821, London, 1821.

Dedicated to Lord Byron, and written in imitation of his *ottava rima* metre in Don Juan. p.p. 95.

Don Juan, Canto the third, London. Printed by R. Greenlaw, Holborn, 1821. p.p. 103. (An imitation.)

An Apology for Don Juan, by John W. Thomas, London, Partridge and Oakey, 1850.

New Don Juan, and the Last Canto of the Original 'Don Juan.' From the papers of the Contessa Guiccioli. 12mo. pp. 61, 1876.

The Vampire. This publication was at one time ascribed to Byron, but a letter of his exists, denying this. It is dated April 27, 1819, from Venice. This Letter is not to be found in Moore's Collection of Byron's Letters, its discovery having been first announced in the *Academy*, April 23, 1881.

"I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal annunciation of 'The Vampire,' with the addition of an account of my 'residence in the Island of Mitylene,' an island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant—and where I should have no objection to reside—but where I have never yet resided. . Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever it would be hard to deprive the real writer—whoever he may be—of his honours; and if stupid—I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own. . . . The imputation is of no great importance, and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports I should have received it as I have received many others—in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote—and a residence where I never resided—is a little too much, particularly as I have no notion of the contents of one, nor the incidents of the other. I have, besides, a personal dislike to 'Vampires,' and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets."

Brum: A Parody. By old Sarbot. A small pamphlet of 29 pages, without author's or publisher's name, date, or place, but evidently printed in Birmingham, and dealing with persons and incidents connected with that town.

Ossian's Address to the Sun. Lines supposed to have been written by Byron on a leaf of the second volume of Macpherson's 'Ossian.' These volumes are preserved in the library at Harvard University, The MS. notes and the 'Address' are now known to be forgeries.

The Vampyre. Letters, spurious. By Dr. Polidori, Sherwood, Neely and Jones, 1819.

The Suppressed Letters of Lord Byron. Collected by H. Schultess-Young. R. Bentley, 1869. Publication suspended.

A Spiritual Interview with Lord Byron: his Lordship's Opinion about his New Monument. 12mo. pp. 18. 1875.

Strange Visitors, a series of original papers, embracing philosophy, religion, poetry, art, fiction, satire. humor, etc., by the spirits of Thackeray, Bronte, Byron, Browning and others now dwelling in the spirit-world, dictated through a Clairvoyant state, *Boston*, 1884.

This curious volume contains:—By W. M, Thackeray, *His Post-Mortem Experience*; by Lord Byron, *To His Accusers;* by Edgar A. Poe, *The Lost Soul;* and by Charlotte Bronte, *Agnes Reef, a tale.*

Don Juan Unread (1819.)

By Dr. W. Maginn, Trin. Coll., Dublin.

Of Corinth Castle we have read,
Th' amazing scene unravell'd;
Had swallowed Lara and the Giaour.
And with Childe Harold travell'd.
And so we followed Cloven-foot,
And faithfully as any,
Until he cried, "Come, turn aside
"And read of Don Giovanni.

"Let Whiggish folk, frae Holland House,
Who have been lying, prating,
Read Don Giovanni, 'tis their own,
A child of their creating.
On jests profane they love to feed,
And there they are—and many,
But we, who link not with the crew,
Regard not Don Giovanni.

There's Goodwin's daughter, Shelley's wife
A'writing fearful stories;
There's Hazlitt, who with Hunt and Keats,
Brays forth in Cockney chorus.
There's pleasant Thomas Moore, a lad
Who sings of Rose and Fanny;
Why throw away, their wits so gay
To take up Don Giovanni.

"What's Juan but a shameless tale
That bursts all rules asunder?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder—
Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn
His lordship looked not canny;
And took a pinch of snuff, to think
I flouted Don Giovanni!

"O, rich," said I, "are Juan's rhymes,"
And warm the verse is flowing
Fair crops of blasphemy it bears,
But we will leave them growing.
In Pindar's strain, in prose of Paine,
And many another Zany
As gross we read, so where's the need
To wade through Don Giovanni?

Let Colburns' town-bred cattle snuff
The sweets of Lady Morgan;
Let Maturin to amorous themes
Attune his barrel organ.
We will not read them, will not hear
The Parson or the granny,
And, I dare say, as bad as they,
Or worse, is Don Giovanni.

"Be Juan, then, unseen, unknown;
It must, or we shall rue it.
We may have virtue of our own,
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured faith of days long past
We still would prize o'er any,
And grieve to hear the ribald jeer
Of scamps like Don Giovanni.

"When Whigs with freezing rule shall come
And piety seems folly,
When Cam and Isis, curbed by Brougham,
Shall wander melancholy;
When Cobbet, Wooler, Watson, Hunt,
And all the swinish many,
Shall rough shod ride o'er Church and State,
Then hey! for Don Giovanni.

Thomas Moore,

Born May, 28, 1780. *Died February*, 25, 1852.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay;
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the first rose of summer that opes to my view,
With its bright crimson bosom all bathed in the dew;
It bows to its green leaves, with pride from its throne,
'Tis the queen of the valley, and reigneth alone.

O! why, lovely stranger, thus early in bloom?
Art thou here to assure us that summer is come?
The primrose and harebell appear with the spring,
Bnt tidings of summer the young roses bring.

Thou fair gift of nature, I welcome the boon;
Was't the lark of the morning that 'woke thee so soon?
Yet I weep, thou sweet flow'ret; for soon from the sky
The lark shall repose, where thy leaves withered lie.

O! if beauty could save thee, thou ne'er would'st decay,
But, alas! soon thou'lt perish and wither away;
And thy kindred may blossom, and blossom as fair,
Yet I'll mourn, lonely rose-bud, when thou art not there.

ROBERT GILFILLAN. 1831.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the first rose of summer
That blushing steals forth,
Still doubtful, and fearing
The blight of the north;
Her sister buds cower,
Beneath on the stem,
While yon lone one is smiling
In fragrance o'er them.

I'll not pluck thee young rose bud,
Nor mar thy fresh bloom;
Soon yon dark cloud may wrap thee
In coldness and gloom:
Then bask while thou may'st,
In the bright sun's lov'd smile
And dream of light dewdrops,
And blue skies the while.

So in life's sunny morning
Spreads forth hope's fair flow'r,
How soon to be blighted
In sorrow's drear hour;
Still, while friendship smiles o'er it,
And joy brightens round,
May no demon's dark malice,
To blight it be found.

From *Wiseheart's Fashionable Songster* or Gems of Melody. Dublin,

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EPSOM RACES.

'Tis the last man in London
Left lounging alone,
All his bottle companions
To Epsom are gone:
No friend of the Regent
Or Bond do I see,
To kill on this pavement
His cursed ennui.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine in this street,
Since Verey has jellies,
We'll stroll in and eat.
Thus at Epsom they're crowded,
In London we're cramm'd,
And whilst we are *jellied*,
They're probably *jamm'd*

The National Omnibus, May 27, 1831.

The Old Maid.

I'm the last Rose of summer,
  And wither alone;
All my lovely companions
  Are wedded and gone.
No soul of my kindred,
  No maiden is nigh,
To reflect back my wrinkles,
  And heave sigh for sigh.

Yet peaceful I rest me
  Upon my lone bed,
No tyrant molests me,
  I mourn no Babe dead.
Thus cheerful I scatter
  Regrets to the air,
And rejoice in my freedom
  From discord and care.

Alone must I perish,
  Alone I decay:
No daughter to cherish,
  No son for a stay.
I sink to the slumber,
  Of Death's calm repose,
Till the Bridegroom, rejoicing,
  Shall claim his last Rose.

From *The Maids', Wives', and Widows' Penny Magazine*, December 29, 1832.

The Last Summer Bonnet.

'Tis the last summer bonnet,
  The worse for the wear;
The feathers upon it
  Are dimm'd by sea air:
Gay places it went to,
  But lingers at last,
A faded momento
  Of sunny days past.

The prejudice still is
  For poets to moan,
When roses and lillies
  Are going and gone:
But fashion her sonnet
  Would rather compose
On summer's last bonnet,
  Than summer's last rose!

Though dreary November
  Has darken'd the sky,
You still must remember
  That day in July,
When, after much roaming,
  To Carson's we went
For something becoming
  To take into Kent.

You, long undecided
  What bonnet to choose,
At length chose, as I did,
  The sweetest of blues;
Yours now serves to show, dear,
  How fairest things fade;
And *I* long ago, dear,
  Gave mine to my maid.

Oh! pause for a minute,
  Ere *yours* is resign'd:
Philosophy in it
  A moral may find:
To past scenes I'm hurried,—
  That relic revives
The beaux that we worried
  Half out of their lives.

'Twas worn at all places
  Of public resort:
At Hogsnorton races,
  So famous for sport;
That day, when the Captain
  Would after us jog,
And thought us entrapt in
  His basket of prog!

He gave *me* a sandwich,
  And not being check'd
He offered a hand—which
  I chose to reject!
And then *you* were teased with
  The gentleman's heart,
Because you seemed pleased with
  His gooseberry tart!

'Twas worn at the ladies
  Toxopholite fête.
(That sharpshooting trade is
  A thing that I hate;
Their market they mar, who
  Attempt, for a prize,
To shoot with an arrow
  Instead of their eyes.)

And don't that excursion
  By water forget;
Sure summer diversion
  Was never so wet!
To sit there and shiver
  And hear the wind blow,
The rain and the river,
  Above, and below!

But hang the last bonnet
  What is it to us,
That we should muse on it,
  And moralize thus?
A truce to reflecting:
  To Carson's we'll go,
Intent on selecting
  A winter chapeau.

Then let Betty take it,
  For Betty likes blue;
And Betty can make it
  Look better than new:
In taste Betty's fellow
  Was never yet seen;
She'll line it with yellow,
  And trim it with green!

Thomas Haynes Bayly, in *The New Monthly Magazine*, 1833.

'Tis the last Bit of Candle.

'Tis the last bit of candle,
  With flickering light,
All its pound of companions,
  Have finished their night;

While here we sit toping,
And waking the sun,
To shine on the revel,
As merely begun.

Thou sink'st in the socket,
The grease of thy wick,
Is failing and failing,
As smiles of the sick;
The lips most bewitching,
The eyes most divine,
Are scarcely less fleeting,
In ceasing to shine.

O, My last bit of candle,
Thou'lt not be alone,
Go stink in the grease pot,
Thy brethren are gone:
Though moon ne'er should light us,
Though gone be thy spark,
We can all find our glasses,
And mouths in the dark.

From *Wisehearts Merry Songster*. Dublin.

THE LAST LAMP OF GRAFTON'S ALLEY—CORK.

THE last lamp of the Alley,
Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
Are shiver'd and gone.
No lamp of her kindred,
No burner is nigh
To rival her glimmer,
Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To vanish in smoke;
As the bright ones are shatter'd
Thou, too, shalt be broke.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy globe o'er the street
Where the watch in his rambles
Thy fragments shall meet.

Then home will I stagger
As well as I may,
By the light of my nose sure
I'll find out the way.
When thy blaze is extinguished,
Thy brilliancy gone,
Oh! my beak shall illumine
The Alley alone.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE LAST CIGAR.

'TIS a last choice Havana
I hold here alone;
All its fragrant companions
In perfume have flown.
No more of its kindred
To gladden the eye,
So my empty cigar-case
I close with a sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine; but the stem
I'll bite off and light thee
To waft thee to them.

And gently I'll scatter
The ashes you shed,
As your soul joins its mates in
A cloud overhead.

A pleasure is fleeting,
It blooms to decay
From the weed's glowing circle,
The ash drops away.
A last whiff is taken,
The butt-end is thrown,
And with empty cigar-case
I sit all alone.

THE STRAW HAT OF SUMMER,

'TIS the straw hat of summer
All tattered and torn;
All the brim has departed,
Its crown is well worn.
But no hat is there like it
So dear to my heart;
It has kept off the sunshine
In meadow and mart.

There it hangs o'er the window;
Its glory is shorn,
For my foolish affection
Don't laugh me to scorn;
It is grimy and greasy,
And ragged 'tis true,
But its value in mem'ry
Is more than when new.

Though a horse would not eat it
In such a sad state,
It is worthy of meeting
A far better fate.
It is hardly sufficient
To kindle a fire
But I'll make of its fragments
A funeral pyre.

Oh! companion of summer,
Go with thee my joy,
Thou hast served me with ardour
That knew no alloy.
So then peace to thy ashes
Thy loss grieves me sore,
I shed o'er thee tear drops
Of friendship of yore.

THE LAST OF THE FANCY.

A Lament for the Anticipated Extinction of the Prize Ring.

'TIS the last of the Fancy,
Left pining alone,
All his "nobby" companions
Are mizzled and gone!
No "pal" of his kindred
No bruiser is nigh,
To exchange broken noses
Or give a black eye!

"I'll not leave thee, thou game one,
To pine in the ring;
Since the strong ones have mizzled,
Go—do the same thing.

Thus, kindly I gather
The ropes from the ground,
Where thy pals of the Fancy
Have fought the last round!'

The Art none will follow
When prizes decay,
And from patrons and backers
The "tin" drops away;
When all, e'en a novice,
To mill with have flown,
Ah! who, then, would flourish
His "mauleys" alone?

Judy, July 10, 1867.

AN OXFORD PARODY. ON SMOKING

'Tis the last weed of Hudson's
Left lying alone;
All his dark brown Regalias
Are vanished and gone.
No cigar of its colour,
No "Lopez" is mine,
To delight with its perfume
And fragrance divine.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
I'll ring for a light;
Thy companions are ashes,
I'll smoke thee to-night.
Thy halo and incense
Shall rise o'er my head,
As I sigh for the beauties
All scentless and dead.

And soon may I follow
Those loved ones' decay;
Since from each tempting bundle
They've faded away.
When Regalias are smoked out,
And "Lopez" are blown,
Oh! who would still linger,
Cigarless, alone? J. R. G.

From *Hints to Freshmen in the University of Oxford.* (J. Vincent, Oxford.)

The following parody of *The Last Rose of Summer* is rather slangy, and would not have been inserted, but for the fact that it originally appeared in part 9 of *The Snob* (June 4, 1829), a small paper published in Cambridge, to which it is known that Thackeray contributed. It is, therefore, not improbable that he was the author of this parody.

'Tis the last little tizzy
My pocket what's in,
O, its pale-faced companions
I've changed 'em for gin!
There's not a brass farden
To rub 'gainst his ribs,
For ah! in my pocket
There's never no dibs!

I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
Here moping with me,
With thy friends in the gin-shop
Go tizzy, and spree;
So down on the counter
That sixpence I vacks,
And has 'stead of him, Sir,
Four glasses of max!

But they vont give no credit,
So I has no more,
I'll go and pick pockets
By Drury-Lane door;
About the Theaturs
There's lots to be had
And ven I gets flush, vy
I'll guzzle like mad.

AN AUTUMN SESSION.

'Tis the last of the members
Left spouting alone;
Half the Whigs and the Tories
Are grouse shooting gone.
Not the creatures of Althorp,—
No hireling is nigh
To defend all his blunders
And give lie for lie.

Will they force you, ye lone ones,
To sit till Septem-
Ber? No; others are sporting,
Go sport ye with them.
Then fain would I scatter
This ghost of a house,
Where their mates of St. Stephen's
Are bagging the grouse.

So soon may you rise when
Debates do decay,
And from all the divisions
Each side keeps away.
For when Whigs are all vanished,
And Tories are flown,
Oh, who would attend at
The Bleak house alone.

Figaro in London, August 17, 1833.

'TIS THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER

'Tis the last fly of summer,
Left buzzing alone,
All its black-legged companions
Are dried up or gone:
Not one of its kindred,
No bluebottles nigh,
To sport 'mid the sugars,
Or in the milk die.

I'll not doom thee, thou lone one,
A victim to be,
Since the rest are all vanish'd,
Come dine thou with me.
Thus kindly I scatter
Some crumbs of my bread,
Where thy mates on the table
Lie withered and dead.

But soon you will perish
I'm sadly afraid,
For the glass is at sixty
Just now in the shade.
When wasps have all vanish'd
And bluebottles flown,
No fly can inhabit
This bleak world alone.

Punch's Pocket Book, 1848.

THE LAST "VIVA VOCE."

HE's the last "Vivâ Voce"
Left sitting alone;
All his lucky companions
Have finished and gone:
Not a man from his College,
No friend is there nigh
To get his "Testamur,"
And walk down the "High."

"I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
To pine in these 'quads,'—
Since your papers are 'satis'—
We'll let you through 'mods,'
Thus kindly I give thee
Our leave to go down,
Where thy mates of the College
Await thee in town."

"So soon may *I* follow,
When friends will not stay,
And the 'Common Room' circle
Has melted away.
When rooms are all empty,
And their tenants are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This slow place alone?

From *College Rhymes*, 1868.

THE LAST BELLE OF SUMMER.

'TIS the last belle of summer,
Left blooming alone,
For her lovely companions
All seaward have gone.
No dame of her kindred,
No chaperon's nigh—
I will see if she blushes,
Or gives sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine in the square,
While thy sisters are breathing
The ozoned sea air.
Though thy flowers in the garden
Lie scentless and dead,
I will bring thee a bouquet
From Johnson's instead.

Say, love, may I follow
When thou goest away
To the family circle
Beside the salt spray?
For when "swells" have all vanished,
And "belles" have all flown,
I could not inhabit
Belgravia alone.

Funny Folks

THE LAST PIPE.

'TIS the last pipe this winter,
Left squirting alone;
All its leaden companions
Are frozen and gone,
No turncock was handy,
No plumber was nigh;
And each cistern kept running
Until it was dry.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
While icicles gem
Thy tap, or else, bursting,
Thou wilt be like them;
But gaily I'll scatter
Some straw o'er thy bed,
And the crack I discover
Will stop with white-lead

I thus shall get water,
Though turncocks delay
Round the plug's shining circle
Fixed over the way.
While lead pipes have frozen,
And iron ones flown,
I see thee with gladness
Still squirting alone.

Funny Folks, February 1, 1879.

THE LAST JAR OF PICKLES.

'TIS the last jar of pickles,
Left standing alone,
All its other companions
Are eaten and gone!
No one of its kindred,
No pickle is nigh,
To tickle my stomach,
And draw forth a sigh,

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
Tho' I've just finished three,
And the others are eaten,
I'll likewise eat thee;
Thus kindly I'll swallow
Thee down, like the rest,
Go! find your companions,
They're under my vest:

So soon may I follow
When pickles are scarce,
And from friendship's circle
Withdraw my bluff face.
When walnuts, and cabbage,
And onions are gone,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

ANONYMOUS.

In *The Weekly Dispatch* for May 22, 1881, there was a parody competition, and the prize of TWO Guineas was awarded for the following poem:

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

[Since the defection of his three friends, the once famous "Fourth" party consists of Lord Randolph alone.—Daily Paper.]

HE's the last of his party
Left sitting alone;

All his brilliant companions
Have left him and gone.
No Gorst of his kidney—
No Balfour is nigh,
To reflect his bright flashes
Or applaud him sky high!

They have left him, the lone one,
To speak all alone;
His audience are sleeping,
They cough and they groan.
Yet pertly he'll patter
(Though he should be abed),
For his tongue's ever ready,
Though senseless his head!

So soon may he follow
His "party's" decay;
From whose brilliant circle
Those three dropped away,
With Gorst, Wolff, and Balfour
Seceded and flown,
He can't long inhabit
That bleak bench alone!

R. H. LAWRENCE.

Several of the non-successful parodies were also printed, of which the best are here given:—

'Tis the last baked potato
Left swelt'ring alone;
All her mealy companions
Are parted and gone,
No floury kidney—
No ash leaf is nigh,
To share her seclusion
And rest eye to eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To shrivel apart;
Since the mealy digest well,
Come—sleep near my heart.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy peel at my feet,
Where the whelk and the orange
Perfume the dull street.

Soon, too, will I follow
Thy chariot away,
As the glimmering gas lights
Fade into the day.
When winkles lie soulless,
And 'taties are strown,
Oh, who then would wander,
The pavement alone?

W. W. DIXON.

THE POLICEMAN'S LAY.

'Tis a prime leg of mutton,
Cut near to the bone;
All the greens and potatoes
Are surely not gone!
No haughty inspector—
No sergeant is nigh,
To reflect on what he'd do
If hungry and dry.

I'll not leave that nice bone—one
May see 'tis a gem;
Since the folks are all sleeping,
It's nothing to them,

Thus gaily I'm feasting—
For freely I'm fed—
While my mates on their night beat
Are famished instead.

Some strong beer I'll swallow,
Then forth I must stray,
And from kitchen and "cooky"
Steal gently away.
When prog is demolished,
And liquor is gone,
Oh, who would be a p'liceman
This bleak night alone?

LIZZIE GRIFFIN.

'Tis the last rose of Windsor*
Left blooming alone;
All the other Princesses
To Hymen have gone,
No kindred as suitors
At present are nigh,
But "Monty," 'tis whisper'd,†
Receives sigh for sigh.

And will he be grafted
On royalty's stem?
And will he be happy
When quite one of them?
What more borrow'd honours
Must o'er him be shed,
From the name of the living,
The fame of the dead?

The bay and the laurel
May soon fade away;
His brow has a circle
Which cannot decay,
And if he can marry
So near to the throne,
Why should he inhabit
This bleak world alone?

FRED. RAWKINS.

'TIS THE LAST BLOWS OF A DRUMMER.

By a Poor and Unmusical Civilian.

'Tis the last blow of a drummer,
Who stands all alone,
And calls the battalions
With monotonous moan
No hour ever passes,
No day e'er goes by,
But this sound my ear crushes
Though from it I fly.

I lived near the barracks,
Till well nigh insane,
And now, when I'm sleeping
I hear that refrain.
Thus blindly I flatter
The thing I most dread,
Since my thoughts don't discard it
When even in bed.

So soon as the morrow
Succeeds to to-day
May that drum and its drummer
Be wafted away;

*The Princess Beatrice.
†Lord Rowton.

For if they continued
Their rub-a-drum call,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world at all?

From *Cribblings from the Poets*, by Hugh Cayley, Cambridge, 1883.

HOME RULE.

'TIS the last *ruse* of someone
Left blooming alone;
All his lovely companions,
Are faded and gone;
No flower of his kidney
Save Rosebery's nigh,
To reflect back his gushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou "old hand,"
To skulk in thy den,
Till the landlords are settled,
We've Home Rule again;
Thus kindly I flourish
My rod o'er thy head,
While the mates of thy Council
Lie senseless and dead.

How soon may I follow
Should friendship decay.
And from eighty-five "mimbers"
The funds fall away;
If Home Rule lies withered,
And Parli'mint's flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
Bleak Erin alone?

The Globe (London), April 12, 1886. E.L.

---:o:---

THE MANIFESTO.

(Mr. Parnell addressed the Irish People on the subject of the Royal Visit.)

LET Erin remember each craze of old,
Now her foremost foes invade her,
America send the dollar of gold
In the sacred task to aid her;
To aid her to see all her banners are furled—
Let who will not look out for danger;—
Turn the emerald gem to a brick to be hurled
At the helpless head of the Stranger.

When far from the revels the Home-Ruler strays,
Whiskey hot, whiskey cold, declining,
He'll dream of the glories of other days,
And scorn the low joys of dining!
Thus shall Saxons be taught by a pose sublime
That their pride and their prestige are over,
And the Prince and the Princess will know next time
What thick heads a few caubeens do cover!

Punch, March 21, 1885.

---:o:---

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind.
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

TO A BOTTLE OF OLD PORT.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the dregs
Of such famous old stingo behind;
Oh! say, will he bluster or weep,—no— 'ifegs!
He'll seek for some more of the kind.
He'll laugh, and though doctors perhaps may condemn,
Thy tide shall efface the decree,
For many can witness, though subject to phlegm,
He has always been faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of his earliest love,
Every rap in his pocket was thine,
And his very last prayer, ev'ry morning, by Jove,
Was to finish the evening in wine.
How blest are the tipplers whose heads can outlive
The effects of four bottles of thee;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is to stagger home muzzy from thee!

W. MAGINN.

TO JOLLY.

WHEN he who adjures thee has left but the shame
Of his pamphlets and postcards behind,
Oh! say—wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a seat that by me was resigned?
Yes weep! but, although in your heart you condemn,
Remember 'twas only through me
You attained to the right to put after your name
The coveted letters "J.P."

Through thee were the dreams of her earliest love—
The news that she wished to be mine—
By Greenwich conveyed. Therefore since I must move,
My seat unto thee I resign.
Oh! Happy Joe Arch, should he chance to receive
The post now vacated by me,
While one thought serves my last parting pang to relieve,
I've resigned—not been kicked out by thee,

From *They are Five*, by W.E.G. (D. Bogue, London, 1880.)

---:o:---

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls*
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er.

---

* Tara is about six and a half miles south of Navan by road crossing the Boyne by Kilcarn bridge. "Here, it is supposed," writes Seward, "there was anciently a magnificent royal palace, the residence of the Kings of Ireland, where triennial parliaments were held, in which all the nobility, gentry, priests, &c., assembled, and here laws were enacted and repealed, and the general advantage of the nation consulted. This place is otherwise called Teagh-mor-Ragh, the great house of the King, and much celebrated in ancient Irish history."

And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

COLBURN'S PUFF.

(Supposed to be chanted over the grave of that eminent publisher, by MISS L.E. LANDON)

THE Puff that once thro' Colburn's halls
The soul of humbug shed,
Now lies as mute 'neath Colburn's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the praise of many books,
Whose sale, alas! is o'er,
And men who once were gull'd thereby,
Will now be gull'd no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The Puff of Colburn swells,
For those who con *Court Journal* now,
Heed not the tales it tells,
And people who read *paragraphs*,
In *Courier* or in *Post*,
Think no more of them than old maids
Of tea and butter'd toast.

The National Omnibus. April 29, 1831.

THE BELT WHICH ONCE THE CHAMPION BRAC'D.

THE BELT which once the CHAMPION brac'd
When boxing honour reigned,
In modern times has been disgraced,
And all its glory stain'd;
For he, whose pugilistic fame
Each Fancy Bard should sing,
Now hides his head in conscious shame,
And banish'd from the Ring.

TOM CRIBB, thy manly form no more,
In fight we shall behold;
But matchless were thy deeds of yore,
As generous as bold.
Base acts your gallant spirit spurned,
And manfully you dealt,
And honestly, though hardly, earn'd
The English CHAMPION'S Belt.

Thy praise shall long resound afar,
The Champion long wert thou,
And honor was thy leading star,
And triumph deck'd thy brow:
But glory now is on the wane,
The Fancy in despair,
When shall we see thy like again,
The Champion's Belt to wear?

From *Pierce Egan's Book of Sports*, 1832.

POETICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE harp that once in WARREN'S Mart
The soul of music shed,
Now mutely lies in WARREN'S cart,
Or under WARREN'S bed.
So sleeps the source of MOSES' lays,
So ROWLAND'S puffs are o'er;
And heads once wreathed in poets' bays
Are thumped for rhymes no more.

No more by stanzas, songs, and odes,
WARREN his blacking sells;
The van alone the carman loads,
The name of WARREN tells.
Thus MOSES' muse so seldom wakes;
The only sign she gives
Is when some silly rhymes she makes,
To show that still she lives.

Punch, December, 1853.

SARAH'S HALLS.

THE broom that once through Sarah's halls
In hole and corner sped,
Now useless leans gainst Sarah's walls
And gathers dust instead.
So sweeps the slavey now-a-days
So work is shifted o'er,
And maids that once gained honest praise
Now earn that praise no more!

No more the cobweb from its height
The broom of Sarah fells;
The fly alone unlucky wight
Invades the spider's cells.
Thus energy so seldom wakes,
All sign that Sarah gives
Is when some dish, or platter breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Judy, March, 1869.

THE WALLFLOWER.

THE girl that oft in lighted halls
Enchantment round her shed,
Now sits neglected by the walls
Her bloom and temper fled.
So fades the belle of garrisons
Till she becomes a bore,
And hearts that once beat high for her
Now feel that pulse no more.

From *The Girl of the Period Miscellany*, June, 1869.

THE VOICE THAT ONCE.

THE voice that once thro' senate halls
Would set the echoes free,
Is silent now when Randy calls,
And mute to Ashmead B.
So sleeps the speech of former days,
So hearing's thrill is o'er,
And Tories famed for teasing ways
Now earn reproof no more.

No more, supreme in wordy fight,
The voice of Gladstone swells;
The cough alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells,
Thus Eloquence no longer seeks
To conquer near and far—
How can it, when each wheeze bespeaks
Laryngeal catarrh?

Funny Folks. March, 1884.

LUKE SHARP WHO ONCE IN NEWGATE'S WALLS.

(By an Ex-Warder H.M. Prison, Newgate.)

LUKE SHARP who once in Newgate's walls
The tear of penance shed,
And listened to the warders' calls
And wished those warders dead,
Now feeds no more on prison fare
Loosed are the chains he bore
The cell that once confined him there
Can find him there no more.

No more he weeps in durance vile
Or mourns o'er man's decline,
He wanders far from Britain's isle
And Binns*—the hangman's-line.
Fond memory holds his shadow dear
Old Newgate loves him yet,
And though he is no longer there
He ought to be, you bet.

Hal Berte, in *Detroit Free Press*, March 21, 1885.

(This parody was written at the expense of the popular *Detroit Free Press* writer, known as Luke Sharp, the author of the piece being also connected with that amusing paper.)

——:o:——

FLY NOT TO WINE.

FLY not to wine— tis just the hour
The House divides—the lobbies scour,
And Bellamy's—for once be bright,
The Whigs are strong—we're beat to-night,
If friends won't muster soon.
That Tory Members might be paid,
Were boroughs, taxes, titles made;
Fly—tell our friends the loaves are going,
The fishes fast away are flowing,
Oh! pray!—oh! pray.
The Whigs ne'er wove so strong a chain,
To bind our wrists, our places gain,
If we don't break it soon.

Fly, like our friend, the black-faced blade,
Our long-tailed saint has taught his trade;
Through all our souls his precepts ran,
Since we, like imps and fiends, began
The people's hearts to tear.
If Members game at White's or Brookes
And will not vote to-night, odd zooks—
Office we shall ne'er return in,
Hell their recreant souls shall burn in.
Oh, pray! oh, pray!
Oh, let not Tory spirits quake—
The people rouse—they're quite awake—
We're beat to-night—oh, dear!

From *The Blue Bag*; *or, Toryana*. (Effingham Wilson, London, 1832-)

FLY NOT YET.

Sung by the Right Honorable W. E. Forster, M P

("Owing to the near approach of the passing of the Coercion Act a number of Transatlantic personages, who have been going about Dublin for some time, have disappeared. It has also had the effect of inducing others to remove to England."—*Dublin News letter.*)

FLY not yet! 'Tis just the hour
When murder, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And bhoys who love the moon.
'Twas but to guard these hours of shade
That the Coercion Bill was made;
Let not its penal clauses glowing
Set all mine honest friends agoing.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Law so seldom weaves a chain
Like this, so tight, that oh! 'tis plain
You shun its links so soon,

Fly not yet. The pluck displayed
In times of old in ambuscade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, with blackened face, began
To shoot when night was near;
And thus the leaguer's heart and looks,
Though smooth at noon as winter brooks,
Should kindle when the night returning
Brings their usual hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay!
Alas! 'tis now too late to take
Revenge on rogues so wide awake
As these embarking here!

From *The St. James's Gazette* March 5, 1881.

——:o:——

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

* * * *

T. MOORE.

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

(Apropos of the late Alderman Wood and Queen Caroline.)

RICH and furred was the robe he wore,
And a bright gold chain on his breast he bore,
But ah! his speaking was far beyond
Waithman himself with his snow-white wand.

"Humpty, dost thou not fear to stray
With the lady so far from the king's *highway*?
Are Britain's sons so dull or so cold
As still to be cheated with tinsel for gold?"

"Mistress Dumpty, I feel not the least alarm,
No placeman ever dare do me harm;
For though they vote her and me a bore,
They love their own heads and places more."

"On he went—in her coach to ride,
While he cozened the lady who sat by his side;
And lost for ever was she who was led
By Humpty's honour and Dumpty's head."

THEODORE HOOK.

The Spirit of the Public Journals, 1824.

* Binns was hangman at this time.

Ragged and Rough.

Ragged and rough were the clothes she wore,
And a bottle and glass in her hands she bore;
But, oh! her red nose shone far beyond
The sparkling rum in her dark brown hand.

"Nancy, oh, Nan! don't you fear to stray,
Before the morn, on the king's highway,
When the sons of London are shiv'ring cold,
And may run away with the bottle you hold?"

"Get out, for I don't feel the least alarm,
I'm too ugly and old for to do me harm;
Though they love young girls, and a plentiful store,
Yet they'll look on a faded old woman no more!"

On she went to the famed Turnstile,
And, tired enough, she sat down awhile;
Till, *non se ipse*, all care she defied,
For she drank so much, that she hiccupped and died.

Erin's Chivalry.

Rich and rare were the arms she bore:
A brace of Colts at her waist she wore;
And, oh! her beauty was hidden with fear,
As on she fled like a hunted deer.

"Lady, why dost thou fear to stray,
Alone and unarmed, in the ancient way?
If Erin's sons were not blameless or cold,
They used to spare women in days of old!

"In days of old" she answered, "Sir Knight,
Honor and virtue were Erin's delight;
But this cursed League"—Ere more was said
She ducked, and a brick-bat missed her head.

On, like the hunted deer she went—
Her only crime that she'd paid her rent;
And the stranger said, "Sure, we'll change the song
Of "Erin-go-bragh" into "Erin gone wrong."

Funny Folks.

Rough and Red.

Rough and red was the cloak she wore,
And a cup of potheen in her hand she bore;
But, oh! from her short black pipe the smoke,
Was more fragrant by far than her rough red cloak.

'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lonely and laden o'er this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons in virtue so ripe
As not to be tempted by potheen and pipe?

"Och misther! I fear not a boy in the place,
For I'm the girl that can batther a face;
And though they love potheen and pipes d'ye see,
The devil a drop will they get from me!"

On she went with her cup in her hand,
In safety all over that lonely land;
And barefoot and saucy was she who relied
On that fist of her own, that swung by her side.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

* * * * T. Moore,

Paternoster Row.

There is not in this city an alley so sweet
As the Row, in whose houses the Publishers meet;
Oh the last ray of feeling must bid me farewell,
E're the books in those houses shall half of them sell.

Yet it was not the volumes that piled up were seen,
On the high shelves of Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green
'Twas not what old Lardner yet labours to fill.
Oh no, it was something more readable still,

'Twas that Whittaker, Baldwin, and Simpkin were there
With cheap useful knowledge that others sold dear;
'Twas that Hurst, Duncan, Kelly, all published away,
With Sherwood and Gilbert, and the *Piper* to pay!

Sweet Row Paternoster, I'd like very well,
To see you and your Publishers marching to hell;
There the devils might rub them behind and before
And they'd never be troubled with the Cholera more.

The National Omnibus. July 8, 1831.

Thomas Moore *(*Loq.*) "I am the English Anacreon, the biographer of Byron and Sheridan, the inditer of Lalla Rookh, and the *Man of Melodies*. I would suggest to my noble patrons that:—

There is not in the palace a wide room so sweet
As the room on whose table the dinner things meet;
Oh the last *gout* for good things from life must depart
Ere the love of that table shall fade from my heart.

Yet it wasn't that turtle had shed o'er the dish
Its richest of gravy (that notable fish!)
'Twas not the soft magic of guzzle and fill—
Oh no, it was something more drinkable still.

'Twas that wines, the beloved of my palate, were there
That made every dear slice of the turkey more dear,
And which taught me to feel that my looks were not hurt,
When, I saw them reflected in bottles of port.

Sweet room of the dinner, how calm could I rest
Near thy table and chair, with the wine I love best,
When the ladies should leave us, restraint to release
And, damme, we'd drink off a dozen a piece!

The National Omnibus, December 30, 1831.

There's not in Saint Stephen's so pleasant a seat,
As that Bench where each evening the Ministers meet:
Oh, the last Tory yearning for place must depart,
Ere that Bench's remembrance will fade from my heart.

*Thomas Moore was a great "Diner-out," and we have it on Byron's authority "that he dearly loved a Lord."

'Twas not that the upholsterer had covered each form,
With the greenest of baizes, so genial and warm;
'Twas not the soft cushions well padded with skill—
Oh no, it was something more exquisite still:—

'Twas that *place*, the beloved of the Tories was near,
Making every dear seat on those Benches more dear;
And which taught how the strongest of scruples will move,
When we find them assaulted with pay that we love.

Sweet Treasury Benches, how calm could I rest,
On thy surface of green, with the friends I love best;
When the radical howl for Reform shall quite cease,
And the Bill, like my speeches, be buried in peace.

Figaro in London, 1833.

PUNCH OFFICE.

THERE is not in all London an *endroit* so sweet
As the office of PUNCH, in famed Wellington Street,
Oh, the last ray of feeling and life will depart,
Ere the love of that office shall fade from my heart.

It is not that painters have spread o'er the scene
A coat of red paint, while the shutters are green;
'Tis not the vile lucre that chokes up the till—
Oh, no! it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that PUNCH, the beloved of my bosom is near,
Making every dear inch of the office more dear;
And which shows how the worst furnished rooms will improve,
When we see the shelves loaded with works that we love.

Sweet office of PUNCH! oh, how calm could I rest
In thy little back room! though for space rather press'd;
When publishing time should be over and cease,
And my frame, like that Artist's, shall slumber in peace.

Punch, Volume 2, 1842.

AN OXFORD PARODY. ON HUNTING.

THERE is not in the wide world a country so sweet,
As the valley renown'd where "the Heythrop" pack meet;
Oh! the last dreams of hunting and hounds shall depart,
Ere the runs I've there witness'd shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had here laid the scene,
Midst her thickets of "Bullfinch" and pasturage green;
'Twas not the sweet music o'er fence, brook, and hill,
Oh! no, it was something more heart-stirring still.

'Twas that those we had long known were oftentimes near,
Who could make our pursuits and amusements more dear;
And who felt how the true joys of hunting improve,
When riding *with* friends and *to* hounds that we love.

Sweet vale of the Evenlode! ne'er may I rest
Deposed in thy blue mud, but on with the best
May I ride, till our pastime with daylight shall cease,
And our brandies-and-waters be mingled in peace. J.R. G.

From *Hints to Freshmen in the University of Oxford.* (J. Vincent, Oxford.)

METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

THERE'S not in the wide world an odour less sweet
Than the stench that's exhaled where the Thames' waters meet!

Oh, the last sense of smelling my nostrils must close,
Ere the stench of those waters offends not my nose!

Vile scent of Thamesis, howe'er can I rest,
And know you, perchance, may engender a pest
Till the law, bidding shameful monopolies cease,
Let's us wash in, or drink, our pure water in peace?

Punch, June, 1850.

Another, and a very similar parody, on the same unsavoury topic, appeared in *Punch*, July 17th, 1858.

"A SONG OF THE SEASON"

O, THERE'S not in the West-End a valet so sweet
As our JEAMES when with drawing-room bouquet complete;
With the light "*œil de poudre*," on his side-curls so smart,
And where his back-hairs so symmetrically part!

'Tis not that he shows his six feet all serene,
In the reddest of red and the greenest of green:
'Tis not his *grand airs*—gazing nursemaids that kill—
O no, it is something more wonderful still!

'Tis the thought how amazing a product is bred
From the finest of shapes and the emptiest head,
When in folly's first flight launched to dazzle the eye,
Clad in all that's most foolish of fashions gone by!

Most fragrant of valets, sought Folly a nest,
The sweetest she'd find in thy Glenfield-starched breast!
Rotten Row shall be riderless, Kensington dark,
Ere the calves of that valet are driven from the Park!

Punch, April 20, 1872.

THERE'S not in all London a tavern so gay,
As that where the knowing ones meet of a day;
So long as a farthing remains to my share,
I'll drink at that tavern, and never elsewhere!

Yet it is not that comforts there only combine,
Nor because it produces good brandy and wine;
'Tis not the sweet odour of pipe nor cigar,
Oh! no—'tis a something more cozie by far!

'Tis that friends of the Hell and the Turf are all nigh,
Who'd drink till the cellar itself should be dry,
And teach you to feel how existence may please,
When pass'd in the presence of cronies like these.

Sweet Sign of the Fiddle! how long could I dwell
In thy tap full of smoke, with the friends I love well!
When bailiffs no longer the alleys infest,
And duns, like their bills, have relapsed into rest!

From *Pickwick Abroad*, by George W. M. Reynolds.

STEPHEN KEMBLE.

The following parody on the "Meeting of the Waters" emanated from the "Durham Wags," and originally appeared in the *Durham Chronicle*. It was aimed at the late

Stephen Kemble, whose frequent visits to Wynyard (the seat of Lord Stewart, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry) used to be celebrated by the *great* actor in poetry that was anything but "first rate." "Noble Stewart the Patriot" was a favorite expression with him :—

"THERE is not in the wide world a mansion so sweet
As the Hall where 'my Lord' and 'my Lady' I meet :
Their kind invitations such pleasure impart,
That house can be never erased from my heart.

"It is not that well-polished tables so fine
Within its apartments resplendently shine ;
It is not the green trees that round it I see :
Oh no ! there is something more pleasing to *me !*

"'Tis because 'Noble Stewart the Patriot' is there,
With his Lady so lovely, so charming, and fair ;
And who make all their tables in beauty improve
When they spread them with dishes that dearly I love.

"Hail, sweetest of mansions ! how should I be blest,
If I e'er might dwell *there* with the food I love best ;
Then the pangs I now draw from my crack'd harp should end,
And in stuffing and cramming my days would I spend.

Mr. S. Kemble resided for many years at "The Grove" near Durham. He is buried in the "Chapel of the Nine Altars," in Durham Cathedral.

THE IRISH WELCOME.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale where the beef and the white cabbage meet ;
With potatoes galore, and strong beer at one end,
In one corner yourself, in the other your friend.

But it was not that Nature had shed o'er those scenes
The head of white cabbage, instead of bad greens ;
But, when that was all over we had potheen in store,
With a welcome I'd give it, which makes it much more,

Then no more of your valleys, with your mountains so high,
Where there's nought to be had but a bleak wind and sky !
But come to the cottage, where plenty you'll see,
With a "*Keith mille falthee*," you're welcome to me.

ANONYMOUS

THE TRIFLE.

THERE'S not in the wide world so tempting a sweet
As that Trifle where custard and macaroons meet ;
Oh ! the latest sweet tooth from my head must depart,
Ere the taste of that Trifle shall not win my heart.

Yet it is not the sugar that's thrown in between,
Nor the peel of the lemon so candid and green;
'Tis not the rich cream that's whipp'd up by a mill,
Oh, no ! it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that nice macaroons in the dish I have laid,
Of which a delicious foundation is made ;
And you'll find how the last will in flavor improve,
When soak'd with the wine that you pour in above.

Sweet *plateau* of Trifle ! how great is my zest
For thee, when spread o'er with the jam I love best,
When the cream white of eggs—to be over thee thrown,
With the whisk kept on purpose—is mingled in one !

Punch, March 20, 1852.

THE BITTER CRY OF OUTCAST LONDON.

Prize parody in *The Weekly Dispatch*, November 25. 1883.

THERE is not in the wide world a fester so foul
As the slums where the outcasts of Babylon prowl,
Oh, the last trace of pity and ruth must depart
Ere the gloom of those alleys shall pass from my heart.

Yet it was not that squalor had shed o'er the spot
The stench of her stews and the reek of her rot ;
'Twas not the grim presence of Death and Disease—
Oh, no ! it was something more shocking than these.

'Twas that fiends—the familiars of Mammon—were here,
Who made every dear scene of extortion more dear,
And who felt no remorse, while they left unimproved,
The dens whence they drew the rack-rents that they loved.

Sad outcasts of Babylon ! How shall ye rest
While the vampires are sucking the blood from your breast ?
Or how shall the storms that beat over you cease,
While your hearts, like your quarters, are strangers to peace ?

T. A. WILSON,

Highly commended :

THERE is not in the wide world a city so great
As the Babylon mistress of Britain's proud State,
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the mem'ries of London shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that wealth had made radiant the scene
With splendour of pomp and with glory of sheen !
'Twas not the bright magic of palace or hall—
Oh, no ! it was something more wondrous than all.

'Twas that Poverty's sin-stricken children were there,
Darkly gathered, and pent in foul homes of despair ;
And I felt as I gazed on their black haunts of shame,
That, though evil defiled them, mankind's was the blame.

Dark city of London ! Within thy deep breast
There are poor without hope, and forlorn without rest.
And, ah ! when shall the woes of thy wretched ones cease,
And a wise-taught humanity kindly give peace ?

ARAMIS.

THE METEING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not, in the Session, a joke so complete
As the sight when the Tories and Turtlemen meet
In conflict direct about water-supply,
And when Randy to Fowler gives "one in the eye."

That double-chinn'd joker, great Harcourt, must shake
As Coope the Conservative benches doth rake
With his verbal stern-chasers ; acidulous Firth
Must be moved to a Mephistophelian mirth.

Oh, it *must* be some sly compensation, if slight,
For delay of *their* Measure, to witness the fight
'Twixt the old Corporation, their long-threatened foe,
And those bad Water Companies, equally so.

The Municipal Bill may be under a cloud,
But to hear cheeky Churchill demanding aloud
What's the *use* of an Alderman, verily, this
Must mitigate bile by one moment of bliss.

The meteing of waters may be a small point,
When they hold the whole City is quite out of joint;
But this pleasant reflection must comfort their breast,
"When rogues tumble out,"—well, the world knows the rest!

Punch, March, 1884.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH PARODY COMPETITION.

"The Meeting of the Waters" was again chosen for imitation by the above journal, and the following parodies were published on August 10, 1884. The prize of two guineas was awarded to Mr. B. Saunders for the following:—

THE THAMES.

THERE is not in broad England so doubtful a treat
As a trip on the Thames 'twixt Blackwall and Purfleet.
Oh, the slumbers of Death on my eyelids must close
Ere the bare recollection shall fade from my nose.

Yet 'twas not that the banks were more grimy than green,
Nor rough were the waters that glided between;
'Twas neither sea-sickness nor fear made me ill;
Oh, no, it was something more horrible still.

'Twas that London had poured all its filth and its stink
In the river, which flowed with the blackness of ink;
And I smelt—O ye gods! can no measure improve
This river of sewage that Londoners love?

Sweet valley of Thames—(here I speak of the west,
Where Richmond and Kew smile on waters more blest);
Oh, when shall this plague spot polluting thee cease,
And thy waters to ocean flow purely in peace?

Highly commended:—

THERE is not in the wide world a maiden so sweet
As the lass for whose favour my bosom doth beat.
Oh, the best hope I cherish in gloom would depart
If that maid should grow fickle, and heed not my heart.

Yet it is not that Nature hath dowered her face
With brightest of beauty and sweetest of grace;
'Tis not the dear magic of figure or feet;
Oh, no, she's the ugliest girl in the street.

'Tis that gold, the desired of my bosom, is there,
Which makes ev'ry grim line of deformity fair;
And which gives me the courage to smile when I see
Her blue nose at the window reflected on me,

Sweet maiden, so wealthy, how happy I'd rest
Quaffing "fizz" on thy gold with the chums I love best;
Then the tortures I feel in borrowing would cease,
And my duns, like old friends, be all smiling in peace.

ARAMIS.

THERE is not in this wide world a fraud so complete
As the vetoing power of the Lords' *corps d'élite*;
Oh, faint must the heart be that beats in his breast,
Who in serfdom like this is contented to rest.

It is not that Nature unkindly denies
To his lordship a brain of the average size;
Nor because he resembles the people he rules,
Who, according to Carlyle, are most of them fools.

'Tis because, not content with his ill-gotten swag,
He would tear from the toiler his last tattered rag,
And give to the Franchise the knock on the head
That he tried on the measure for giving him bread.

Gilded Chamber of Horrors! you're fated to go—
There is room for your relics with Madame Tussaud;
For the time has come round when Obstruction must cease,
Hark! the cry of "Move off!" from the Commons' police!

H.B.

THERE is not, to the poet, a pleasure so sweet
As to win the two guineas for which we compete.
Oh, the joy I'd be feeling if you'd only "part"
Would instil some new energy into my heart.

Yet it is not that lately I've frequently seen
That my name 'mongst the "highly commended" has been;
'Tis not the sweet pleasure of this that can fill;
Oh, no, I want something more tangible still.

'Tis the money that's useful in ev'ry career,
And the first fruit of authorship ever most dear;
And I wonder if ever my verse will improve
Till, no longer rejected, I gain what I love.

Good judge of our excellence, calm would I rest
If I thought you'd adjudge this endeavour the best;
When the guineas would come, my small store to increase,
And the coins in my pocket be jingled in peace.

EDWARD A HORNE.

THERE is not in the wide club a room that's so sweet
As the lounge in whose bosom the baccy wreaths meet;
Oh, the last train may go, the last hansom depart,
Ere the charm of the smoke-room shall cease for my heart.

Yet it is not that care has spread over the scene
The easiest chairs in their leather of green;
'Tis not in the sodas and B. that we fill;
Oh, no, there is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that chums of the oldest are all puffing near,
With stories and jokes to club gossips most dear;
And who feel how the odours of baccy improve
When surrounding the humorous faces we love.

Sweet haunt of a smoker! here weary brains rest
In thy fragrance and shade with the pipes they love best;
Where the worries of life for an hour or two cease,
And our meerschaums, like autumn leaves, colour in peace.

J. PRATT.

——:o:——

The Meeting of the Emperors at Skiernievice.

There is not in the wide world a town with a name
Queer as that to whose bosom the Emperors came;
Oh! ev'n than the treadmill the labour were worse—
That town with the queer name to squeeze into verse!

But not of that town or its name do we treat,
But the reason would know why the Emperors meet;
The *quid-nuncs* look wise, but—explain it who can?—
What the mischief's the mischief those Emperors plan?

Are those heads, so beloved of their peoples, brought near
To bring on a war ere the close of the year,
Or, adopting the principle, "*Lex sibi Rex*,"
The unoccupied parts of the globe to annex?

Ah! town with the queer name, how calm should we rest
Could our hearts of the comforting thought be possessed
That the storms we most dread in this dark world would cease,
And that meeting of Emperors really mean Peace!

Moonshine, September 27, 1884.

—:o:—

Come, Send Round the Wine.

Come, send round the wine, and leave plans of reform
To patriot asses and radical tools;
In the den of corruption we fatten and swarm,
Then let's keep our places and laugh at the fools.
Your place may be easy, and mine may be hard;
But while the cash comes from the Treasury chest,
The fool who'd relinquish his *honest* reward,
Deserves not to eat or to drink of the best.

Shall I ask the *old fogie*, who sits by my side
And plunders the hive, if our tenets agree?
Shall I give up my friend, who for bribery was tried?
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the Catholic girl of my heart shall I fly
To seek somewhere else for a Protestant kiss?
No. Perish the placeman that ever would try
To value his place by a standard like this.

To us 'tis all one whether Catholic Peers
Get into the House or for ever stay out;
And as for the Radicals, we have no fears,
Though they bawl for retrenchment and kick up a rout.
Then feather your nests well, and push round the bowl,
Success to Taxation! that magical word
Is the true source of plenty, and sheds o'er the soul
Of a placeman more joy than aught else can afford.

From *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, 1825.

—:o:—

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away.
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
'* * * * *

T. Moore.

Mr. Colburn's reflections when gazing on the piles of unsold copies of Lady Morgan's *works.*

Believe me if all those damn'd musty old works,
Which I gaze on so sadly to-day,
Were to sell by to-morrow to Heathens or Turks,
And so be got out of my way,
They might still be abused, as this moment they must,
Let their pages be read as they will,
And around their cloth binding the dirt and the dust
Might entwine themselves verdantly still!

It was not till old Lady Morgan had flown
To my neighbours in Conduit-street dear,
That the worthless, *half-price* of her works could be known
Which so long have laid mouldering here.
Oh, the books that are truly damn'd never will sell,
But are truly damn'd on to the close;
So their publishers wished, when their value so fell,
They had fall'n on her Ladyship's toes.

The National Omnibus, April 25, 1831.

On the House of Lords Throwing out the Reform Bill,

Believe me if all that demolish'd plate glass,
Which I cannot observe without pain;
Could be made by to-morrow one glittering mass,
And fixed in your windows again.
They would soon be in holes, as this moment they are,
Let the panes be as thick as they will;
And around thy fine mansion each mob from afar
Would collect itself angrily still!

Oh! it is not while windows thus smash'd are thine own,
Presenting an aspect so drear,
That the furious rage of a mob can be known,
'Gainst a proud Borough-mongering Peer!
No, the vote of the Tory will ne'er be forgot
Till the bill has passed into an act;
Like your head, my dear Marquis, repair them or not,
Your windows till then will be crack'd!

Figaro in London, December 17, 1831.

Believe me, dear Susan, if all those Young Charms.

Believe me, dear Susan, if all those young charms
Which I meet on my beat ev'ry day,
Were to seek for protection B. 53's arms,
Like the maiden does Brown's in the play,
I should still from your area, dear, never depart,
But notice each dish on the sill;
And if in the safe there were only sheep's heart,
I should gull you—for you're verdant still.

It is not while cold pigeon pies are your own,
Or you spill master's cask of best beer,
That the faith of a p'liceman can always be known,
That's all gammon, you know, Susan dear.
For the peeler that's steadfast of course never lets
Life's poetry mix with its prose;
For his love is as warm as the sun, when it sets
On the larder which steams 'neath his nose.

Diogenes, Vol. 3, p. 209, 1854.

To a Lady.

Believe me, if all those voluminous charms
Which thy fondness for fashion betray,
And keep e'en thy nearest relations at arm's
Distance—some paces away :
Were those air cubes now blown up exploded outright,
And those hoops trundled off thee as well,
With less ample a skirt thou would'st look less a fright,
And more belle-like when less like a bell.

'Tis not by mere Swells taste in dressing is shown,
And that size is not beauty 'tis clear ;
Nay, the shapeliest forms when balloon-like out blown,
Both distorted and ugly appear.
Then heed not what fashions *le Follet* may set,
Be enslaved by no follies like those ;
For be sure that your dresses, the wider they get,
The more narrow your mind is disclose.

Punch, October 17, 1857.

(Ladies were then wearing very large crinolines.)

John Bull to Paddy

Believe me, if all those unfounded alarms,
Which circulate every day,
Proved true by to-morrow, and Fenian arms
Were uplifted to plunder and slay,
We should still hold our own, with unterrified heart,
Let the outrages be what they will,
And our motto (however our injuries smart)
Should be "JUSTICE TO IRELAND!" still.

It is not to scoundrels, whom patriots disown,
And whom Erin has reason to fear,
That the meaning of FREEDOM can truly be known,
Nor the cause of "OLD IRELAND" be dear.
No! the heart of the PATRIOT never forgets
'Tis not *thus* he should conquer his foes,
And the emblem on which his reliance he sets
Is THE SHAMROCK ENTWINED WITH THE ROSE.

Echoes from the Clubs, December 25, 1867

John Bright to His Place.

Believe me if all those endearing young charms
That I share with such rapture to-day,
Were to fade by to-morrow at Tory alarms,
Collapsing both office and pay!
Thou wouldst still be as dear as this moment thou art,
Let Conservatives boast as they will,
And round the lost Council each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself Liberal still.

It is not when Gladstone and Lowe are thine own,
And thy Childers confiscates the pens
That the ferment and fume of a Bright can be thrown,
Who can roar down the biggest of Bens—
Oh! the tongue of the Demagogue never can rest,
But as glibly runs on to the close,
For the Cabinet's glories are brief at the best,
And a mob may be useful, who knows.

Will-o'-the wisp, May 15, 1869.

To an Ancient Coquette.

Believe me if all those affected young charms
Which I gaze on so sadly to-day,
Were to change by to morrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away.
Thou would'st still be abhorred as this moment thou art
Mocking beauty so vainly and ill,
For around such a ruin no wish of my heart
Could entwine itself, or ever will.

Nay, rather leave rouge and pearl powder alone,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a smear,
That nature's own beauty in age may be known,
And the autumn of life calm and clear.
The heart that is true to itself never frets
For the tints of the lily and rose,
And the sun of affection should glow when it sets,
Even purer than when it arose.

ANONYMOUS.

Believe me, if all those most solemn-faced dons,
Whom we've seen at St. Mary's to-day,
Were to get in a body, and tuck up their gowns,
And down Market-place caper away ;
They would still be *adored* as this moment they are,
Let their dignity fare as it will ;
And at them, with wondering awe from afar,
The Freshmen *gaze verdantly* still.

But while they are clothed in glossy silk gown
And cap best obtainable here,
Their features are scanned by the Freshmen and known,
So that time only makes them *less dear*,
For when once he's been gated he never forgets,
But steadily swears to the close
At the Tutor, who bounds to his out-goings sets,
Or for Chapel disturbs his repose.

The Lays of the Mocking Sprite, by E. B. (Cambridge.)

Believe me, if all that roast pork which with zest
I devoured at dinner to-night,
Were to bring indigestion and lie on my chest
Like a log, putting slumber to flight,
It would still be my favourite dish, as of yore,
Let my sufferings be what they will,
And round the crisp crackling and stuffing galore
My thoughts linger lovingly still!

It is not while playing a good knife and fork,
When your frame's undisturbed by a throe,
That the thought of the horrors attendant on pork
Will be likely to fill you with woe.
No! 'tis only when several *hours* have flown,
That pale Nemesis steals from her lair,
And as on your pillow you fidget and groan,
You feel that "roast pig" is a snare!

Judy, March 9, 1881. F. B. DOVETON.

Believe me, that all these delusive alarms
That the Tories so recklessly float
Are but meant, like the silly cry, "Ulster to arms!"
As a trap for the Liberal vote.

Since you gave them the sack, they imagine (good lack !)
They can wriggle, by foul means or fair,
In spite of consistency, just to get back
Into Downing-street, Parliament-square !

But you know very well, from my action of old,
It's on me you can always depend ;
If you lean on the Dissidents, then you'll be sold—
It's not Joseph, but William's your friend !
All their high-sounding talk hides but envy and pride,
Though their tone is so soft and so fair ;
'Tis for you to decide whom you'll have to preside
At 10, Downing-street, Parliament-square.

ABRACADABRA.

The Weekly Dispatch, June 27, 1886.

——:o:——

"OH, BLAME NOT THE BARD."

AH, blame not the Bard if his frantic endeavours
At compassing *kudos* should constantly fail,
Nor blame Mr. Warden when circumstance severs
The ties of his home and consigns him to jail ;
The Bard would be willing, and yearns to be able,
To thrill the whole world to its innermost soul,
And Warden would cheerfully grace his own table,
But "circumstance over which *we've* no control."

Oh, blame not the British Museum for showing
Its autotype Raphaels all of a row,
For wert thou "originals" on them bestowing
They'd hang them with pleasure I happen to know ;
And blame not the troops in the Soudan for straying
Unlinked with their base as they press to their goal—
It is, though, undaunted the front they're displaying,
A "circumstance over which *they've* no control."

* * * * *

Oh, blame not the walrus that's come to West*minster*
If loneliness makes him to set up a howl,
How often the same has occurred to the spinster
Who sits by her parrot and cat, cheek by jowl ;
And blame not the Frenchman with China who quarrels,
Though sad be his lot and unhappy his dole,
But just count his strange international morals
A "circumstance over which *he's* no control."

Oh, blame not the people in Salt Lake its city,
Who're sending out parties to proselytize ;
They've suffered from wives, and they think it's a pity
That others should not have to suffer likewise ;
And blame not the Bard if his verses are prosy,
And move with a steadily slumberous roll,
The fact that he makes all the universe dozy
Is "a circumstance over which *he's* no control."

Fun, November, 1883.

——:o:——

(*Air*—"Love's young dream.")

OH ! the days are gone when beauty bright
Her own hair wore,
Oh, a girl was not an awful fright
In days of yore.
Now, eyes may leer—false teeth appear,
And painted be each face ;
But there nothing half so beautiful
As Grace—sweet Grace.

Oh ! those lovely girls are ne'er forgot,
Mine eye once traced :
No "Chignons" huge, or scanty skirts,
Their forms disgraced.
Now "Taste" has fled—from heel to head,
All ugliness we trace,
Ah ! there's nothing half so beautiful
As Grace—sweet Grace,

From *The Girl of the Period Miscellany*, May 1869

——:o:——

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises !
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina.

* * * *

T. MOORE.

THE SLOE-BLACK PEEPER.

PEGGY hath a squinting eye,
But no one knows at what it squinteth ;
Right and left her glances fly,
But what they glance at, no one hinteth ;
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nancy's roguish sloe-black peeper ;
Few its looks, but every one
Strikes sly Cupid's arrows deeper !
Oh, my black-eyed Nancy, dear !
My pretty, roguish black-eyed Nancy !
I despise
Peg's squinting eyes,
But sloe black peepers please my fancy.

Peggy wears her dresses high,
And then her stays so tight she'll lace 'em ;
Not a charm can one espy,
Tho' busy fancy tries to trace 'em.
Oh, my Nancy's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free,
To rise or fall as nature pleases !
Yes, my black-eyed Nancy, dear !
My plump and playful black-eyed Nancy !
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
And *yours*, like *her's*, just suits my fancy.

Peggy's mouth to grin's inclin'd,
But 'mongst her teeth there's ne'er a white one ;
And then they look as if design'd
To snap at, or perhaps, to bite one !
But Nancy's iv'ries, oh, how clean !
And then her breath is sweet as roses ;
And lips were never redder seen,
Nor aught more straight than Nancy's nose is :
Oh, my black-eyed Nancy dear !

My pretty, roguish black-eyed Nancy!
How I prize
Your sloe-black eyes,
But squinting Peg's I ne'er can fancy.

From *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, 1825.

Boiled Chicken.

Lesbia hath a fowl to cook
But, being anxious not to spoil it,
Searches anxiously our book,
For how to roast, and how to boil it.
Sweet it is to dine upon—
Quite alone, when small its size is;—
And, when cleverly 'tis done,
Its delicacy quite surprises.
Oh! my tender pullet dear!
My boiled—not roasted—tender chicken,
I can wish
No other dish,
With thee supplied, my tender chicken!

Lesbia, take some water cold,
And having on the fire placed it,
And some butter, and be bold—
When 'tis hot enough—taste it.
Oh! the chicken meant for me
Boil before the fire grows dimmer,
Twenty minutes let it be,
In the saucepan left to simmer,
Oh! my tender chicken dear!
My boil'd delicious, tender chicken!
Rub the breast
(To give a zest)
With lemon-juice, my tender chicken,

Lesbia hath with sauce combined
Broccoli white, without a tarnish;
'Tis hard to tell if 'tis designed
For vegetable or for garnish.
Pillow'd on a butter'd dish,
My chicken temptingly reposes,
Making gourmands for it wish,
Should the savor reach their noses.
Oh, my tender pullet dear!
My boiled—not roasted—tender chicken!
Day or night,
Thy meal is light,
For supper, e'en, my tender chicken.

Punch.

Crinolina.

Lesbia's skirt doth streaming fly,
But none observes how full it streameth;
Right and left the men go by,
But of remarking no one dreameth.
Bolder 'tis to dare put on
My Lina's skirts of extra sizes;
Light she seems, but every one
By unexampled bulk surprises.
Oh, my Crinolina dear,
My pavement-filling Crinolina,
Beauty lies
In mod'rate size,
But *Ton* in your's, my Crinolina!

Lesbia's dress keeps out the cold,
Good taste, good sense, all feel, have graced it;
But *Ton* approval must withhold,
There's not a breadth of stuff in't wasted!
Oh, my Lina's skirt for me,
That swells balloon-like on the breezes,
Letting everybody see
How far stuff *can* go, if it pleases!
Yes, my Crinolina dear,
My rustling bell-shaped Crinolina,
Taste in dress
Can't well be less
Than *you* display, my Crinolina!

Lesbia hath a waist refined,
But with such mod'rate drapery round it,
Who can tell her heart's confined,
From breaking bounds, when Love hath found it.
Pillowed safe, my Lina's heart
Within her miles of skirt reposes,
Beyond the flight of Cupid's dart,—
Poor Love quite lost among the rows is.
Oh, my Crinolina dear,
Expansive and expensive Lina,
Waist less tight,
Skirts less a sight,
Indulge in, do, my Crinolina!

Punch, November 8, 1856.

To Mark Lemon, Esq. Song.

(Air: *Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye.*)

Lemon is a little hipped,
And this is Lemon's true position;
He is not pale, he's not white-lipped,
Yet wants a little fresh condition.

Sweeter it is to gaze upon
Old Ocean's rising, falling billers,
Than on the houses every one
That form the street called Saint Anne's Villers.

Lemon hath a coat of frieze,
But all so seldom Lemon wears it,
That it is a prey to fleas,
And every moth that's hungry tears it.

Oh! that coat's the coat for me,
That braves the railway sparks and breezes,
Leaving every engine free
To wear it till the owner sneezes.

Then, my Lemon, sound and fat,
Oh, my bright, my right, my tight 'un,
Think a little what you're at—
On Tuesday next come down to Brighton.

Charles Dickens, 1855.

Published in *London Society*, October, 1875.

The Chaunt of the Cockney Swell.

(Air—"*This Life is all Chequer'd with Pleasures and Woes.*")

This suit is all chequer'd with crosses and stripes,
Which I wear as I walk by the wide winkley deep,
I am one of the tourist world's toppingest types,
And I purchased these togs in Cheapside on the cheap,
So closely they fit to my elegant shape,
That the fall in my back every optic may see;

And, if you should take an Apollo and drape
Him in chocolate tweed, he would look much like me.
Just tottle me up ! I'm all in it, dear boy,
With tile ever shiny and boots ever tight ;
Like all Things of Beauty, for ever a joy,
The envy of toffs, and the ladies' delight.

When I stroll on the sands all the girls try to count
The number of pockets my garments display :
There are twenty, all told,—'tis a tidy amount,
Though there is'nt much in them, I'm sorry to say.
There are many like me who in youth would have tasted
The fountain of Pleasure that flows by the brine,
But their precious small "screws" they on tipsters have wasted,
And left all their pockets as empty as mine.
But let's have a liquor ! 'Tis jolly good fun
To do the cheap toff in the Hall by the Sea !
Though I may'nt sport a mag when my holiday's done,
Go it stiff while you can, is the motto for me !

——:o:——

OH! THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd.
Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As Emerald's seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
Oh the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

T. MOORE,

* * * * *

THE SCARECROWS.

O'ER Erin's Isle, in rule awhile,
What British knaves have blundered !
Their state misused, and power abused—
And prisoned, packed, and plundered.
But soon or late, they met the fate,
That evil in despair knows ;
We tore in rags, their tinsel tags,
And set them up as scarecrows.
Oh, the scarecrows,
No wind that foul or fair blows,
But shakes awhile
The tatters vile
Of Ireland's sorry scarecrows.

First Forster came, and linked his name
With certain ammunition,
His burly nod sent folks to quod,
Of high and low condition ;
Yet came the day when far away,
We saw the Yorkshire bear go
And take his place in dire disgrace
A grim and gruffy scarecrow !
Oh, the scarecrow
No village bantam dare crow,
Till Buckshot fell
In Failure's Hell
From which ne'er rose a scarecrow !

Came Cowper next with tidy text
(To gospel-writ a stranger),
Deep under ground to drive where found
All discontent and danger ;
But if he did, the seeds he hid
The morrow saw in air grow,
While prospects marred he mounted guard,
A most disgusted scarecrow.
Oh, the scarecrow
Can annals anywhere show
A weaker fool
Sent, *mem* to rule
Than this poor ragged scarecrow.

Trevelyan tried, sneered, whined and lied,
To please his precious master,
But "Indian meal" nor "even keel"
Could save him from disaster.
Alas, poor Pinch ! we inch by inch,
Brought you to wreck and care low,
It seems to me, of all the three,
You made the meanest scarecrow.
Oh, the scarecrow,
We'd honour give to fair foe,
But scorn and hate
Must ever wait
The memory of this scarecrow.

Not last nor least, the great Arch Priest,
Of red and raw repression,
Whom Fame shall yoke with deeds unspoke,
And devil-wrought transgression ;
Ah, Foxy Jack, your British pack,
Shall shortly in the rear go,
Of him who fled in gloom and dread,
A failed and beaten scarecrow.
Oh, the scarecrow
Our boys from Howth to Clare know,
To hear the joints
Of Johnny Poyntz
Groan dry like any scarecrow.

So friends shall fall the strangers all,
Who seek to crush our nation ;
Nor rope nor "soap" can hope to cope
With grim determination ;
And while our tree of liberty,
More branching green and fair grows,
Our museum shall filled become
With sick and sorry scarecrows.
Oh, the scarecrows !
No wind that foul or fair blows,
But shakes awhile
The tatters vile
Of Ireland's sorry scarecrows.

DRAILIN.

From *United Ireland* October 10, 1885.

——:o:——

SONG FOR A THIN-THATCHED DANDY.

(Air—"*One Bumper at Parting.*")

ONE more try at parting ! Not many
Locks circle my head, I regret ;
But a few, the most hardy of any,
Are left on the crown of it yet.
'Tis a ticklish task to divide them,
In well-balanced head-central fringe ;
These patches cost labour to hide them,
Give vanity many a twinge.

But come—every sproutling I treasure—
Thine aid O Macassar! I beg;
Though I own—who can face it with pleasure?—
I'm getting as bald as an egg!

As older we grow, how unpleasant
To pause and reflect with distaste
That the few scattered spikes seen at present,
Must merge in wide calvity's (?)waste!
But Time, a most pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and mows off one's crop,
Ah! never does Time travel faster
Than when one desires him to stop.
No, Age cannot trip to Youth's measure,
With paunch and a spindle shanked leg,
And I own—though it is not with pleasure—
I'm getting as bald as an egg!

Punch's Almanac, 1883.

———:o:———

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love.

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

———

THE IRISHMAN'S SERENADE.

THE full new moon is old, my love,
You've got plenty of money, I'm told, my love,
So your knocker I'll ring,
And my love I will sing,
Though I've got a most shocking bad cold, my love,

Then awake, for my love is so hot, my dear,
That without you I'll soon go to pot, my dear;
For my shirt, at your clack,
Would stick close to my back,—
But the devil a shirt have I got, my dear.

Like a cat my watch I'm keeping, love,
For no bed have I got to sleep in, love;
So honey look down,
And smile me a frown,
From your eye so beautiful peeping, love.

Old Time, like the gutter does run, my dear,
So pry thee mock modesty shun, my dear;
Have me, I'll have you,
And though still we'll be two,
All Kilkenny will take us for one, my dear.

ANONYMOUS.

———

THE BLADDER OF WHISKEY.

THE CATS on the tiles are squalling, love
And the watchmen past twelve are bawling, love,
So step down this ladder,
For I've, in a bladder,
Some whisky, that "drink me" is calling, love.

I've had nothing to-day but porter love,
With some glasses of gin and water, love,
So if you come down,
I'll lay you a crown
That this bladder we quickly will slaughter, love.

I've some onions, and bread, and cheese, my love,
And some Scotch snuff to make you sneeze, my love,
So since I'm so pressing,
Pray don't wait for dressing,
But come down as quick as you please, my love.

ANONYMOUS.

———

THE CAT'S SERENADE.

THE lamps are faintly gleaming, love,
The thief on his walk is scheming, love!
And its sweet to crawl
O'er the dead wall,
While the tabbies are gently screaming, love.
Then put out one paw so white, my dear,
The housetops are covered with light, my dear,
Through the day, at our ease,
We'll sleep when we please,
And we'll ramble abroad through the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love!
But the *bobby* his night-watch keeping, love!
And I who wait,
On this cold, cold slate,
While you're at the mouse-hole peeping, love!
Then, awake, till rise of sun, my dear,
And we'll have a rare old time, my dear;
But if you look shy,
Faith it's all in my eye,
For away with another I'll run, my dear.

———

THE OLD MARCH MOON.

THE old March moon is beaming, love;
The quarter-day dawn is gleaming, love,
'Tis meet to move
From the floor above,
When the landlord below is dreaming, love.
Wide awake! for the peeler's light is near,
And I yesterday made him "all right" my dear.
And the best of all ways
Upon quarter-rent days,
Is to make him wink at our flight, my dear.

Now the landlord, I've said, is sleeping, love,
And his watch the peeler is keeping, love,
And you and I are
To be off and afar
Ere he at our actions be peeping, love.
So, awake! let it quickly be done, my dear;
For if he tired become, my dear,
He may turn on his light,
As on thieves in flight,
And take us two for one, my dear.

Diogenes, March 1854.

———

SONG OF THE SIGNALMAN.

THE rain through the night is streaming, love,
The signal lamps are gleaming, love,
I *must* keep on the move,
Or this somnolent cove
Would soon be asleep and a-dreaming, love!
So awake!—the Express is in sight, my dear,

I've been at it since dawn of light, my dear,
For one of the ways
By which Railwaydom pays,
Is to keep us at work day and night, my dear!

You, and most people, now are sleeping, love,
But my watch, in my box, I am keeping, love,
For the red or green star
I must note from afar,
Though the sleep 'neath my eyelids is creeping, love.
I've been working since rise of sun, my dear.
Fourteen hours, and I'm not yet done, my dear.
Oh, to watch day and night
For the signal light
Is—Directors think—capital fun my dear!

Punch, October 10, 1885.

DEFEATED MANŒUVRES.

"THE Marquis is *not* to be won, Mamma;
My advances he seems to shun, Mamma!
I appeal to you
What *am I* to do?
Oh, tell me what's next to be done, Mamma."

"Have you sat by his lordship's side, my child?
And every blandishment tried, my child?
Have you heaved deep sighs
And looked in his eyes?
And adroitly flattered his pride my child?"

"O yes, and I've done even more, Mamma:
Things I never have done before, Mamma;
For I fainted quite,
In his arms last night,
As we stood on the sea-girt shore, Mamma!"

"If the man is proof against *that*, my child,
Why the sooner he takes his hat, my child;
Between you and me,
The better 'twill be.
For you see he's *not* such a flat, my child!"

ANONYMOUS.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him:
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
"*One* sword, at least thy rights shall guard,
"*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!"

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

ON THE CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION MEETING AT PENENDEN HEATH.

MISTER Sheil into Kent has gone,
On Penenden Heath you'll find him;
Nor think you that he came alone,
There's Doctor Doyle behind him.
"Men of Kent" said this little man,
If you hate Emancipation,
"You're a set of fools," he then began
A "cut and dry" oration,
He strove to speak, but the men of Kent
Began a grievous shouting,
When out of his waggon the little man went,
And put a stop to his spouting.
"What though these heretics heard me not,"
Quoth he to his friends Canonical;
"My speech is safe in the *Times* I wot,
And eke in the *Morning Chronicle*."

W. M. THACKERAY.

This parody is supposed to be the first composition by Thackeray that was ever published. It appeared in an Exeter newspaper soon after the great meeting, on the question of Catholic Emancipation, had been held on Penenden Heath.

THE SAILOR BOY.

THE Sailor Boy on a tour is gone—
In an Oxford crib you'll find him
His boxing gloves on his fives are drawn,
And care is cast behind him.
"Alic Reid," said the bouncing cove,
Are you the man to fight me?
A turn-up let us have for love,
And to *floor* you will delight me.

But the Sailor Hero soon found out
That for once he had made a blunder,
For the Snob contriv'd to tap his snout,
And poor Harry Jones knock'd under.
"Ah!" he exclaim'd, to repine is vain,
Why to fight did I feel so eager?
I'll never set to with the Snob again,
When my head is confus'd with Seager.*

From Pierce Egan's *Book of Sports*, 1832.

THE "FANCY" PARODY.

THE *leary cove* to the mill is gone,
In the P.C. ring you'll find him,
His blue bird's eye he has girded on,
And has left his flame behind him.
Fancy sport, cried the *leary cove*,
Though every *Beak* betrays thee,
One soul at least thy *sprees* shall love,
One faithful *chaunt* shall praise thee.

The cove was *floor'd*, but he show'd high game,
Nor like a cur knocked under.
His *chaunt* will ne'er be *clear* again,
For his nose was split asunder.
Leary cove, said his *flame* in a pet,
Thou *pink* of love and bravery,
Since thou art floor'd, I'll a service get,
And spend my days in slavery.

From *Pierce Egan's Book of Sports*, 1832.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE fiddlers boy to the fair is gone,
In a rattling booth you'll find him,
With his master's fiddle (for his own's in pawn)
In a green bag slung behind him.

*Seager—a distiller noted for his fine flavoured *Old Tom*, considered the best in the metropolis; whether tossed off *short*, or mixed into *grog*

'House of malt,' says the fiddling bard,
Though all the world despise thee,
One fiddler is left and will spend his last,
If its only to patronize thee.

The fiddler drank till it got quite late,
And the table he fell under,
His fiddle was broke by the fall and weight
And the cat-gut tore asunder.
Says he 'No one shall ever know,
Thy sounds of jolly bravery,'
So he smacked across his knee the bow
And he went to sleep quite savoury.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*, Dublin.

A String of Poetic Pearls, Apropos of the Great Diamond in the Exhibition of 1851.

The Koh-i-noor to the wall has gone,
Neglected now you'll find it,
With scarcely any one looking on,
But a constable set to mind it.

How oft some silly wight,
When prejudice has bound him,
Gapes o'er the Mount of Light,
With pickpockets around him!

All eyes and ears, the gem he nears;
Away the crowd has started;
While he looked on his purse is gone,
And all but he departed.

Punch, August 9, 1851.

The Cordon Bleu.

(*On the departure of M. Alexis Soyer for the Crimea*, July 1855.)

The Cordon Bleu to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him:
His snow white apron is girded on,
And his magic Stove's behind him.
"Army beef" said the Cordon Bleu,
"Though a stupid bungler slays thee,
One skilful hand thy steaks shall stew,
One artist's pan shall braise thee."

The cook went forth, and the foe in vain
On his pots and pans did thunder,
He thicked thin gravy, he sauced the plain,
And he sliced coarse lumps asunder,
And he cried "a cook can defy, you see,
A Commissariat's knavery;
The soldier who saves a nation free,
Should have a ration savoury."

Punch, July 28, 1855.

The Draper's man to the war is gone
In the foremost ranks you'll find him,
His knapsack he has buckled on,
His tape yard left behind him.
"Hands so strong," cried the warrior, fired,
"No woman's work were made for;
"Such sinew now for war's required,
"And more—will be well paid for!"

Punch, October 17, 1857.

There was another parody of the same original, commencing

"The Chinese boy to the war is gone"

in *Punch*, May 7, 1857, but it is of no interest now.

The Errand Boy to the Beershop's gone.

The errand boy to the beershop's gone,
In front of the bar you'll find him;
His hat he has'nt stopp'd to put on,
Nor to shut the door behind him.
"Another pint?" says the barmaid there;
"Yes, when you've paid for the first one!
Of all the young rascals who come here,
You really are the worst one!"

The youngster fell!—He had paid the cash,
He'd got it for a wonder—
When over the step he tumbled—smash!
His jug was broken asunder.
He picked himself up:—Hurt? not he;
He looked down at the running liquor:
"Well, if I'd taken it home," quoth he,
"We could'nt have swallow'd it quicker'"

Judy, November 17, 1869.

The Beardless Boy.

The Beardless Boy to the Race has gone,
In the Betting Ring you'll find him;
His father's till he has drawn upon,
And his race-glass slung behind him.
"'Land' I must, or it will go hard
Should all my luck forsake me,"
Remarked the youth, as he bought a Card,
"And Policeman X may take me."

* * * * *

He lost his bets, and his watch and chain,
At which you'll scarcely wonder;
And as he rushed to catch a train,
He tore his coat asunder;
And said, "No one shall bully me,
I'll not submit to slavery!
I won't go home, but I'll wander free,
And take to a life of knavery!"

Punch, June 5, 1875.

The Minstrel Boy.

The Minstrel Boy in the train has gone,
In the third class you will find him,
His concertina he plays upon,
Or the fiddle that hangs behind him;
"Child of Song," cries the railway-guard,
"Though bobbies oft betray thee,
The Underground will thee reward,
These foolish folk will pay thee."

The Minstrel entered the railway train,
But a rival knocked him under,
Causing the Child of Song much pain,
And his fiddle broke asunder,

And said "Go back to your own countree,
Thou dupe of Italian knavery;
Music was made for the brave and free;
And not to be used for slavery."

Funny Folks.

REPUBLICANS, COME IN YOUR THOUSANDS,

BRADLAUGH to protest is gone;
In Hyde-park you will find him,
Royal trips to speak upon:
Now *who* will stand beside him?
"Sons of toil," says the Radical bold,
"Though all the Whigs betray ye,
"One voice at least shall cry '*Withhold!*'
"One faithful heart shall serve ye."

The grant is made! and once again
The public purse they plunder;
But if they try it on again,
We'll speak in tones of thunder:—
Milton wrote, Cromwell fought,
Hampden died for freedom;
Can heirs of liberty be taught
To suffer slavish serfdom?

S. J. MIOTT, 1875.

ON THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,

THE warrior duke to the review had gone,
Amid the volunteers they find him;
His hat and plume he had fastened on,
And his gingham slung behind him.
"Sangster's best," sang the warrior duke,
"Though all the world does mock thee,
"One eye at least shall on thee look,
"To see no chaff shall shock thee."

The rain came down, but the warrior duke
Could not get his gingham under;
The gingham he loved, by some awful fluke,
Had its ribs all broken asunder.
He wailed "The rain will fall on me,
"The chief of England's army;
"My brand new clothes will spoil'd be;
"Oh, take me home and dry me!"

SONG FOR A CIVIC BANQUET, 1880.

THE alderman from Guildhall has gone
In the coffee tavern you'll find him,
The temperance badge he has girded on,
And his old port chucked behind him.
"Cold water pure!" sang the civic knight,
"Though tipplers all deride thee,
No other drink will I touch to-night,
Though the teapot stands beside thee!"

The alderman fell! 'twas not champagne,
But turtle, that brought him under
The festive board, for the glass again
He never touched, for a wonder!
"Cold water is the drink for me,"
Sang he in his Templar bravery;
"A total abstainer I will be
And shun King Alcohol's slavery!"

Judy, December 1, 1880.

THE GIRTON GIRL.

THE Girton girl to Exam. has gone,
In the Tripos list you'll find her;
In mathematics she always shone,
And had left her mates behind her.
"Woman's rights," said the learned fair,
"Though all the world may scold ye,
One brain at least for you shall dare,
One practised pen uphold ye!"

The men they failed!—since the papers set
Very quickly knock'd them under;
But no Examiner could get
Anyhow that girl to blunder.
She cried, "You Dons shan't bully me,
For fame I'm now an angler!"
And fame rewarded her ways so free,
As she came out Senior Wrangler!

Funny Folks, March 12, 1881.

(The Senate of Cambridge University had recently decided to admit female students, resident at either Girton or Newnham College, to the Tripos Examination.)

THE GRAND OLD MINSTREL BOY.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.—Towards defraying the expenses of this annual literary meeting, the Prince of Wales had sent a sum of twenty guineas. Mr. Gladstone had consented to act as President on the closing day.

THE Grand Old Boy to the wars will go,
In the Jingoes' ranks you'll find him;
With Dizzy's sword he will strike a blow,
And his own harp sling behind him.
"Land of the Sphinx," this warrior Bard
Sings out, "Though tricks they play thee,
One Grand Old Boy thy rights shall guard;
By Jove, he won't betray thee!"

So the Grand Old Boy takest rain from town—
With his harp the seat tucked under;
And the Prince pays twenty guineas down
To be out of it—and no wonder!
But the closing day a song shall hear
(May be noisier, may be quieter),
With an *encore* verse, that the heart will cheer
Of a Music Hall Proprietor!

Punch, August 5, 1882.

THE ECONOMICAL PEER.

THE noble lord to the stores is gone,
'Mid the groceries you'll find him;
His biscuit-box he has girded on,
And his jam-pot's slung behind him.
His parcels of goods he can scarce convey,
All the brushes and soap he's dropping;
And he staggers about in a senseless way
'Neath the weight of his various shopping.

"Here economy reigns," said the noble bard,
"And it gladdens my heart to view it;
A flea I'd skin for the worth of its lard,
And here is the place to do it.

What care *I* for scoffs? They may jeer who please,
I despise their paltry scandals!
I shall twopence save on ten pounds of cheese,
And three-halfpence on my candles!

Judy, February 1, 1882.

THE NORTH-WEST BOY.

SIR D. V. gay to the poll is gone,
In the Tory ranks you'll find him;
A roll of pigtail he has girded on,
And a grey goose slung behind him.
"Blarney-lane," said the feathery knight.
"Though all the world betrays thee,
Sweet spot where first I saw the light,
One faithful heart shall praise thee!"

But the knight he fell—'twas Hooper's gain—
And it brought his small soul under;
For the North-west Ward he'll ne'er speak again;
Nor her true burgesses sunder.
"Alas!" said he, "my civic knell
Was rung the day I left Parnell,
For my country's foes and bent the knee,
To Buckshot and Castle slavery."

MARY SHANDON.

From *United Ireland*, December 8, 1883.

A DIRGE!

(*To be said, or sung, by the Electors of Northampton.*)

OUR Bradlaugh boy to the House is gone,
In the Lobby there you'll find him;
Erskine his sword has girded on,
And Denning is close behind him.
"You can't go in!" cried this trusty guard;
"The Commons so decide it;
The House perhaps acts rather hard,
But *you* must stay *out*side it!"

The Members fell to; but 'twas in vain
To try "Denning to get under;"
"Braddy" was floored again and again,
And his top coat torn asunder;
His hat was knocked right o'er his head,
His corns and his bunions stampt on,
And down he went more live than dead,
To where he came from—Northampton!

THE WAIL OF A DISTURBED SOUL.

THE 'prentice boy to the street has gone,
Among his chums you'll find him;
And he has ta'en his mel-o-de-on,
His favourite tunes to grind 'em.
"Balm of Gilead" loud they sing,
As if they'd been hob-nobbin';
And then the midnight echoes ring
To the wail of "Poor Cock Robin."

"There now it's "Over the Garden Wall"—
Shut up, you noisy crew, you!
But list, the liquid rise and fall
Of "Glory Hallelujah!"

Will no one from a window take
An aim, and damp their ardour?
Alike for peaceful slumber's sake,
And for the tunes they murder!

I wonder will they knock off soon
Great Handel! what a hobby!
Ah, now they carol "Bonny Doon."
Confound it! Where's the bobby?
With their last notion I agree,
And back that move to "carry"
The bloomin' lot to "Tennessee,"
Or better, to "Old Harry"!

Oh, wandering minstrels of the night.
A victim I would pray you,
If you must put sweet dreams to flight,
Rehearse "Far, far away," do! A. B.

"THE GRAND YOUNG MAN"; OR THE MISLEADING BOY.

(*A prophecy about Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.*)

1885.

"THE Grand Young Man" to the front has come,
At the head of the Rads you'll find him:
The mild Whig leaders are under his thumb,
The G.O.M.'s far behind him.
"Land for the mob" cries Brummagem Joe,
"Let any one dare deny me;
One class alone has the right to crow—
Capitalists such as I be!"

1895.

The "Young One" fell; but no sense of shame
Could bring *his* proud soul under,
Though his wretched party earned the name
Of "'rifle, rob and plunder.'"
Cried he "the blame don't rest with me,
Not in the knave's the knavery,
But in the fools who ought to see
Yet sell themselves to slavery."

Moonshine, October 10, 1885.

THE GRAND YOUNG MAN.

THE "Grand Young Man" on the "stump" has gone,
In the Rads' front rank you'll find him,
The spoilers' axe he has girded on,
And his Programme slung behind him.
"Working Men," said the "people's Joe,"
"Though Tories all neglect thee,
One trump, at least thy "rights" shall blow,
One faithful arm protect thee."

The "party" fell, but the Tories reign
Could not bring the bold boy under;
The "tongue" he loved was loosed again,
In threats of "blood and thunder,"
And said "no man shall bully *me*,
The soul of truth and bravery;
My voice shall sound till the land is free,
And never be gagged by knavery."

Society, October 24. 1885. F. B. DOVETON.

Several Parodies of "*The Minstrel Boy*" were published in "*Life*" November 26, 1885. As they all related to Mr. Gladstone's electioneering journey to the north, one specimen will suffice, as there is a great similarity between them.

THE Grand Old Man to the North has gone,
'Neath a "Primrose" roof you'll find him,
His "four point" poster he has girded on,
And his family travel behind him.
"Liberals all," said the canny chief
"Let not disunion rend ye;
"Though by my *deeds* ye have come to grief
"In *Speech* I'll aye defend ye!"

"Unite, Unite;" he pleads in vain,
Too late he sees his blunder,
The "Party" is split, for the Caucus strain
Has forced its links asunder
Hope in him dies, yet still he cries,
Though his spell of power has vanished,
"The Rads may come in, what care I if they win
So the Tories from office be banished!"

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

THE Grand Old Man to the war has come,
Confronting the foe you'll find him;
We'll beat the charge on the Liberal drum,
And close our ranks behind him.
Grand old warrior, stout and bold,
Though faithless friends betrayed him,
We'll place the helm in his honest hold,
And with hearts and voices aid him.

His battle-cry on the foe shall fall
Like the roll of distant thunder,
'Twill pale their cheeks and their souls appal,
And their blustering turn to wonder.
For the grand old man, with heart of gold,
Has burst our bonds of slavery;
And freed the land from its burden old
Of Tory craft and knavery.

From *Songs for Liberal Electors.*

—:o:—

SONG OF THE PAUNCHY TENNIS-PLAYER.

(AIR—"*The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*")

THE time I've lost in "screwing,"
In watching and pursuing
The ball that flies,
On fall or rise,
Has been my trade's undoing.
Though Business hath besought me,
I've shirked the truths she taught me,
I left my books
To partner Snooks,
And ruin's what he's brought me.

By Tennis still enchanted,
Of late I've puffed and panted,
I once was light,
And slim and slight,
Ere Anti-fat I wanted.
But now young Beauties shun me,
For stoutness grows upon me:
When asked to play,
They turn away,
Old Blobbs can now outrun me!
And is my good time going?
And is my figure growing
So huge in size
That sparkling eyes
Brim o'er to see me "blowing?"
Yes— vain alas! th' endeavour,
To charm with back-play clever,
Love nevermore—
Save in the score—
Shall bless me—never! never!

Punch's Almanac, 1883.

—:o:—

SONG FOR A HIGH ART HOSTESS.

COME, rest on this gridiron, my own dear *Æsthete*,
Though the herd may contemn, 'tis a true High art seat;
These, these the contours that art yearns to create,
A leg that is spindly, a back that is straight.

Oh, where is the taste that is worthy the name
Loves not the stiff lines of this cast-iron frame?
I know not, I ask not if ease they impart,
I but know they are true to the canons of Art.

Do they call it all corners? they know not the bliss
Of the angular style in a seat such as this.
In furnishing, firmly High-Art I'll pursue,
And I'll crouch on my gridiron couch till all's blue.

Punch. April 16, 1881

—:o:—

AIR

("*I saw from the Beach.*")

To the Finish I went, when the moon it was shining,
The jug round the table moved jovially on;
I staid till the moon the next morn was declining;
The jug still was there, but the punch was all gone
And such are the joys that your brandy will promise,
(And often these joys at the finish I've known)
Every copper it makes in the evening ebb from us,
And leaves us next day with a head ache alone!

Ne'er tell me of puns, or of laughter adorning,
Our revels, that last till the close of the night;
Give me back the hard cash that I left in the morning,
For clouds dim my eye, and my pocket is light.
Oh, who's there who welcomes that moment's returning,
When daylight must throw a new light on his frame,
When his stomach is sick, and his liver is burning—
His eyes, shot with blood, and his brow in a flame!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

I SAW up the steps, when the morning was shining,
The undergrads crowding so hopefully on;
I came when the sun o'er those steps was declining,
There the Senate-House was, but the students had gone.

Oh! what was the fate of the morning's fair promise,
How ended the hopes that we students had known?
Each question we longed for kept cruelly from us,
And those that we knew not set for us alone.

Ne'er tell of surmises but coldly adorning
The close of Exams. at the coming of night.
Give me back, give me back the fond hopes of the morning;
Its alarms and its fears in the evening seem light.

Ah! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When bravely he up to the Senate-House came,
Nor deem'd that 'ere long from that building returning,
In the "list" he would look out in vain for his name.

The Lays of the Mocking Sprite, by E.B. (Cambridge).

I saw from my window, when morning was smiling.
A "Girl of the Period" come tripping along,
When, sudden, the wild blast like fury came howling—
The girl was still there—but her "chignon" was gone!

Ah! such is the fate of the wigs we put on us!
So fleeting the false hair of which we're so proud:
Our darling excrescence the rough wind blows from us,
And leaves us exposed to the jeers of the crowd.

From *The Girl of the Period Miscellany*, June, 1869.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.

* * * * *

T. Moore.

Song for a Dweller in a Quiet Street.

Scale on, scale on, oh! tuneless strummer,
Rum-tum-ti-tiddy-iddy-tum!
You've thumped and twangled all the summer,
You tootle still now winter's come.
The notes you thrum out seem to say,
"Though out of time and tune we be,
Less flat we are, less false than they
Whose clang *shall* rack thy wife and thee."

Scale on, scale on—through endless time—
Through morn, noon, evening—stop no more!
To slaughter you were scarce a crime,
Oh, plaguy and persistent bore!
Were there indeed some quiet street
Where ne'er piano maddened men,
Where never "Scales" this ear should greet,
Then might I rest,—but not till then.

Punch's Almanac, 1883.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

* * * * *

T. Moore.

The dawn of the morn, the daylight's sinking,
Five's cosy hour shall find me drinking
Of Tea, Tea, only Tea!
When friends are met, and cups go round,
And scandals fresh have all enchanted,
When buttered toast is bravely browned,
My soul, like *Stiggins's*, is haunted
By Tea, Tea, only Tea!

When crisply curls the breakfast bacon,
Coffee by me shall be forsaken
For Tea, Tea, only Tea!
Like Ocean, which by light or dark
Gulps down the rivers, resting never,
The cup that cheers when cares do cark
I sip or sing of, doting ever
On Tea, Tea, only Tea!

I have no joy but of its bringing,
And "nerves" themselves seem nice when springing
From Tea, Tea, only Tea!
Tea's spell there's nought on earth can break
(Though tea-cups *can*, alas! be broken);
Bohea the toper's scorn may wake,
By *me* for aye the praise be spoken
Of Tea, Tea, only Tea!

Punch, June 7, 1884.

OH! CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME

Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold,
While Love is now a worldly flame
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Then, call it none of these.

* * * * *

T. Moore.

This poem was chosen as the original for a parody competition in the *Weekly Dispatch*, and the following specimens were published in that newspaper on February 21, 1886.

Prize Poem.

Justice For Ireland.

Oh, try, good sirs, some better game,
Coercion is too old,
And Charity is statecraft's shame,
That gilds a wrong with gold;
And Pity, like some plaintive tune
Which, hackneyed, fails to please,
Awhile as sweet, will pall as soon—
Oh! trust to none of these.

Imagine measure surer far,
More free from lust of sway,
Than pity, alms, coercion are,
Yet nobler still than they;
And if your skill for need like this
No mortal plan can frame,
Go, ask God's Justice what it is,
And try that better game!

B. SAUNDERS.

Highly commended:—

OH! TRY SOME WORTHIER, BETTER GAME.

OH, try some worthier, better game,
Coercion's knell is tolled,
And force would fan the slumbering flame
That burnt so fierce of old;
And Home Rule's but a jangling tune,
A signal on the breeze
For Orange hounds to bay the moon—
Oh! pray try none of these.

But when some plan that's simpler far
Evolves to glad the day,
Home Rule shall with Coercion far
Betake themselves away;
And if thou'lt end such strife as this,
Not vain the strength that's spent;
Go, ask – the answer comes, it is
But Local Government.

D. EVANS.

Oh! call it by some better name,
Land Purchase is too cold,
And Separation is a scheme
Too venturesome and bold;
And Home Rule, like a tropic sun
That burns o'er all it sees,
Might scorch us when its aims were won—
Oh! call it none of these.

Imagine something safer far,
As potent and as free
As those Utopian measures are
With which we can't agree;
And if thy lip for Rule like this
No mortal word can frame,
Go ask the "Old Man" what it is
And call it by that name.

J. FITZPATRICK.

Oh! call it by some fitter name,
For Justice is too cold.
And Peace is a decrepit dame,
Who limps on crutch of gold;
And Pity, like a melting moon
That sways the tidal seas,
Awhile as fond, will set as soon—
Oh! call it none of these.

Imagine something freer far
From stain of Saxon sway
Than Justice, Peace, or Pity are—
Abstractions dim and gray!
And if thy lips it overtax
A fitting phrase to frame,
Go, ask of Erin what she lacks,
And call it by that name.

GOSSAMER.

THE IRISH LANDLORD.

OH! call him by some stronger name,
For Landlord is too cold;
A plundering Wolf his acts might shame,
When worrying the fold.
A Tyrant, like an Egypt sun,
May burn up all he sees,
But soon his frantic course is run—
Call him no names like these.

Imagine something more unkind,
More free from mercy's sway,
Than Landlord, Tyrant, Wolf combined,
More cruel ev'n than they.
And if no name for work like this
Your Saxon tongues can frame,
Ask the "Guld Divil" what it is,
And call him by that name!

ROBERT PUTTICK.

———:o:———

BALLAD STANZAS

(*The Woodpecker.*)

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"
It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

THE TAXGATHERER'S KNOCKING.

I KNEW by the wig that so gracefully curl'd
Above a high cape, that the Regent was there,
And I said, if there's *ton* to be found in the world,
The Dandy of fashion will look for it here—
Half the shops were shut up, and I heard not a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

* * * *

On pretence of NECESSITY, frequent large dips
In my now emptied pockets have made me repine;
In vain does RETRENCHMENT rise up to my lips,
The *Regent* must *live*, though starvation be mine—
Though my shop be deserted, and heard not a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

WILLIAM HONE.

THE COMFORTS OF AN INN.

I KNEW by the post that so gaily display'd
The sign of a *Bear*, that a tavern was near;
And said, if a cask of good ale e'er was made,
The man that was thirsty might wish for it here.
It was noon, and in mud puddles scatter'd around,
In silence repos'd the voluptuous hog—
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the innkeeper flogging a mischievous dog.

And here in this little lone spot, I exclaim'd
With a pipe in my mouth, and a drop in my eye;

With a cask of good liquor, old rye coffee named,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I *lie*
By the side of yon oak, where an old toper sips
His glass of gin toddy, how sweet to recline,
And to know that the liquor I rais'd to my lips,
Had never been tasted by any but mine,

From *The Mirror*, 1823.

An Editor's Troubles.

We knew by the string that so gracefully curl'd
Round the "proofs to correct," that our troubles were near,
And we said if there's peace to be found in the world,
'Tis not in a Magazine-Editor's sphere!
All the house was at rest, and we heard not a sound,
But the little mouse scratching the wainscotting through;
And enraged at his noise and his toils to confound,
We knock'd down the inkstand, and stamp'd with our shoe!

And here in this lone little room, we exclaimed,
How many a manuscript fair to the eye,
(But of which the poor author would soon be ashamed,
Did we *print* it,) the flame of our grate will supply!
All the house was at rest, and we heard not a sound,
But the little mouse scratching the wainscotting through,
And as slowly together the "Copy" we bound,
The clock in the kitchen (a cuckoo), sang two!

The New Monthly Belle Assemblée. April, 1836.

The Good-Pecker.

I saw by the steam that so gracefully curl'd
Above the black saucepan, that dinner was near;
And I said, "If there is a good thing in this world,
'Tis a boiled leg of pork, which methinks is in here."
Every table was spread, and I heard underground,
The landlady tapping a cask of old ale.

And here, in a snug little inn of its sort,
With a landlord that's jolly, a waiter that's cute,
A weed of Havannah, a glass of old port,
If a man were not happy with these, he's a brute.
Every table, &c.

By the tinge of the parson's red nose, that he dips,
With a smile of contentment, so oft in his wine,
How glorious to bask, and not open my lips,
Save to tell to the world how divinely I dine.
Every table, &c.

Diogenes, vol. 3, p. 200. 1854.

Clubs not Trumps.

I knew by the smoke that so heavily curled
From the roof of each club-house the Carlton was near;
And I said if there's fog to be found in the world,
The lungs that love asthma may look for it here.

Punch, December 1880.

—:o:—

To Dizzy.

(By a Country Squire.)

When time hath bereft thee
Of votes now divine;
When the boroughs have left thee,
Nor counties be thine.
When the faces shall vanish,
That circle thee now;
And the groans thou wouldst banish,
Shall grow to a row.
In the hour of thy sadness,
Then think upon me.
And that thought shall be madness,
Deceiver to thee.

When Bright, who could turn thee,
From virtue and fame,
Shall spurn thee and leave thee,
To sorrow and shame.
When by Gladstone requited,
Thy brain shall be stung;
When thy name shall be blighted,
And linked with "unhung."
In the depth of thy sadness,
Then think upon me.
And that thought shall be madness.
Deceiver to thee.

The Tomahawk, August 24, 1867.

—:o:—

A River Melody.

By the Thames, to the right, lies the flat shore of Erith,
For Gents by the *Gem* and the *Topaz* conveyed;
But you, when the steamer that landing-place neareth,
Say "No, I'm for Rosherville"—sensible blade.

By the Red House—that stands like a murder-stained dwelling,
Where pigeons (called blue rocks) lie sleeping in gore—
By the tide at Cremorne, which so seldom, high swelling,
Has saved you the walk from the bridge to the door.

We swear it's a do! for the beer that we tasted
At Erith was muddy, and acid, and dead;
Her fields are all bare, and her gardens are wasted,
And boots get in chalk at each step that you tread.

No, Erith,—though snobbish the Gravesend refection,
Though the "Whittington" shop boys call *polks* in the hall,
Though its obstinate poultry resists one's digestion,
Your fare, *fêtes*, and fun, are more dreary than all.

From *The Man in the Moon*, Volume 2.

—:o:—

Just of Age.

Had I a shilling left to spare,
I should not pay it you;
For, though arrest you did not dare,
You've dunned me like a Jew.
Nor hope to prove my friends more kind
To thy complaining tongue;
For, misers in the old you'll find,
And beggars in the young!

Know that of age I soon shall be,
And of the *ready* flush;
All bowing then you'll come to me,
And for this rudeness blush;
So, with my custom, lest you learn
Another I have blest,
Let *now* a civil tongue return
And saucy dunnings rest.

Bertie Vyse.

The Comic Magazine, 1832.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

THE CABINET'S BOAT SONG. June 1878.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
What though the Whigs and their friends look blue?
We'll sing and we'll chaunt, to each other true,
Pull, brothers, Pull! the stream runs fast,
The Congress is near, and the danger's past.

Why should we yet our hand display?
There is not a card that Russia can play,
But when it's played—be it ace or king—
We still can trump it,—and still can sing—
Pull, brothers, pull! the game goes fast,
But the Congress is near, and the danger's past.

Muscovy's bluster and Gladstone's tongue
But steady our boat the surges among,
God of our fathers! guide our hand
For justice, freedom, and fatherland.
So shall we thankfully sing at last,
"Peace is secured and all danger past."

They are Five by W. E. G. (D. Bogue. London. 1880.)

PLAINLY as tolls disruption's chime
Our fears we'll keep quiet and vote in time.
Soon as the polling hours begin,
We'll vote our St. Gladstone "items" in.
Poll, brothers, poll! events run fast,
Defeat may be near, and our day be past.

Why should we "union" flags unfurl?
We'll not spend a breath their blue folds to curl,
But when its last link leaves our shore,
We'll rest 'neath the old umbrella once more.
Poll, brothers, poll, &c.

Politics' tide, this July moon
Shall see us float proudly, or sink full soon;
King of the green isle hear our prayers,
Oh, grant in this crisis thy favouring airs.
Poll, brothers, poll, &c. ROGGEE SHURT.

Truth. Parody Competition. July 15, 1886.

—:o:—

The Weekly Dispatch had a Parody Competition on *Thomas Moore's*

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

An Anacreontic.

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us.
Those who rule and (some say) fool us—
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deities!
First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an Orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish Gifford can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eldon's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
For the head of Liverpool!
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs
Which they suffered (what a pity)
On the road to Paris city.

* * * * *

And the following parodies were published in that paper on February 7, 1886:—

PRIZE POEM.

HITHER, Flora of the street!
Haste from Bumble on his beat—
Or (if there thou chance to dwell)
From "The Garden," odoured well,
Where the citizens of Lud
Sniff the stench of putrid mud!
Hither come, with what of bloom
Dares defy our brumal gloom;
Bring the flowers as you find 'em
Round our rulers' brows to bind 'em.
First, since near to Piccadilly
Flames not now the Orange lily,
And 'tis only some such dye
Irish G—bs—n can supply,
Stick a yellow Primrose sprig
Into A—hb—e's brand-new wig.

Failing of a Poppy posy
For Lord I—dd—h, dear and dozy,
Could there fitter emblem be
Than the everlasting Pea?
Then on C—c—l's black brows set
Spotted Dog's-tooth Violet,
Or—which would beseem them well—
Rue and Spurge and Asphodel.*

Next, C—rn—n's brows to crown,
Bring me here from Dublin town
Shamrock that has served its turn,
Withered leaf and broken fern.
But for Ch—ch—ll we must find
Blossoms of a gaudier kind:
Stitch the garland through and through
With flimsy threads of every hue;
And as Goddess—*entre nous*—
His lordship loves (though least of men)
The grandiose—like poor old Ben—

* The plant known as asphodel to the later Greeks used to be la tombs as food for the dead.

Twine amid his close-cropped locks
Artificial Hollyhocks!

Cr—b—k, M—nn—s, Sm—h, and B—ch,
Sprigs of Cypress pluck for each.
C—ss may smile a sickly smile
'Neath a crown of Camomile;
But time presses—let the rest
Wear whatever likes them best!

T. A. WILSON.

Highly commended:—

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Hence from Covent Garden's bowers,
Where each blighted country bud
Droops in vegetable mud;
Haste, if such a haunt be thine,
Choicest herbs and flowers to twine
Into wreaths for those who'd rule us,
Those who'd not the wit to fool us—
Flora, sure, will love to please
Her own Tory votaries!
First, then, it is my behest
That a Cowslip be thy quest;
With it to the Commons hie—
Need I state the reason why?—
And stick it in Sir Michael's crest.

Gather next a bunch of Rue,
To his speech a fitting cue—
Garland grim and strange to see,
For the head of Salisbury.
It will suit his bitter brows,
Now they've lost their laurel boughs—
(Smith, too, lost his—what a pity!—
On the road to Dublin city).

Next for Churchill bring a few
Flowers of any shade or hue;
Leaves of evanescent sheen;
Mellow almost while they're green;
Add a little Indian Cress—
Warlike spoil it doth express.

That's enough—away, away!—
Had I leisure I could say,
Naught for Bartlett's brains of fret
Like the Russian Violet;
How Lord Iddesleigh's brow supine
Would 'neath modest Primrose shine;
But time presses—for, I wot,
Men like these are soon forgot.

ARAMIS.

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste from Bedford's ducal bowers—
Covent Garden's sweet domain,
Grimy Eden of Cockayne;
Where each vendor of the spud
Breathes the dust and treads the mud!
Hither come, and daily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who would
Have ruled (and fooled) us if they could.
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Tory Deities!
First bring London Pride and Rue,
These for S—l—sb—y will do—
Place the wreath with gesture gladsome
Where his hair was when he had some,
Cockscomb, next, of brightest red,
Find for Ch—rch—ll's's modest head;
And, fair Goddess, if thy search
Leads thee by the classic Birch.
Pluck a tribute switch to grace
R—nd—lph in another place!

Shamrock, then, we fain would see—
Four-leaved shamrock let it be,
And with this botanic myth
Deck the brows of Mr. Sm—th.
Let "Old Woman"—homely plant—
Crown C—rn—rv—n's ringlets scant;
And Thistle, loved of asses ever,
Were not amiss for Cr—ss the clever!

That's enough—away, away!—
Had I leisure, I could say
H—cks B—ch would seem Adonis still
Wreathed in transient Daffodil;
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so prithee haste!

THISTLE.

THE LEGACY.

"When in death I shall calmly recline."

"When in gaol I shall calm recline,
Bear my best coat to some pawnbroker near,
Show him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
And ask him a price that's not too dear.

Bid him not search for bank notes in the pocket,
For they were lugged out to pay an old debt,
And all he'll find will be an old locket
Of Sal's, she gave me when last we met."

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL QUIET BE FOUND.

WHEN in death I shall quiet be found,
Pray bear my clothes to some pawnbroker near,
Tell him to lend you a couple of pound,
And mind he don't charge for the ticket too dear.

Bid him not search too close for gamboge
In the breeches, nor nicely examine the coat,
But tell him that he may send if he choose,
All he can spare 'bove a two-pound note.

Then with the money pray buy me a coffin,
And bury me safe 'neath a table of chance;
Haply e'en there my memory may soften
The pangs of ill-luck and the want of finance.

But should some cruel and opulent Greek
Revile at my state as he stamps o'er my grave,
Oh! let some thought of its master bespeak,
Your favour for him who was gambling's slave.

Take, then, these cards, which now are neglected,
And bury them with me when I am at rest;
Never! oh, never! in cheating detected,
Though seldom by hands that were pure were they prest.

But should some fortunate gambling rover
Come here to seek them in frolic and fun,
Oh, then around my genius shall hover,
And teach him to spend the cash he has won.

ANONYMOUS.

A Farewell

(*Sung by Mr. Cross to the Ratepayers of London.*)

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
When the Pekoe is fragrant in boudoir and bower,
Then think of your Cross who had made the dear brew
At the ratepayer's cost even dearer to you!

* * * * *

You may boil, you may filter, the stuff as you w
But the scent of the Sewage will hang round it still!

Punch May 1, 1880.

—:o:—

To Tory Hearts.

To Tory hearts a round, boys,
You can't refuse, you can't refuse,
When Lib'rals so abound, boys,
'Tis time to choose, 'tis time to choose,
For thick as stars that lighten,
Our London stage, our London stage
Are Whigs that fain would brighten
The present age, the present age.

To Tories fill, where'er boys,
Your choice may fall, your choice may fa
Be sure you'll find truth there, boys,
So drink them all, so drink them all.

* * * * *

Spirit of the Age Newspaper for 1828

—:o:—

Devilled Biscuit

("*A Temple to Friendship.*")

"A nice Devill'd Biscuit" said Jenkins enchanted,
"I'll have after dinner—the thought is divine!"
The biscuit was bought, and he now only wanted—
To fully enjoy it—a glass of good wine.
He flew to the pepper, and sat down before it,
And at peppering the well-butter'd biscuit he went
Then, some cheese in a paste mix'd with mustard
spread o'er it,
And down to be grill'd to the kitchen 'twas sent.

"Oh! how," said the Cook, "can I this think o
grilling,
When common the pepper? the whole will be flat.
But here's the Cayenne; if my master is willing,
I'll make, if he pleases, a devil with that."
So the Footman ran up with the Cook's observation
To Jenkins, who gave him a terrible look:
"Oh, go to the devil!" forgetting his station,
Was the answer that Jenkins sent down to the Cook.

Punch.

—:o:—

Apple Pie.

("*All that's bright must fade.*")

All new dishes fade—
The newest oft the fleetest
Of all the pies now made,
The Apple's still the sweetest;
Cut and come again.
The syrup upward springing!
While my life and taste remain,
To thee my heart is clinging.
Other dainties fade—
The newest oft the fleetest;
But of all the pies now made,
The Apple's still the sweetest.

Who absurdly buys
Fruit not worth the baking?
Who wastes crust on pies
That do not pay for making?
Better far to be
An Apple Tartlet buying,
Than to make one at home, and see
On it there's no relying:
That all must be weigh'd,
When thyself thou treatest
Still a pie home-made
Is, after all, the sweetest.

Who a pie would make,
First his apple slices;
Then he ought to take
Some cloves—the best of spices:
Grate some lemon rind,
Butter add discreetly;
Then some sugar mix—but mind
The pie's not made too sweetly
Every pie that's made
With sugar, is completest;
But moderation should pervade—
Too sweet is not the sweetest.

Who would tone impart,
Must—if my word is trusted—
Add to his pie or tart
A glass of port—old crusted
If a man of taste,
He, complete to make it
In the very finest paste
Will inclose and bake it.
Pies have each their grade;
But, when this thou eatest
Of all that e'er were made.
You'll say 'tis best and sweetest.

Punch.

—:o:—

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't'will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

T. Moore.

These Christmas Bills.

(*A commercial melody* 1826).

These Christmas bills, these Christmas bills
How many a thought their number kills,

Of notes and cash, and that sweet time
When oft I heard my sovereigns chime.

Those golden days are past away,
And many a bill I used to pay
Sticks on the file, and empty tills
Contain no cash for Christmas bills.

And so 'twill be—though these are paid,
More Christmas bills will still be made,
And other men will fear these ills,
And curse the name of Christmas bills.

From Hone's Every Day Book.

On Revisiting College.

That chapel bell—that chapel bell!
Ah, once I knew its music well—
It tells of youth—of wasted time—
Of folly, happiness, and crime.

But now those joyous days are gone,
Yet still its peal is ringing on—
While others wish its tongue in hell,
And daily curse that chapel bell!

The Gownsman, (Cambridge), February 18, 1830.

The Fatal Moustache.

The Duke of Cumberland had grossly insulted some ladies in the public high road near Barnes. He attempted to deny his identity, but was recognised by his white moustache.

My white moustache, my white moustache,
You speak the truth, however harsh,
Of Barnes and Kew, and of the time
When I rode past with air sublime.

The curs'd excrescence does away
With every lie that Q—— may say;
And oh, its ghastly whiteness tells
The truth to the insulted *belles*.

And so they knew when I had gone
The moustache that my lips had on.
"No other pair so whitely swells
We know them," say the Chiswick

Figaro in London, October 6, 1832.

Moore, himself, wrote a parody on this subject, in imitation of the old song:

"A Master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun."

The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
Galloping, dreary Duke;
The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
He's an ogre to meet, and the devil to pass,
With his charger prancing,
Grim eye glancing,
Chin, like a Mufti,
Grizzled and tufty,
Galloping, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood
Of this galloping, dreary Duke;
Avoid him, all, who see no good
In being run o'er by a Prince of the Blood.
For, surely, no nymph is
Fond of a grim phiz,
And of the married,
Whole crowds have miscarried
At sight of this dreary Duke.

Song supposed to be addressed by Lord Eldon to Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover) on his leaving England:—

Fly Not Yet.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When place—like a black midnight flower,
Which scorns the rude and vulgar light,
Begins to woo us sons of night,
And scamps who covet cash.
'Twas but to bless us sons of shade,
That place and pay were ever made.
'Tis then their rich attractions glowing,
From the public purse are flowing.
Oh stay! oh stay.

The Whigs are at a discount now,
And while they are, indeed I vow
For you to leave is rash.

Grand Chorus. The Whigs are at a discount now,
And while they are, indeed I vow
For you to leave is rash.

Figaro in London, September 28, 1833.

(The Duke of Cumberland was the least popular of all the sons of George III. His manners were rude, overbearing, and sometimes even brutal, and he was profligate, selfish, and quarrelsome. On the accession of Queen Victoria, the throne of Hanover passed to him in virtue of the Salic law, and the greatest public satisfaction was felt on his departure for his new kingdom, where his breaches of faith, and tyrannical conduct, soon led to commotions which had to be quelled by severe military measures. He died in 1851).

Those London belles, those London belles,
Ah! what a tale their beauty tells,
Of suff'ring beaux and wounded hearts,
The dire effect of Cupid's darts.

Perhaps that maid, with eyes of blue,
Has often made a sad to do;
And many a heart with anguish swells,
While thinking of the London belles.

Ah! yes, how sweet it is to me.
To take a social cup of tea,
And while the heart in comfort dwells,
To hear the chat of London belles.

For then they scan their dress,—the play,
Though woe to those who are away,
For Scandal often leaves her cells,
To join the chat of London belles.

Ev'n Jove peeps down, with looks of love,
And Juno, jealous, frowns above,
To see young Beauty gladly dwells,
To deck the charms of London belles.

And so 'twill be in other times,
Fond hearts will sing in softer rhymes,
And cloud the praise this ditty swells
While ages grace the London belles.

MISS BRYANT.

THOSE BALL-ROOM BELLES.

THOSE ball-room belles! those ball-room belles!
How many a tale their memory tells
Of polka, waltz and galopade,
Of D'Albert, Linter, and Musard.

"The season" now has pass'd away,
And many "a man" that then was gay
Now climbs the alps or Scotia's fells,
And whirls no more those ball-room belles.

And so 'twill be when next they meet,
In Belgrave-square and Berkeley-street;
The waltz shall rouse embroider'd "swells"
To *deux-temps* with those ball-room belles.

Diogenes, August, 1853.

THOSE SCOTCH HOTELS.

THOSE Scotch hotels! Those Scotch hotels
Each tourist of their robberies tells:
My pocket to its bottom thrills,
When I reflect upon their bills.

Some pleasant hours soon pass'd away,
But when I learned what was to pay,
I wish'd the devil had those swells—
The landlords of the Scotch hotels.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
The greedy race will still rob on;
And other tourists through these dells
Shall rail upon the Scotch Hotels.

Diogenes, September, 1853.

THOSE GRESHAM CHIMES.

THOSE Gresham chimes, those Gresham chimes!
They take us back to Tudor times,
When Merchant Princes felt no shame
To bear a civic magnate's name.

That name has sunk below disdain,
No GRESHAM dons the civic chain,
A Merchant Prince as soon would wear
The garb of Beadle as of Mayor.

But Mayors, and such, will soon be gone,
A new *régime* is coming on;
We'll hope to hear, in better times,
Some Gresham hailed by Gresham chimes.

Punch, December, 1853.

(A new set of Chimes had just been fixed in the tower of the Royal Exchange, London.)

THOSE TRAMWAY BELLS.

THOSE tramway bells, those tramway bells,
How many a joy their discord quells;
My temper, thoughts, and this sweet rhyme
They knock completely out of time.

Those fearful sounds ne'er pass away,
But mar with discord night and day;
And tin-tin-nabulation swells
To horror in those tramway bells.

The railway bell has bulk of tone,
The muffin—sweetness of its own;
But frenzy in this tinkling dwells—
Like Mr. Irving's in "The Bells."

Not thus 'twill be when steam has come,
For then this clangour will be dumb;
Whilst other force the car propels,
We'll hear no more those tramway bells.

Funny Folks.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,
How many a tale their music tells.
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime.
And letters only just in time!—

The Muffin-boy has pass'd away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay,
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,
The tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other maids with timely yells
Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

Tom Hood.

LONDON BELLS.

THOSE London Bells, those London Bells,
How plain a tale that nuisance tells,
Of fees and beer, that buy the time
Of those who raise that senseless chime

Those foolish times are passed away
When people liked the belfry's bray,
With Lord Mayor's Shows and Thames's smells
We class those pestering London Bells,

Were wringers' swipes and swindle gone,
That vulgar noise would *not* go on.
The fact from every steeple knells
That Pewter Pots are London Bells.

SHIRLEY BROOKS. November 1855.

THOSE PRETTY GIRLS.

THOSE pretty girls, those pretty girls,
How many a glance their bright eye whirls,
Of love, and hope, and that fond ray
That lures us on from day to day.

How many a spirit that was bright,
When first he looked on beauty's light,
Walks sorrowing where the cascade purls,
And sees no more those pretty girls.

Thus, too, when silence quells my lyre,
Will beauty's eyes still flash with fire,
And other poets twine your curls,
And sing your praises, pretty girls.

J. W. W.

Those Vatted Rums.

Those Vatted Rums, those Vatted Rums!
How very cheap a quartern comes,
When of that liquor pure and prime,
You take two gallons at a time.

The fumes will quickly pass away,
And many an evening will be gay—
While nothing like a headache comes,
Through drinking these delicious Rums.

And so 'twill be, when I am gone;
Those Vatted Rums will still sell on,
And other fingers, pens, and thumbs
Will sing your praise—ye Vatted Rums.

Punch, August 25, 1855.

Those Evening Belles.

Those evening belles, those evening belles
How much of faded youth it tells
That red red rouge thick painted on,
Of waning charms, of beauties gone.

Soon e'en red rouge will pass away,
And sunken cheek and mind's decay
Will dull those eyes where sparkle dwells,
Leave old and grim those evening belles.

Yet then, as now, when they are gone
Some red rouged belles will still laugh on,
And yawning o'er them other "swells,"
Discourse their charms, rouged evening belles.

From *Pan, the Pilgrim*. (Weldon & Co., London).

That Muffin Bell.

That Muffin-Bell! That Muffin-Bell!
How many a tale its tinklings tell.
Of youth, and hope, and that glad time
When my digestion yet was prime!

The bilious discs I then could eat,
The bell's wild whangling down the street
Was one of boyhood's special joys:
I never, never thought it noise.

How joyously at even rang
The tintinnabulary clang!
The gawping jaw, the raucous yell,
I loved them, loved them passing well

Those happy hours are passed away.
Age must not with its peptics play.
Strange qualms within me darkly dwell
Whene'er I hear the Muffin-Bell.

And yet soft memories of old times
Linger about the jangling chimes,
And, like De Rutzen, I'd be tender
To the too noisy Muffin Vendor.

But oh! methinks when I am gone
That tuneless peal will *not* ring on;
For Man, with street-law ordered well,
Will hear no more the Muffin-Bell!

Punch, December 18, 1880.

The Parcel Post.

The Parcel Post, the Parcel Post!
To Fawcett pledge the joyous toast—
May no ill fortune e'er restrain
This glorious bantling of his brain.

Deliv'ry companies no more
Delay and "cheek"—their day is o'er;
What now has laid the Carrier's ghost?—
The Parcel Post, the Parcel Post!

When Christmas comes with jovial fare,
Of turkeys, geese, and viands rare,
What then shall be my hope and boast?—
The Parcel Post, the Parcel Post!

The postman, staggering 'neath the weight
Of welcome presents, opes my gate;
'Tis then I prize and honour most
The Parcel Post, the Parcel Post!

Judy, August 3, 1883.

Evening Belles.

Those evening belles, those evening belles,
How many a tale their costume tells
Of Fashion, in its latest show,
Reviving modes of long ago.

Our grandmothers have passed away,
Yet in their habits girls look gay,
As in last century gowns the swells
To dinner take the evening belles.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
Fashion's caprices will go on;
A century hence, what now repels
Will serve to deck the evening belles.

Moonshine, July 31, 1886.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft, in the stilly Night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

* * * *

T. Moore.

SONG BY THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

OFT o'er my tea and toast,
When I a speech have sported,
I take the *Morning Post*,
To see how its reported.
The frequent "hears,"
"Continued cheers,"
The witty things ne'er spoken,
The "oh's" left out,
And nought about
The coughs with which t'was broken.

When I behold it all
In columns neat and taper,
Precisely made to fall
By Brougham's in the paper —
I feel like one,
Who's really done
A thing too bright to sully,
And dream with head
As thick as lead,
That I'm the modern Tully.

Figaro in London, March 31, 1832.

OFT IN *HIS* PRESENT PLIGHT.

OFT in his present plight,
Now bolts and bars have bound him
Calls Mitchell, with affright,
The late events around him;
His bragging talk of sharp pitchfork,
And words of pikes, too, spoken—
The boys who cheered, now disappeared,
The heads at Limerick broken.

When he remembers all
The facts thus linked together,
He feels uncommon small,
And aught but in full feather;
If all's confessed, he feareth lest,
By Jurors ill supported,
Their maws to stay, he perchance may
Be, after all, transported.

The Puppet Show, May 27, 1848.

THE POET AND THE STOMACH.

(The Stomach complaineth that his Master writes love ballads when he should be sleeping.)

OFT in the chilly night,
When slumber should have bound him,
Pale Phosphor gives its light,
His dressing-gown around him.
He rushes then
For ink and pen,
To write some lines in measure,
The while poor I
Can only sigh,
Nor glow with Poet's pleasure.
Thus, in the chilly night,
When slumber should have bound him;
Sad Phosphor gives its light,
His dressing-gown around him.

When I remember al
The many hours wasted;
Those dainties turned to gal
Which I had lately tasted.
I must lament
The time misspent,
The hours snatched from slumber
The Stomach's curse
Is midnight verse,
Without regard to number!
Thus, in the chilly night,
When slumbers should have bound him;
Sad Phosphor pales its light,
His dressing-gown around him.

From *Memoirs of a Stomach*. Written by himself, that all who eat may read. (W. E. Painter, 342, Strand, London, 1853.)

THE SILLY SEASON.

[By a Used-up Journalist.]

OFT, on a "silly" night,
When lack of news has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
Physicians' fees,
The Channel seas,
Words "out of Season" spoken;
Ill-treated Clerks,
The Public Parks,
And nerves by railways broken.
Oft on a silly plight,
When printers' devils hound me,
Kind memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The themes, so mix'd together,
Which regularly call,
Like duns in autumn weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some prison mill deserted:
Each topic dead,
Each interest fled,
And all but me departed.
Thus, when a "silly" night
Completely "stumped" has found me,
Kind Memory flings the light
Of brighter days around me.

Funny Folks. October 5, 1878.

Air.—"Oft in the Stilly Night."

W. E. G. sings:—

Oft in Election's fight,
Ere "Home Rule's" chains had bound me,
Mem'ry brings before my sight
Companions then around me;
The rows, the sneers,
The poll-booth jeers,
The slanging words then spoken;
The eyes that shone
How blacked! and bone
How smashed! and heads how broken!
Thus in election's fight, &c.

When I remember all
The friends, then linked together,
Sloping off, to wait my fall,
Like crows in rainy weather,
I feel like one
Who breasts alone
A tide of vile coercion ;
With justice fled,
And honour dead,
And on all sides aversion.
Thus in election's fight, &c.

CANICULUS

Truth. Parody Competition. July 15, 1886.

——:o:——

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted !

* * * *

T. MOORE.

HERE'S the box that held the snuff,
And the bean so famous ;
Here's the pipe he used to puff,—
Oh ! how that puff o'er came us !
Strasburgh, Tonquin,—both are dry,—
Where's the hand to soak them?
Pipes around extinguished lie,—
Where's the lip to smoke them ?

Gin may fall, but he who loved
It, ne'er shall feel its cheapness ;
Porter pots may be improved,—
Lost on him their deepness.
Quarts were pints where'er he stayed,—
Pints were to quarterns nearer ;
Whiff ne'er warmed a jollier blade,
Nor drinking killed a dearer.

ANONYMOUS.

J. Bruton wrote a similar parody, commencing—

HERE'S the bottle she loved so much,
And here's the glass she drank from,
Here's the max her lips oft touched,
The stuff they never shrank from

——:o:——

Punch's Almanac for 1881 contained several parodies of Moore's songs, of which the opening lines were as follows :—

QUAINT and queer were the gems she wore,
A golden "pig" in each ear she bore
She'd flies and beetles and snake-shaped bands,
And the rummiest rings on her snow-white hands,

(Three more verses.)

THE plate that once through Fashion's halls
Æsthetic rapture shed,
Now hangs upon the kitchen walls
Its ancient glories fled.
So pass the fads of former days.
So fashion's whim is o er.
Old China that was once the craze
Now "fetches" fools no more.

(One more verse.)

WHEN he who now bores thee has left but the fame
Of his one little weakness behind,
Oh ! say wilt thou smile when they mock at his name,
Thou, to boredom so sweetly resigned.
Nay, weep, and however my face may condemn
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For though I have often been shut up by them
I have always found patience in thee.

To buttonhole thee was my constant delight,
Every cock and bull story was thine,
Each mare's nest I found I exposed to thy sight,
To my twaddle thine ear thoud'st incline.
Oh ! blest be thy kindness which hearing would give
To my fulsomest fiddle-de-dee.
The great race of Buttonhole-Bores could not live,
Were it not for Pill-Garlics like thee !

———:o:———

LALLA ROOKH.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. T. MOORE

SONG.

THERE'S of benches a row in St. Stephen's extreme,
And the minister's sitting there all the night long,
In the time of my power 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit on those rows in the Cabinet throng.

That bench and its placemen I never forget,
But oft when alone at the close of the year,
I think are conservatives sitting there yet,
Are the subs to their speeches still clamouring "hear !'

No, the Tories are ousted each plundering knave,
But rich harvests they pluck'd while the sun on them shone,
And wealth was amassed from their jobbing which gave
All the profits of place when their places were gone.

Thus the minister takes, from his power e'er it dies,
A pension that gives him some thousands a year.
So lucrative either in fall or in rise,
Is a seat on some bench in the treasury sphere.

Figaro in London, November 10, 1832.

"THERE'S A BOWER OF BEAN-VINES."

THERE's a bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's yard,
And the cabbages grow round it, planted for greens ;
In the time of my childhood 'twas terribly hard
To bend down the bean-poles, and pick off the beans.

That bower and its products I never forget,
But oft, when my landlady presses me hard,
I think, are the cabbages growing there yet,
Are the bean-vines still bearing in Benjamin's yard?

No, the bean-vines soon withered that once used to wave,
But some beans had been gathered, the last that hung on
And a soup was distilled in a kettle, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it awfully hard;
And thus good to my taste as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's yard.

Poems and Parodies. By PHŒBE CAREY, Boston, U. S., *1854.*

——:o:——

PARLIAMENT AND THE TORY.

"Every one is acquainted with Moore's beautiful poem of Paradise and the Peri, in which the fallen spirit is represented as seeking on earth for a boon to regain the heaven she has lost. The story assimilates closely to a late affair, in which a certain military Tory (the Duke of Wellington), having lost the heaven of place (to him far more desirable than any *place in heaven*) devised all kinds of tricks to regain his former position.

ONE morn a Tory at the gate
Of Stephen's stood disconsolate;
And as he listened to the words
Of Whigs within, like poison flowing,
And caught the sense of what he heard,
The downfall of his party knowing,
He wept to think his plundering race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place

* * * * *

The Devil, who is always keeping
The doors, beheld the Tory weeping,
And as he nearer drew and listened
To the complaint, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eldon's fountain, when he cries
With tears which those who know him say
Proceed from no where but his eyes.

"Thou scion of a plundering line,"
The Devil said "one hope is thine."
I think it is not yet too late
The Tory may again get power,
Who brings to this infernal gate
Some trick or bribe to suit the hour;
"Go seek it," said he with a grin,
"'Tis sweet to let the Tories in."

* * * * *

Downward the Tory turns his gaze,
And through excitement's lowering haze,
Beholds a noble premier stand
Desponding, 'mid the people crying

Reform, just falling from his hand,
And his last hope to save it dying.
He tried what chance he found remain,
A threat of Peers, but all in vain.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well
Corruption lingered, freedom fell;
Yet marked the Tory where it lay,
And, when the rush of rage had past,
As he imagined to allay
The nation's ire, he seized the last
Last copy of the Bill, as read,
Just ere the noble premier fled.

"Be this," he cried, as he wing'd his flight
"My welcome gift in the house to night,
Though poison to me is this odious bill,
Fram'd by Whigs in power, to rat like this,
For conservative ends so noble is,
It would stain not the purest of those who still
Long to sit on the treasury bench of bliss.
Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon that the Devil holds truly dear,
'Tis the false *eclat* which knavery draws
From a premier who falls with the people's cause.

"Sweet," said the Devil, as he gave
The gift unto his grasping hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who such a hellish trick has plann'd;"
But see, alas! the golden bar
Of office moves not—craftier far
Than even this trick, the means must be
To open the gates of place for thee.

Figaro in London, 1832.

———

THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT.

A PERI at the "Royal" gate
At Ascot stood disconsolate,
And as she gazed upon the forms
Of those who passed that jealous portal,
With envy, then, her bosom warms,
For she was feminine and mortal.
She all but wept to think her feet
Trod not that most select retreat.

"How lucky!" thought she, "aye, past compare,
Are the happy houris who wander there,
Where the feet of real princes fall.
If the Royal Enclosure's not for me,
The joys of the season cease to be;
A ticket from Hardwicke exceeds them all.

* * * *

Truth. June 14, 1877.

This parody is much too long to give in full, as is also the following, on a similar topic, and which, by a curious coincidence, appeared in *Truth* exactly six years later:—

PARADISE LOST.

THIS week a Peeress at the gate
Of Ascot stood disconsolate—
(The Royal Enclosure Gate is meant)
And as in misery she bent,
And gazed upon the lonely scene
Where life a week before was teeming,
She sighed for what long since had been—
A past now lost beyond redeeming,
And wept to think the privileged place
No more was held a sacred place.

"How happy!" she cried, in an accent drear
"We used to be who gained entrance here.
How mixed with our joy, too, was pleasant spite,
'Gainst others who lacked our privileged right.
Aye! it well might upset *our* tried composure
To first get cards for the Royal Enclosure,
And nothing on earth was too great a price
To pay to enter the Paradise.

* * * * *

Truth, June 14, 1883.

THE POLITICAL PERI.

ONE morn Ben Dizzy at the gate
Of office stood disconsolate,
He wept to think he'd run his race,
And left for aye that glorious place.
"How happy" exclaimed that child of air—
And 'twas true, though he hadn't much truth to spare—
"Are Gladstone and Bright in clover there!
But I've made a mess they'll find hard to repair
I've shed innocent blood in every clime,
Sent thousands of men to death in their prime,
Have carried my rule by falsehood and crime,
Done deeds that will stink the end of time,—
And I leave my country my heir!"
"Woe, woe for ever!
The Election's done,
The votes are cast—
And I've not won!"

Bits of Beaconsfield. (ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, Manchester.)

—:o:—

THE LAMENT OF THE PERI.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its flame!

* * * * *

Farewell, farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

The Fire Worshippers. T. MOORE.

"The wrongs of Ireland which are exciting so much sympathy on all hands at this moment, naturally call to recollection one of her most devoted advocates, as well as one of her brightest ornaments.

AIR.—*Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter.*

FAREWELL—farewell to thee desolate Erin,
(Thus warbled a patriot beneath a dark tree,)
No curl ever lay on Law's visage so leering,
More bright in its oil than thy spirit in thee.

Oh fair as the flowers all over thee growing,
How light was thy heart till curs'd Castlereagh came,
Like the breath of a Croker o'er eloquence blowing,
To hush all its music, and render it tame.

But yet when to Parliament they are returning,
There will still be amongst both the young and the old,
Some who with disgust most indignantly burning,
Will weep when they think how thy freedom was sold

The new made elector whene'er he advances,
To vote on some Irish Electoral day,
Will think of thy fate, till forgetting his franchise,
He mournfully turns from the poll-booth away.

Nor shall Daniel* beloved of thy people forget thee,
Though tyrants watch over his tears as they start.
Close, close in his bosom that hero will set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of his heart,

Figaro in London, February 23, 1833.

THE SONG OF THE SULTAN

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABI darling!
(Thus murmured the SULTAN beneath his moustache.)
No help for it now: the curst Giaour is snarling;
Complete is the sell, and most utter the hash.

Oh! sweet as the whiff from my chibouque soft blowing,
Our joint little game till the Britisher came,
Like the wind from the desert rose-gardens o'erthrowing
And blew it to bits. 'Tis a thundering shame!

But long upon ARABI'S Orient guile and
Astuteness shall ABDUL sit brooding in gloom.
To be bowled out at last by that crass Western Island!
Would, *would* it were swept by the blasting Simoom!

And now by Old Nilus SIR GARNET is burning,
And calls to his standard the young and the old.
E'en the Guards, such home pastime as Polo stern spurning,
In sunshine Egyptian can broil yet be bold.

I've played fast and loose, but the Giaour's successes
My dark schemes have dished in the dismallest way;
I must leave thee to fate, though my bosom still blesses
The nice little game I must trust thee to play.

Nor shall Islam, who hails thee as hero, forget thee—
Those tyrants of Infidel dogs are too smart,
But *if* thou shouldst lick them, by Allah, she'd set thee
Supreme in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell!—be it mine still to squat on this pillow,
And muse upon dodges exceedingly deep;
But those sons of burnt fathers who've come o'er the billow
Will crumple my rose-leaves, and trouble my sleep.

I've ground my poor teeth till I've shivered the amber,
My bloated pipe-bearer I've kicked till he wept.
(He lies at this moment, and howls, in yon chamber,
Most sore-footed slave that on blisters e'er stept.)

I'll dive where Intrigue's deepest plots still lie darkling
But this Proclamation *must* hurl at thy head.
Thy prospects on Egypt's hot sands scarce look sparkling.
They gather, the Giaours, the Nile's in his bed.

* Daniel O'Connell, M.P.

Farewell—farewell! 'Tis a pity—but counting
The chances, at present, by Nilus's wave,
Thy star, my dear ARABI, scarcely seems mounting.
And so—go to blazes, recalcitrant slave!

[*Signs reluctantly.*

Punch, September 16, 1882.

On January 7, 1880 *The World* published four parodies on the same poem which had been sent in for Competition, the subject selected being:—

THE AMEER OF CABUL, YAKOOB KHAN.

FIRST PRIZE.

BEGONE, begone with thee, son of Shere Ali!
(Thus chanted a Mollah on Gandamak's brow.)
No cursèd Hindu, timid servant of Kali,
Is feeble in heart and in spirit as thou.

O, brave as the chieftains thy palace adorning
How high was thy pride ere the Englishman came,
Like the frost of the north on the flow'r of the morning,
And silenced thy boasting, and withered thy fame

Not long, by the Prophet, on Cabul's green highlands,
Shall we and thy warriors mourn for the doom
Of thee, whom, afar in the Andaman Islands,*
Some infidel hireling may bear to the tomb.

Nor yet when the glorious trumpet is sounding,
And summons to combat the bold and the strong,
Shall one Barakzai, on the enemy bounding,
Ever call on thy name as he rushes along.

So shall Cabul, beloved of Shere Ali, forget thee,
As soon as her tyrants have bid thee depart;
Far, far from the pride of thy father shall set thee,
And curse thee from out of her innermost heart.

Begone! Be it ours to atone for thy meekness,
With ev'ry revenge that a victor may deal;
Each sign of submission, each token of weakness,
Shall hasten our footsteps and sharpen our steel.

We'll charge where the thickest the foe is deploying,
And lose in the battle the thought of thy name;
We'll seek where the Angel of Death is destroying,
And gather new laurels to cover thy shame.

Begone, begone, until life is departed,
And still are the hearts of the true and the brave!
We'll weep for the warriors who died noble-hearted;
We'll curse at the coward who sued like a slave.

TOFFER.

(Sir Louis Cavagnari, the English Envoy to Afghanistan, and his staff having been murdered in the Cabul, English troops hastened to that city which was captured on Christmas Eve, 1879. Yakoob Khan, accused of complicity in the massacre, was sent as a prisoner to India.)

SECOND PRIZE.

AWAY, away with the Ameer unlucky!
(Thus murmured the Viceroy o'er India's plain;)
No oyster fished up by a pearl-diver plucky,
Ever proved such a sell as thy spiritless reign.

O, bright as the passion-flower by the wall creeping,
How fair was thy promise till treachery came!
Like the storm of the desert through rose-garden sweeping
And quenched thy brief glory in blood and in flame.

But long by Cabul's rapid glacier-fed fountains
Shall the young and the old shudder over the fate
Of the fifty men hanging beneath the great mountains
With jackals for mourners to howl by the gate.

And when the cold winter and snows are returning,
They'll tell the old tale how the infidels fell;
As they huddle together around the logs burning
They'll bitterly think of our vengeance as well.

The vendor of kabobs, while deftly preparing
His wares, will remember brave Roberts' return
Till, losing himself in his cursing and swearing
He carelessly leaves all the kabobs to burn.

Nor shall England, great mother of heroes, forget him,
Who worthily wiped out the stain on her fame;
High up on the roll of her heroes she'll set him
Inscribed, that her children may honour his name.

Away! Be it mine to surround thy seclusion
With everything innocent, harmless and bright
Tin trumpets and drums in the richest profusion,
And candy to sweeten the wearisome night.

My cook shall prepare thee the daintiest dishes,
My doctor shall ease thee whene'er thou'rt in pain;
I'll willingly grant thee whate'er thy heart wishes,
But ne'er shalt thou see Afghanistan again.

QUANTOX.

*A possible place of exile for the Ameer, as it was used for the King of Delhi's prison.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

OH! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

THE CUTLER'S LAMENT.

I NEVER wrote up "Skates to Sell,"
Trusting to fickle Nature's law,
But—when I'd advertised them well,
And puffed them—it was sure to thaw,
Yes, it was ever thus—the Fates
Seem adverse to the trade in skates

If a large stock I chanced to buy,
Thinking 'twas likely still to freeze,
Up the thermometer would fly—
All in a day—some ten degrees.
Their presence in my window-pane
Turns ice to mud, and snow to rain.

Punch, February, 1848.

'Twas Ever Thus.

I never loved a dear gazelle,
In fact, I never knew one;
And though I've loved a sweet mam'zelle
I've ne'er had pluck to woo one.

'Twas ever thus, 'twas ever thus
From boyhood's early prime, sirs,
It's been my fate to be too late—
I never was in time, sirs!

I never went to dance or ball,
But there I made a blunder;
My partners always had a fall,
And I was always under.

A martinet I've got to wife
Oh, quite an acid tartar:
She has all the sweets of life,
While *I'm* a bilious martyr.

'Twas ever thus, 'twas ever thus;
I thought her parents wealthy;
I've found them poor—they live next door,
And are so beastly healthy.

I speculated all my cash
In her relations' ventures;
Of course the comp'nies went to smash—
And I'd to pay debentures!

Twas ever thus, 'twas ever thus:
My life is far from sweet, sirs,
My cash is gone, I've nought to pawn
So I must beat retreat, sirs.

I'll take a trip across the seas
To-day for other nations;
For I shall never be at ease,
With wife, or wife's relations.

'Twas never thus, 'twas never thus,
I'd ne'er in view such blisses;
In ecstasy I'd fly to thee,
Sweet freedom, joy, and kisses—
Oh, wretched dog, I now must jog,
For here comes dreadful missus

ANONYMOUS.

'Twas Ever Thus.

I never rear'd a young gazelle,
(Because, you see, I never tried;)
But, had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged Uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle.

I never loved a tree or flower;
But, if I *had*, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower
Would soon have wither'd it away.
I've dearly loved my uncle John,
From childhood till the present hour,
And yet he *will* go living on—
I would he were a tree or flower!

From *Carols of Cockayne*. By Henry S. Leigh. (Chatto and Windus, London, 1874.)

A Few Muddled Metaphors by a Moore-ose Melodist.

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes recede!
I never loved a tree or flow'r
That did'nt trump its partner's lead.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its dappled hide,
But when it came to know me well,
It fell upon the buttered side.

I never taught a cockatoo
To whistle comic songs profound.
But, first when "Jolly Dogs" it knew
It failed for ninepence in the pound

I never reared a walrus-cub
In my aquarium to plunge,
But, when it learnt to love its tub
It placidly threw up the sponge!

I never strove a metaphor
To every bosom home to bring
But—just as it had reached the door
It went and cut a pigeon's wing!

Tom Hood, the younger.

"I never had a piece of toast,
Particularly long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side."

Wus, Ever Wus.

Wus! ever wus! By freak of Puck's
My most exciting hopes are dashed;
I never wore my spotless ducks
But madly—wildly! they were splashed.

I never roved by Cynthia's beam,
To gaze upon the starry sky;
But some old stiff-backed beetle came,
And charged into my pensive eye:

And oh! I never did the swell
In Regent street, amongst the beaux,
But smuts the most prodigious fell,
And always settled on my Nose!

From *Puck on Pegasus*, by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. (Chatto and Windus, London,)

Disaster.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour!
My fondest hopes would not decay:
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away!
The garden, where I used to delve
Short-frock'd, still yields me pinks in plenty
The Peartree that I climbed at twelve
I see still blossoming, at twenty.

I never nursed a dear gazelle;
But I was given a parroquet—
(How I did nurse him if unwell!)
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
He's green, with an enchanting tuft;
He melts me with his small black eye
He'd look inimitable stuff'd
And knows it—but he will not die!

I had a kitten—I was rich
In pets—but all too soon my kitten
Became a full-sized cat, by which
I've more than once been scratch'd and bitten,
And when for sleep her limbs she curl'd
One day beside her untouch'd plateful,
And glided calmly from the world,
I freely own that I was grateful.

And then I bought a dog—a queen
Ah Tiny, dear departing pug!
She lives, but she is past sixteen
And scarce can crawl across the rug.
I loved her beautiful and kind;
Delighted in her pert Bow-wow:
But now she snaps if you don't mind;
'Twere lunacy to love her now.

I used to think, should e'er mishap
Betide my crumple-visaged Ti,
In shape of prowling thief, or trap,
Or coarse bull-terrier—I should die.
But Ah! disasters have their use;
And life might e'en be too sunshiny:
Nor would I make myself a goose,
If some big dog should swallow Tiny.

From *Fly Leaves* by C. S. Calverley. (George Bell and Sons, London, 1878.)

Oh, ever thus, since Childhood's hour
We've seen our fondest hopes decay,
We never raised a Calf or Cow or
Hen that laid an Egg a day,
But it was marked and stol'n away,
We never raised a sucking pig
To glad us with its sunny eye
But when 'twas grown up fat and big
And fit to roast, or boil, or fry
We could not find it in the stye.

By Our Butcher.

I never loved a dear gazelle,
Nor would I care for one if cheap
All my affections centres on
Such things as bullocks, pigs and sheep;
Yet often, when a little lamb,
Whose price was low, has caught my eye,
I've purchased it; but, sad to say,
Next morning it was sure to die;

I never bought a young gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But, when it came to know me well,
'Twas sure to butt me on the sly.

I never drilled a cockatoo,
To speak with almost human lip,
But, when a pretty phrase it knew,
'Twas sure to give some friend a nip.

I never trained a collie hound
To be affectionate and mild,
But, when I thought a prize I'd found,
'Twas sure to bite my youngest child

I never kept a tabby kit
To cheer my leisure with its tricks,
But, when we all grew fond of it,
'Twas sure to catch the neighbour's chicks,

I never reared a turtle-dove,
To coo all day with gentle breath,
But, when its life seemed one of love,
'Twas sure to peck its mate to death.

I never—well, I never yet—
And I have spent no end of pelt—
Invested money in a pet
That didn't misconduct itself.

Funny Folks Annual, 1886.

The Young Gazelle.

A Moore-ish Tale.

In early youth, as you may guess,
I revelled in poetic lore,
And while my schoolmates studied less,
I resolutely studied *Moore*.

Those touching lines from "Lalla Rookh"—
"Ah! ever thus"—you know them well,
Such root within my bosom took,
I wished *I* had a young Gazelle.

Oh, yes! a sweet, a sweet Gazelle,
"To charm me with its soft black eye,"
So soft, so liquid, that a spell
Seems in that gem-like orb to lie.

Years, childhood passed, youth fled away,
My vain desire I'd learnt to quell,
Till came that most auspicious day
When *some one gave me a Gazelle*.

With care, and trouble, and expense,
'Twas brought from Afric's northern cape;
It seemed of great intelligence,
And oh! so beautiful a shape.

The little creature grew so tame,
He "learned to know (the neighbours) well,"
And, then the ladies, when they came,
Oh! how they "nursed that dear Gazelle,"

But woe is me! on earthly ground
Some ill with every blessing dwells;
And soon to my dismay I found
That this applies to young Gazelles.

When free allowed to roam in doors,
The mischief that he did was great;
The walls, the furniture, the floors,
He made in a terrific state.

He nibbled at the table cloth,
And trod the carpet into holes,
And in his gambols, nothing loth,
Kicked over scuttles full of coals.

* * * * *

In short the mischief was immense
That from his gamesome pranks befel,
And truly, in a double sense
He proved a *very* "dear gazelle."

At length I sighed—"Ah! ever thus
Doth disappointment mock each hope;
But 'tis in vain to make a fuss
You'll have to go, my antelope."

I said "This antler'd desert child
In Turkish Palaces may roam
But he's much too free and wild
To keep in any English home."

Yes, though I gave him up with tears
Experience had broke the spell,
And if I live a thousand years,
I'll never have a young gazelle!

This humorous poem was written by Mr. Walter Parke the dramatist, and author of many skilful and amusing parodies. *Lays of the Saintly*, by the same gentleman, (Vizetelly and Co., London.) contains the lives of the principal Saints, told in rhymes imitating Swinburne, Tennyson, Longfellow, and other poets. One of the best of these legends is undoubtedly that devoted to the adventures of St. Patrick, the patron Saint of Ireland. Most appropriately this is written after Moore's style, and parodies of a number of his melodies are ingeniously woven into the narrative. Amongst these are "*Eveleen's Bower*," "*Love's Young Dream*," "*She is far from the Land*," "*Oft in the Stilly night*," "*The Harp that Once*," "*The Woodpecker*," "*Let Erin remember*," and "*The Meeting of the Waters*." Perhaps the last is the best imitation of style:—

THERE'S not in old Ireland an islet more sweet
Than the Isle where the penitents annually meet:
Oh! the last spark of faith from the land must depart
Ere pilgrims forbear on that journey to start.

It is not for Nature they go to the scene,
However romantic, sublime, or serene;
'Tis not just for pleasure or holiday's sake,
They pay sixpence each to be row'd o'er the lake.

'Tis that Patrick the Great made a station for pray'r
With chapels and cells purgaterial there,
'Twas his own blessed crozier that hallowed the cave,
The heathen to vanquish, the faithful to save.

Sweet Isle of Lough Dearg! by thy devotees blest,
If ever I'm near thee, I'll go with the rest;
Oh! may they in multitude yearly increase,
And the boatmen grow rich by their sixpence apiece

Farewell, farewell to thee, Ireland's protector,
Thy mem'ry I drink in a draught of "L. L."
If ever a "medium" should show me thy spectre,
How gladly I'll bow to his mystical spell!

Farewell, farewell to fair Erin, thy daughter,
And may she grow ever more lovely and gay,
Forgetting the troubles the past may have brought her,
Till each shade of sorrow has vanished away.

But there is not a dull page in the whole of this dainty volume, it is full of fun and refined humour, and the imitations are in many cases, of exceptional literary merit.

——:o:——

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

COME hither, come hither—by night and by day
We linger in pleasures that never are gone
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on Earth,
It is this, it is this.

* * * * *

T. MOORE.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

COME hither, come hither: by night and by day,
We list to the members that never are gone—
Like the moan of the east wind, as one dies away,
Another as dull and as prosing comes on.
And the speech that is o'er, in expiring gives birth,
To a new one as wretched as barren of *nous*,
And oh! if there be an Inferno on earth,
It's the house! it's the house!

Here Tories are raving—their voices are high,
As the bray of a jack-ass, or yelp of a hound,
And dirty their spleen as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into mud as it falls on the ground.
Oh! think what the conscience or mind must be worth,
When the speech and the satire are weak as a louse,
Then own if there be an Inferno on earth,
It's the house! it's the house!

Here prosper the Whigs that with lucre's vile love,
Have come down from their own vaunted honesty's sphere
Who put power all former professions above,
And forgot pledges past in the places they've here.
And bless'd with the money our pockets give forth,
What placemen the sweets of his office would douse,
For oh! if there be an Inferno on earth,
It's the house! it's the house!

* * * * *

There's a pest beyond all that the minstrel has told
When the Whigs that are bound in one powerful tie,
With principles changing and hearts ever cold,
Drain the country of wealth and drain on till 'tis dry.
One hour of so hateful a ministry's worse,
Than whole ages of harm done by Tory or rat,
And oh! if there be an Inferno—or curse,
It is that! it is that!!

Figaro in London, September 1, 1832

——:o:——

SWEET BOROUGH OF TAMWORTH.

(The following song, supposed to be sung by the late Sir Robert Peel, who long represented Tamworth, is a parody of "*Fanny of Timmol*.")

SWEET borough of Tamworth, when first I go in
To the dear House of Commons in which I was hurl'd,
I found it a place of such pelf and such sin,
And for humbug the funniest place in the world.

For the Minister's lips to their destiny true,
Seem'd to know I was born to be sold as anothers;
And to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
They whispered rich places for me and my brothers.

And then he was darting from eye-lids so sly,
Half squinting, half winking such gold beaming light;

Let them say what they will, I could read in his eye,
"Here's a bait for you, Peel, if you know how to bite."

So on Treasury benches I mingled my feet,
I felt a pulsation I cannot tell whether
Of joy shame or guilt—'twas bitter yet sweet;
But my heart and my face got as tough as cow's leather.

At length when arrived in my office I sat,
And I heard of its tricks, with a slight twinge of pain,
But Castlereagh whispered, if once you should rat,
Dear Peel, you can never get office again.

Oh Liverpool, Castlereagh, never were any
Statesmen more pious, to place-men more true,
Of snug roguish places, you both had so many,
That my conscience was drill'd like a sieve through and through.

But Bexley would preach, and Eldon so grieved,
That a suckling like me should be lost in a jiffey—
And Cumberland swore they could not be deceived
If they sent me to humbug the folks on the Liffey,

Professions, manœuvres, smiles, bowing, I used,
Oh the orange sword waved without shame or relenting;
And the Papists were crushed, and their church I abused,
Whilst I swore that their sighs were but signs of consenting.

How the Catholic claims I scorned and denied,
Till I found my reward in a better place here;
When the Duke, rest his soul, his old principles shied,
Saying "Rat with me, Peel, or your places forbear."

In vain did I whisper, there's no danger nigh,
Bags, Bexley, and Sellis's Duke did implore,
He promised a title, a sinecure sly;
I acknowledged them both, and I asked for no more.

Was I *right*?—oh, I cannot believe I was wrong,
Though Whigs, King and People may shout their disdain;
In cursed schedule B. thou shalt not be kept long,
Sweet Tamworth, I'll rat for thee over again.

By heaven! Rotten Boroughs I'd rather forswear—
The Reform Bill, I'd hug to my plausible breast—
Than lose thee, sweet Tamworth, thy Peel will yet share
Place, power and title—you know all the rest.

From *The Blue Bag; or, Toryana.* By the Speaker of the House of Commons. (Effingham Wilson, London, 1832.)

The same little pamphlet contains another parody on Moore, supposed to be spoken by William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, nephew of George III. Many amusing anecdotes of the stupidity of this Royal Duke were current during his lifetime, and earned for him the sobriquet SILLY-BILLY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
More dozy I can't be than I have been here;
No power could rouse me by smiles or wine,
Silly Billy, at Cambridge they called me, dear.

I never could feel either joy or sorrow,
My heart is so spongy, my liver so white;
But very large sums from the taxes I borrow,
And humbug the people, by family right.

* * * * *

Curse the Whigs, they are overthrowing
Our lazy, vicious, and well-paid rest;
My moon-calf uncle's debt that's owing,
Makes all people his name detest.

When fools, and tyrants, and peers are over,
England's glad cup will flow over its brim;
John Bull our impudent *rights* will uncover,
Repaying the woes we've inflicted on him.

The Duke of Gloucester had been educated at Cambridge. He died in 1834, leaving the large fortune he had amassed from the numerous sinecure offices he held during his parsimonious lifetime, to his widow.

THE SWEET BRIAR.

I THOUGHT t'other day while attempting to thin
A Briar which over my palings had curled,
As *La Pompadour* said, "If this were but a sin
It might be the jolliest job in the world."

For its dear little thorns to their destiny true
Seemed to know they were made to be scratchers and stingers,
And to show me what I was attempting to do
Kept eternally gripping and pricking my fingers.

And whenever we mingled our shoots, and our feet,
I muttered "d * * * n" and cannot tell whether
Through your fault or mine—but, O! Briar called sweet,
I *think* that we fell and we suffered together.

And at last I found out you belonged to my neighbour,
And when I had brought you exceedingly low
I discovered that I had been spending my labour
On a plant *he* was very desirous should grow.

In vain did I mutter "There's nobody nigh,"
In vain curse the taste of my neighbour next door,
Your response was a scratch on the lid of my eye,
And I left it at that, and I asked for no more.

Was I right? I can hardly believe I was wrong,
Though the Briar has grown through the paling again,
And the devil may guide it uninjured along
E'er I put myself twice to such horrible pain.

By Heavens! I would rather forever forswear
The pleasure that lies in a garden that's neat
Than disturb for a moment the thorns that are there,
Or banish the Briar which people call sweet!

C. S. K.

The Melbourne Punch for July 1, 1880, contained a long, and very dreary parody, entitled *Paradise and the Berri.* It dealt with local politics, and was chiefly devoted to insulting a politician named Berry, it had no literary merit whatever. *The Melbourne Punch* is published at double the price of its London namesake, of which it is but a very poor imitation.

Paradise and the Peeler is the title of another long parody contained in *Lyrics and Lays*, by Pips. Published in 1867, by Wyman, Bros., Calcutta. This relates how the Eden gardens in Calcutta were closed to the general public, by order of the Commissioner of the Police, until a general outcry forced him to withdraw the obnoxious edict.

During Oxford Commemoration in 1866, the S. S. Amateurs performed in the Masonic Hall an "Oriental Extra-

vaganza," entitled *Lalla Rookh*. This was written by Mr. Vincent Amcotts, of Balliol College, (founded upon Moore's poem), and the numerous songs it contained were set to music selected from Offenbach's "*Barbe Bleu*." This amusing travestie was published by T. Shrimpton and Son, Broad Street, Oxford.

Another Extravaganza, with the same title, was produced at the unfortunate Novelty Theatre, London, in May, 1884. The libretto was written by Mr. Horace Lennard, the musical arrangements were by Mr. P. Bucalossi, and the caste included Miss Kate Vaughan, as *Lalla Rookh*, Mr. Harry Nicholls, and Mr. Fred Story; the piece, however, had but a brief career.

Several other dramatic arrangements of *Lalla Rookh* have been produced, there was a burletta by Horn; a cantata by Messrs. W. G. Wills and Frederick Clay; and forty years ago the famous Cerito delighted the opera-goers in a ballet founded on Moore's poem.

——:o:——

ONE MORE IRISH MELODY.

I

O WEEP for the hour
When to Peers' tranquil bower
The Premier of England with Church Bill came;
The Primate made light
Of the crisis that night,
But loudly Lord Derby declared 'twas a shame.
The Peers caved in soon,
Like the famous "gone 'coon,"
And the Commons protested they'd bear all the blame;
But none will see the day
When the mischief clears away
Which that dark hour left on the Parliament fame.

II

Strange arguments lay
On the crooked pathway
Where the Premier of England slipp'd off from the right;
And many a deep print
On his policy's tint
Showed the track of his veering towards Lowe and towards Bright.
To-morrow's new men
May undo all again
Every trace in our laws where the false chief came:
But the babes yet unborn
Shall record it with scorn,
That blot on the scutcheon of England's fair fame!

Will-o'-the Wisp, July 24, 1869.

LORD BROUGHAM,

"Now that the speedy ejection of the Whigs from office, is looked for on all sides and by all parties with a high anticipatory relish, the humane mind naturally turns with compassion to the fate of Lord Brougham, who is on the eve of losing that for which he staked and lost, all his once splendid popularity. He stands a detected apostate from the cause of liberality, and we can only pay to his deplorable condition the melancholy tribute of a commiserating melody."

AIR—*Eveleen's Bower.*

Oh! weep for the hour
When to Brougham's bower,
The Lord of the Treas'ry with large bribes came,
The Lib'rals held their light
From the House that night,
And staid to weep at home for their old chum's shame.

The clouds have pass'd
From the Liberals at last,
And freedom smiles again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds will pass away,
Which taking office cast upon Brougham's fame.

The road to place lay
Through a crooked path-way,
When Brougham cross'd over the House's floor,
And many a deep hint,
Which I've seen in print,
Show'd the reason of his walk to the Treasury door,

But freedom's ray
Will soon melt away,
Every trace of the ministry with which he came;
But there's no light I fear,
Which ever can clear
The stain upon the brightness of Brougham's fame.

Figaro in London, June 22, 1833.

——:o:——

Sixty or seventy years ago when Moore's poems were in the height of their popularity they were made the subject of a vast number of parodies. Of these the majority would now be of no interest whatever, relating as they do to persons and events long since forgotten. Some of the best of these old parodies have already been given, a few others may be enumerated to which reference could easily be made by any reader desirous of seeing them

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1823 contained a great many travesties of Moore's Irish melodies, nearly all of which were political. The first lines of these are as follows:—

Go where Plutus waits thee.
Remember the Deeds of Sir Billy the Fat.
Rich and rare were the gems she wore
If in death I should lie supine.
When first I met thee, fat and fair.
'Tis the last squeak of *Derry*, left nearly alone.
We can roam through the Town, and of *Flats* make a feast.
Peggy hath a squinting eye. (See page 245.)
Come send round the wine. (See page 243.)
Though numerous our debts are.
Oh! had I some nice little lass of my own.
Come rest in this bosom, my sweet pretty dear!
Rich and furred was the robe he wore. (See page 238.)
Fly not yet.
Blesington hath a beaming eye.
Go where Bennett waits thee.
The Old Whig Club is meeting, Duke.

The same Volume also contains a Burlesque review, or, as it is termed, a criticism extraordinary, upon a supposed poem, entitled *Loves of the Mortals*, by Timothy Tickle, Esq. This *jeu d'esprit* was published a few days after *The Loves of the Angels*, and the extracts given from the imaginary poem parody that work.

Figaro in London, a sarcastic paper published in London in *1831-32-33*, contained many parodies of Moore's Melodies, the best of these have already been given.

Punch for 1847 contained *The Loves of the New Police*, in several parts. In December 13, 1856, it had a set of verses addressed to a certain *Mr. Morris Moore*, parodying several of Moore's Songs.

Funny Folks, May 10, 1884, on the Dynamite scare: "Believe me that all these explosive alarms."

The Humourous Works of the late Theodore Hook (London, 1873), in addition to the parody quoted on page 238, contain another on *The young May-Moon* but it is quite out of date. A review of "*Mr. Minus the Poet*" is also included in the above collection; it is a skit upon Moore's versification and philosophy, and contains a short imitation of his poetry, entitled *Fanny's Bower*, somewhat resembling *The Living Lustres* in the Rejected Addresses.

"*Jack Randall's Diary*, or proceedings at the House of Call for Genius," written by Mr. Breakwindow. London, Simpkin, 1820.

This is a small book which cannot be found in the Library of the British Museum. J. C. Hotten, in his "Bibliography of Slang and Cant," says (p. 103) this was written by Thomas Moore; but further information is wanted on this point.

——:o:——.

YOUNG LOVE.

YOUNG Love once fell through a straw-thatched shed,
Where pigs were feeding
And, nowise heeding
What cause the god had thither led,
While wash they swilled, and were well fed,
They thrived and flourished,
For Stickem nourished
Their hog-ships *with good* new-made grains;
And pigs, though grubby, must be fed,
For even they feel Hunger's pains.

Alas! that mankind's greedy eye
Should e'er go thither,
Their loves to wither,
But pigs must know they're born to die
And should not squeal when the knife draws nigh.
Stickem came that morning,
While love was yawning,
And seized him, with intent to slay;
"Oh, oh!" says Love, "this is all my eye!"
So he kicked him over, and flew away.

———

THE BENCHER; OR, WHITEWASHING DAY.

Air—"Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them."

THOUGH num'rous our debts are, yet soon we forget them,
When free from a bailiff's or turnkey's rude powers;
For never were hearts, if the *nabmen* would let them,
More formed to be jovial and light than ours.
But though without cash
We oft cut a dash,
And *credit* besprinkles our path with flowers,
Yet the day will come
When we're *found at home!*
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But though 'twere the last little spark on our souls,
Let us light it up now—for 'tis *whitewashing day!*

The devil take tradesmen, who say we're ungrateful;
Though we fly from *grabs*, to our friends we are true!
If we can't pay, we can't! then what is more hateful
Than taking one's body for sums over-due?
Vile creditors blight
Our prospects outright;
And when they have nailed us, cry "Pay me, sir, pay!"
So unless we give bail,
We're lugg'd off to jail;
But since I'm now *up*, were I summon'd next minute,
I'd laugh, drink, and sing, look cheerful and gay,
And shew what the head of a *Bencher* has in it,
Who has passed the ordeal of *Whitewashing Day!*

We no longer are *green*, and our *sprees* are recorded
By men who have suffer'd too much to forget;
With hope they were gull'd, and with promise rewarded,
While our quarterly pilgrimage spong'd out the debt.
Their hearts may be broke,
Yet *we* laugh at the joke,
For nothing can make an *old Bencher* pay;
He's *up* and he's *down*
To the tricks of the Town;
He lives by his wits, and plays a bold part
With an impudent air that ne'er will decay;
Though his poverty's great, still greater's his art,
For he clears off all scores by *Whitewashing Day.*

From *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, 1825.

——.o:——

THE LIVING LUSTRES.*

The following imitation of Tom Moore's style is taken from *The Rejected Addresses*. It was written by Horace Smith. Early editions of *The Rejected Addresses* contained three verses which have recently been generally omitted. These are here supplied within parenthesis.

"Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quiescere."
SIR T. MORE.

I.

O WHY should our dull retrospective addresses
Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury Lane fire?
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,
And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire!

II.

Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,
The richest to me is when woman is there;
The question of houses I leave to the jury;
The fairest to me is the house of the fair.

III.

When woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,
And gilds while it carves, her dear form on the heart,
What need has New Drury of carvers and gilders?
With Nature so bounteous, why call upon Art?

* "*The Living Lustres* appear to us a very fair imitation of the fantastic verses which that ingenious person, Mr. Moore, indites when he is merely gallant, and, resisting the lures of voluptuousness, is not enough in earnest to be tender."—JEFFREY, *Edinburgh Review.*

(IV.
Each pillar that opens our stage to the circle, is
Verdant antique, like Ninon de l'Enclos,
I'd ramble from them to the pillars of Hercules,
Give me but Rosa wherever I go.)

IV.

How well would our actors attend to their duties,
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young beauties
Glanced light from their eyes between us and the pit!

V.

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
By woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college—
I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

(VI.
Attun'd to the scene, when the pale yellow moon is on
Tower and tree they'd look sober and sage,
And when they all wink'd their dear peepers in unison,
Night, pitchy night, would envelop the stage.

VII.
Ah! could I some girl from yon box for her youth pick,
I'd love her as long as she blossomed in youth;
Oh! white is the ivory case of her tooth pick,
But when beauty smiles how much whiter the tooth.)

VI.

There too is the lash which, all statues controlling,
Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair;
For man is the pupil, who, while her eye's rolling,
Is lifted to rapture, or sunk in despair.

VII.

Bloom, theatre, bloom, in the roseate blushes
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile!
And flourish, ye pillars,* as green as the rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle!

VIII.

For dear is the Emerald Isle of the ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustom'd to rebel commotion,
Tho' joyous are sober—tho' peaceful, are brave.

IX.

The shamrock their olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows;
Their sprig of shillelagh is nothing but laurel,
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows.

X.

O! soon shall they burst the tyrannical shackles
Which each panting bosom indignantly names,
Until not one goose at the capital cackles
Against the grand question of Catholic claims.

XI.

And then shall each Paddy, who once on the Liffey
Perchance held the helm of some mackerel-hoy,
Hold the helm of the State, and dispense in a jiffy
More fishes than ever he caught when a boy.

XII.

And those who now quit their hods, shovels, and barrows,
In crowds to the bar of some ale-house to flock,
When bred to *our bar* shall be Gibbses and Garrows,
Assume the silk gown, and discard the smock-frock.

XIII.

For Erin surpasses the daughters of Neptune,
As Dian excels each encircling star;
And the spheres of the heavens could never have *kept tune*
Till set to the music of Erin-go-bragh!

* This alludes to two massive pillars of verd antique which then flanked the proscenium, but which were afterwards removed. Their colour reminds the bard of the Emerald Isle, and this causes him (*more suo*) to fly off at a tangent, and Hibernicise the rest of the poem.

———:o:———

The great Christopher North (Professor Wilson) had but a poor opinion of Thomas Moore, and in *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (Blackwood's Magazine July 1823) he thus expressed himself;—

"MOORE will not live long as a song writer, he has not the stamina in him at all. His verses are elegant, pretty, glittering, anything you please in that line; but they have defects which will not allow them to get down to posterity His strong party views, his affectation of learning, his parade of his knowledge of botany, zoology, and the other 'ologies, these are serious defects, and then the mixed metaphors, and often down-right nonsense to be found in his songs, all detract from his chances of immortality."

"Here" says Wilson "is a song he intended to be sung by:—

A FALLEN ANGEL OVER A BOWL OF RUM-PUNCH.

Heap on more coal there,
And keep the glass moving,
The frost nips my nose,
Though my heart glows with loving.
Here's the dear creature,
No skylights—a bumper;
He who leaves heel taps
I vote him a mumper.

With hey cow rumble O,
Whack! populorum,
Merrily, merry men,
Push round the jorum.

What are Heaven's pleasures
That so very sweet are?
Singing from psalters,
In long or short metre.
Planked on a wet cloud
Without any breeches,
Just like the Celtic,
Met to make speeches.

With hey cow rumble &c.

Wide is the difference,
My own boozing bullies,
Here the round punch-bowl,
Heap'd to the full is.
Then if some wise one
Thinks that up "yonder"
Is pleasant as we are,
Why—he's in a blunder.

With hey cow rumble, &c.

LOVE AND THE FLIMSIES.

LITTLE Cupid one day on a sunbeam was floating,
Above a green vale where a paper mill played;
And he hovered in ether, delightedly noting
The whirl and the splash that the water-wheel made.

The air was all filled with the scent of the roses,
Round the Miller's veranda that clustered and twined;
And he thought if the sky were all made up of noses,
This spot of the earth would be most to his mind.

And forth came the Miller, a Quaker in verity,
Rigid of limb and complacent of face,
And behind him a Scotchman was singing "Prosperity,"
And picking his pocket with infinite grace.

And "Walth and prosparity," "Walth and prosparity,"
His bonny scotch burthen arose on the air,
Is a song all in praise of that primitive charity,
Which begins with sweet home, and which terminates there.

But sudden a tumult arose from a distance,
And in rushed a rabble with steel and with stone.
And ere the scared miller could call for assistance,
The mill to a million of atoms was blown.

Scarce mounted the fragments in ether to hurtle,
When the Quaker was vanished, no eye had seen where;
And the Scotchman thrown flat on his back, like a turtle,
Was sprawling and bawling, with heels in the air.

Little Cupid continued to hover and flutter,
Pursuing the fragments that floated on high,
As light as the fly that is christened from butter,
Till he gathered his hands full and flew to the sky.

"Oh, mother," he cried, as he showed them to Venus,
What are these little talismans cyphered—One—One?
If you think them worth having, we'll share them between us,
Though their smell is like, none of the newest, poor John!"

"My darling," says Venus, "away from you throw them,
They're a sort of fool's gold among mortals 'tis true;
But we want them not here, though I think you might know them,
Since on earth they so often have bought and sold you."

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

(From *Paper Money Lyrics*, written during the commercial panic, in the winter 1825-26.)

———:o:———

Another imitation of Moore's style is given in *The Book of Ballads*, edited by *Bon Gaultier*, and published by William Blackwood & Sons. These Ballads were written by Professor W. E. Aytoun, and Theodore Martin. A few of them may be considered amusing as parodies, but the greater number are really clever imitations of style, with a little burlesque introduced here and there. Thus, the following would pass very well for one of Moore's lighter songs:

THE BARD OF ERIN'S LAMENT.

OH! weep for the hours when the little blind boy
Wove around me the spells of his Paphian bower;
When I dipped my light wings in the nectar of joy,
And soared in the sunshine, the moth of the hour!
From beauty to beauty I passed, like the wind;
Now fondled the lily, now toyed with the rose;
And the fair, that at morn had enchanted my mind,
Was forsook for another ere evening's close.

* * * * *

But weep for the hour! Life's summer is past,
And the snow of its winter lies cold on my brow;
And my soul as it shrinks from each stroke of the blast,
Can not turn to a fire that glows inwardly now.
No, its ashes are dead—and, alas! Love or Song
No charm to Life's lengthening shadows can lend,
Like a cup of old wine, rich, mellow, and strong,
And a seat by the fire *tête-à-tête* with a friend.

——:o:——

OLD SHERRY.

(*A Parody on the Anacreontic Song.*)

TO OLD Sheridan once as he sat in full glee,
A few duns for hard money sent a petition;
And prayed that his cash or bank notes they might see,
But this answer received from the sturdy old Grecian:—
"My friends, I declare
I have no cash to spare,
And for all your distresses one damn I dont care,
But then I'll instruct you like me how to dine,
And make creditors pay for the banquet and wine."

By this answer appalled, at the statesman they stared,
And then fell to bowing, beseeching, and coaxing,
But their time and their talking they well might have spared,
For old Sherry's grand forte was cajoling and hoaxing.
"My good friends," says he,
"The thing cannot be,
For my purse can't produce to you one mar'vedie;
But if to discount some more bills you incline,
You all shall partake of my banquet and wine."

The duns with amazement on each other gazed,
Then threatened attornies, arrests, executions,
But old Sheridan smiled, and was mightily pleased
At their impotent threats, and their vain resolutions.
"Goods and chattels," says he,
"You can't get from me,
And from all your arrests, I'm by privilege free;
Disappointed and vex'd, let my creditors whine,
I'll still make them pay for my banquets and wine.

"Dame Justice, that hobbling old Beldam I've found,
With brisk Generosity ne'er can keep pacing;
All my debts I would pay if the cash could be found,
But my wants my finances are always outracing.
Then submit with good grace,
For while I'm out of place
All payment of debt is quite out of the case;
But if once I get in, 'tis my serious design,
That the nation shall pay for my banquet and wine."

The duns one and all from his presence withdrew,
In sullen despair of e'er touching the rhino.
And they'd never come there if old Sherry they knew
But one half so truly as you or I know.
In passing this quiz,
So flushed was his phiz,
That the nose of old Bardolph were ice matched to his;
He returned to his friends, who'd just helped him to dine,
And laughed at the dupes who found banquet and wine.

From *The Spirit of the Age Newspaper for* 1828.

The Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan here referred to, the celebrated wit, orator, and dramatist,

was continually in debt, and as, in addition to being thriftless and extravagant, he was intemperate, his once handsome features became, in the later years of his life, so bloated, distorted, and discoloured, that he seemed but a hideous caricature of his former self.

——:o:——

THE SHY BO-PEEP.

(A sea-side fact.)

THE shy Bo-Peep to the sea is gone,
In a bathing frock you'll find her;
A swimming belt she has girded on,
And a life buoy slung behind her.
"Bathe, I wont!" said this maiden shy,
"Tho' disappointment rankles,
"In such a garb some man might spy
My pettitoes and ankles!"

Her friends protest, but the task is vain
To make Bo-peep knock under,
The frock was never worn again,
For she tore its seams asunder;
And said, "No more embarrass me
"Thou cumbersome monstrosity!
"I'll bathe 'au naturel' and free
In despite of curiosity!"

A. H. S.

——:o:——

ANACREON'S ODE XXI.

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

T. MOORE.

Moore has been often accused of plagiarism, and more often perhaps in connection with the above translation from Anacreon than any other poem. A few examples of the versions of earlier writers will show how far the charge can be substantiated.

Pierre de Ronsard (who died in 1585) wrote a version, which, given in the old orthography, runs thus:—

"LA terre, les eaux va boivant.
L'arbre la boit par sa racine.
La mer salée boit le vent,
Et le soleil boit la marine.
Le soleil est beu de la lune,
Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas.
Suivant ceste règle commune
Pourquoy donc ne boirons nous pas?"

Capilupus imitated the ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard, which has thus been rendered;—

WHILE life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

In scene 3, act iv., of *Timon of Athens*, Shakespeare has a similar passage;—

"I'LL example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears."

Another version:—

THE heavens carouse each day a cup,
No wonder Atlas holds them up!
The trees suck up the earth and ground,
And in their brown bowls drink around;
The sea, too, whom the salt makes dry,
His greedy thirst to satisfy,
Ten thousand rivers drink, and then
Gets drunk, and brings them up again.

The sun, and who as right as he?
Sits up all night to drink the sea;
The moon quaffs up the sun, her brother,
And wishes she could tope another;
If all things fuddle; why should I,
Of all things, be the one that's dry?
Well, I'll be content to thirst,
But too much drink shall make me first.

LORD ROCHESTER (Died 1680).

THE THIRSTY EARTH.

(Freely translated from Anacreon.)

ABRAHAM COWLEY (Died 1667.)

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun,

They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night:
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses here; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Whilst referring to Thomas Moore's plagiarisms mention must be made of an article on the subject contained in Fraser's Magazine

June 1841. It is too long to quote in full, but some of its principal statements may be given:

"Moore's plagiarisms are intolerable. There is not a single original thought, conception, metaphor, or image, in the whole range of his works,—from the *Posthumous Poems of Tom Little* to his last dying speech—the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*. Even the title of this nonsense is stolen from Erasmus's *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*. The man is an indefatigable thief. He has laid under contribution every imaginable book, from the biography of his namesake, Tom Thumb, to the portly folios of the fathers of the church. Perfectly unscrupulous in his marauding expeditions, and impartial in his attacks, he is found at one moment rifling a saint, and in the next pillaging a sinner. You have asked me for some specimens of his plagiarisms. You shall have them. Time will permit me to expose only a very few, so I shall plunge at once *in medias res*:—

LITTLE'S POEMS.

"Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's something not correct between us,
And you're in fault as well as I;
Now on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 'twould not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie."

This is plagiarised from an old collection of English epigrams published in 1785:—

"The lying world says naughty words
Of you and I, my dearest love;
You know, my dear, the world's the Lord's
Let 'em no longer liars prove."

LITTLE'S POEMS. *To Julia*

"Why let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool."

Lloyd.

"Must thou whose judgment dull and cool
Is muddy as the stagnant pool."

LITTLE'S POEMS.

"Here is one leaf reserved for me
From all thy sweet memorials free,
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus within thy mind
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh, it should be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there."

These are stolen from some lines of Pope's:—

"With what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast,
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontroll'd, put new ones in their place,
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in the stead impart;
But ah! how short the bliss would prove if he
Who seized it next might do the same by me"

LITTLE'S POEMS.

"Oh, shall we not say thou art Love's duodecimo;
Few can be prettier, none can be less, you know,
Such a volume in sheets were a volume of charms,
Or if bound, it should only be bound in our arms."

Wit restored. *In several select poems.* 1658.

"A woman is a book, and often found
To prove far better in the sheets than bound;
No marvail, then why men take such delight
Above all things to study in the night,"

LITTLE'S POEMS,

"If Mahomet would but receive me,
And Paradise be as he paints,
I'm greatly afraid (God forgive me)
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.'

Dryden. *Epilogue to "Constantine the Great."*

"Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart adored a pretty woman,
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-eyed rogues for every true believer,
And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted,
To burn for this may surely be forgiven,
Who'd not be circumcised for such a heaven?"

LITTLE'S POEMS.

"Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow
I'll taste the luxury of woe."

Langhorne. *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness*

"For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at least *the luxury of woe*."

MOORE. *Anacreon.*

"When the sunshine of the bowl
Thaws the ice about the soul."

Cawthorne.

"However, when the sprightly bowl
Had *thaw'd the ice about the soul*,"

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"And when he said, Heaven rest her soul
Round the lake-like music stole,
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

Kirke White. *Gondoline.*

"The maid was seen no more; but oft
Her ghost is known to glide
At midnight's silent, solemn hour
Along the ocean's tide."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In the bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

This simile of friendly hearts blending together like waters is as old as

Sir John Suckling. *Aglaura*, act iv.

"Alas! we two
Have mingled souls more than two meeting brooks."

Dryden. *All for Love*, act iii., sc. 3.

"We were so closed within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first,

That does not reach us yet,—we were so mixt
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost."

Wilson. *City of the Plague*, act iii. sc. 3.

"We shall die
Like two glad waves, that, meeting on the shore
In moonlight and in music melt away
Quietly mid the quiet wilderness."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*My only book*
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

John Heywood. *Of a most noble Ladye.*

"The vertue of her looks
Excels the precious stone,
Ye need none other books
To read or look upon."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,*
Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains."

Addison. *Cato*, act ii. sc. 1.

"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,*
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd:
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Sir John Suckling. *Brennoralt*, act v.

"Thou motion'st well, nor have I taken leave.
It keeps a sweetness yet, [*Kisses her*].
As stills from roses when the flowers are gone."

Philip Massinger. *Roman Actor*, act iv. sc. 2.

"But that thou, whom oft I've seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful and gainsome, and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with;
But that (*as vessels still partake the odour*
Of the sweet precious liquors they contain'd)
Thou must be really in some degree
The thing thou dost present."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow*
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

James Mervyn. *On Shirley's Plays.*

"They might, like waters in the sunshine set,
Retain his image, not impart his heat."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*The moon looks*
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this."

Sir William Jones.

"The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flowers see but one moon."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*Though dark are our sorrows to-day, we'll forget them,*
And smile through our tears like a sunbeam in showers."

Sir E. Brydges. *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 337.

"Golden storms
Fell from their eyes, as when the sun appears;
And yet it rains, so shew'd their eyes their tears."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*I flew to her chamber, 'twas lonely,*
As if the loved tenant lay dead;
Ah, would it were death and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand that had waked it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss."

Thomas Heywood. *A Woman Killed with Kindness. Grief of Frankford after discovering his wife's infidelity.*

"*Nic.* Master, here's her lute flung in a corner!

Frank. Her lute! Oh, God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
* * * Oh, Master Cranwell!
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb, for her disastrous change)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain,
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant, strange airs, have they jointly rung!"

These are specimens of Moore's rogueries; and now having heard them, will you not agree with me in the propriety of addressing him with the same compliment which Homer pays to Mercury:—

"Immortal honour awaits thee, oh, Thomas Little! for thou shalt be known to all posterity as the chief of thieves."

LORD BYRON.

On page 197 was inserted "*The Enigma on the letter H*," with several parodies on it. This poem has been generally ascribed to Lord Byron, but from correspondence recently published in "Notes and Queries" there seems little doubt but that it was written by Miss Catherine Fanshawe. The following imitation of it appeared in *The Gownsman* (Cambridge) November 1830.

A RIDDLE.

I WAS fashion'd by nature, and formed in the sun,
And I've followed him since in the race he has run;

Not a country he warms but I've wandered it through,
From Kerguelens land to the verge of Peru;
Not a soul has been born, not a creature on earth,
But I have been there in the hour of birth;
I was present each minute in life as it pass'd,
And I mix'd with the dust it return'd to at last.
In the cup of the lily I love to repose,
And I guard, like a spirit, the bud of the rose.
In the feverish thoughts, and the doubt of a dream,
In the murmur that wakes from the bed of the stream;
In the struggle we hear when the tempest is high,
In the thunder that breaks ere we dream it is nigh;
In the fortune of war, in the plume of the brave,
In the surge, as it chafes on the crest of the wave,
I have ever been present, and ever must be,
Though the Universe had its beginning with me;
Though my fate is entwined with futurity too,
Yet I cannot last long, for I finish in you. U.

——:o:——

TOBACCO.

SUBLIME Tobacco! which from East to West
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress,
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar! THE ISLAND.

THE POTATO.

"SUBLIME potatoes! that, from Antrim's shore
To famous Kerry, form the poor man's store;
Agreeing well with every place and state—
The peasant's noggin, or the rich man's plate.
Much prized when smoking from the teeming pot,
Or in turf-embers roasted crisp and hot.
Welcome, although you be our only dish;
Welcome, companion to flesh, fowl, or fish;
But to the real gourmands, the learned few,
Most welcome, steaming in an Irish stew."
T. CROFTON CROKER.

——:o:——

"MAZEPPA TRAVESTIED: a Poem," is the title of a small anonymous pamphlet published by C. Chapple, Pall Mall, London, in 1820. Price, Half-a-crown. It has an introductory address to "*The Goddess of Milling, and her worshippers, The Fancy.*"

The preface contains the following sensible passage "With regard to Travesty, or Parody in general, it may be observed that the use of it by no means necessarily implies a design of holding up the original to ridicule and contempt." The parody itself, however, is so full of slang, and deals with such unsavoury topics, that no extracts from it can be given. Suffice it to say that it describes the adventures and amours of prize-fighters and their friends, in language worthy of the theme, although it must be admitted, the parody closely imitates the original poem in its construction. Following the *Mazeppa Travestie* comes a short parody descriptive of the defeat of Belasco, the Jewish prize-fighter.

THE DEFEAT OF CRACK-A-RIB.

BELASCO came down like a bruiser so bold,
And his *bellows* was good, and his nobbers all told:
And the shout of his backers was like the hurrah
Of the *Black Diamond's* friends, when he *queer'd Quashee's* jaw.

Like sheep in the pens, in that business so green,
All sporting their *flimsies*, the kiddies were seen;
Like those sheep, when the shearer has thought them full grown,
And fleeced them, those kiddies stood chilly and lone.

For the genius of *Milling* came down on the blast,
And *bung'd* up the eyes of the Jew pretty fast;
And the *glims* of the *green* ones with gloom 'gan to fill,
When they saw how the gilding was gone from their pill.

And there lay the *cove* with his mouth open wide
But through it there came not the sounds that defied;
And those who have *made* him are wild on the turf,
That the *swell* they had raised should prove nothing but surf.

And the pugilist's *fancy* is loud in her wail,
For fear that her man should be clapt into jail;
And the *queer'd ones* of Israel no *blunt* can afford,
To *flash* in the ring, since their *swell* has been *floor'd*.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE AUCTION.

THREE women went sailing out into the street
To the brown stone front where the red flag hung
They jostled the crowd all day on their feet,
While "going and going and gone" was sung.
For women must go where bargains are had,
And buy old trash, if ever so bad,
And husbands must never be groaning.

Three husbands all hungry went homeward to dine,
But when they arrived there was nothing to eat,
Three women, all crazy, and looking so fine,
Were gabbling of bargains along on the street,
For women must talk of bargains they buy,
And homes must suffer, and babies must cry,
And husbands must ever be groaning.

Three women were showing their husbands with glee
Their bargains at prices that never were beat:
Three husbands all starving and mad as could be,
Were tossing the bargains out into the street.
For men don't know when bargains are cheap,
And women, poor creatures, do nothing but weep,
And husbands must ever be groaning.

THREE LITTLE FISHERS.

THREE little fishers trudged over the hill,
Over the hill in the sun's broad glare,
With rods and crook'd pins, to the brook by the mill,
While three fond mothers sought them everywhere.
For boys will go fishing, though mothers deny;
Watching their chance they sneak off on the sly
To come safely back in the gloaming.

Three mothers waited outside of the gate;
Three little fishers, tired, sunburnt and worn,
Came into sight as the evening grew late:
Their chubby feet bleeding, their clothing all torn,
For "boys will be boys"—have a keen eye for fun,
While mothers fret, fume, scold, and—succumb,
And welcome them home in the gloaming.

Three little fishers were called to explain—
Each stood condemned, with a thumb in his eye,
They promised never to do so again,
And were hung up in the pantry to dry

Three mothers heaved great sighs of relief,
An end had been put to their magnified grief,
When the boys came home in the gloaming,
FRANK H. STAUFFER.

Detroit Free Press, July 10, 1886.

THREE COWS.

THREE cows were seized for the tithe rent in the West,
For the parson's tithe in old Ruthin's town,
And the Taffies flocked, with a lively zest,
To the farm to see the crummies knocked down
For parsons want tithes, and farmers must pay,
Though crops may fail, and quarter-day,
And bankruptcy they be reaching.

Three bailiffs ran after the cows in the park,
After the cows amid laughter and groan,
Policeman and people enjoying the lark;
And the cattle weren't caught when the bailies were blown.
But parsons want tithes, and farmers must pay,
Or their kine will be sold and be harried away,
To provide for the Church and the preaching.

Three constables guarded the auctioneer,
And three milch beauties fetched twenty pounds;
The tithe was paid with expenses clear,
And the knight of the hammer was hissed off the ground
For parsons want money, and tithes must be paid;
But the sooner they're done with the better 'tis said,
Or good-bye to the Church and its teaching.

THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went fishing out into the sea
With bottles well filled with the regular bait:
They burned in the sun and told stories with glee
And caught one sea-robin, a crab and a skate;
But, as they were told, on the previous day,
More fishes were caught than were carried away,
And then were these fishers a-groaning.

Three fishers all blistered crawled homeward intent
With cussing their luck and without any bait;
And also without the small fortune they'd spent
For one old sea-robin, a crab and a skate,
But then—if the wind or the tide had been right,
Or different bait, or fishes would bite,
These fishers would not be a-groaning.

Three fishers went telling some terrible lies
Of how they returned with a ton or so weight;
The fish, they kept growing in numbers and size
As fast as the fishers could swallow more "bait."
For spinning of yarns is the only delight
Of fishers who fish without getting a bite
And who, when alone, are a-groaning.
H. C. DODGE

Detroit Free Press, August 21, 1886.

——:o:——

HORTICULTURAL EMBLEMS.

A Parody of Rogero's Song in THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SNOBS of Cambridge, you must all
Have a piece of garden ground,
Well enclosed with a wall,
Or with a fence well guarded round.
Get of plants that none e'er saw
A beautiful variety;
Then be a *member* of the Hor-
-Ticultural Society!

Work and toil both night and day,
Rearing flowers choice and rare;
And then—if you like you may
With them to the show repair.
But since a SNOB, expect a flaw,
In spite of your anxiety;
'Tis never heeded by the Hor-
-Ticultural Society.

Humble plants in order stand,
And *sensitives* in order too:
Shrinking from the Floral wand
Of *Mister Touch-me-not* and Co.
Such *humble plants* you never saw,
Waiting for their moiety
Awarded to them by the Hor-
-Ticultural Society.

Cocks-combs leave their native seat,
Cocks-combs dwarf and *cocks-combs* tall,
Other *cocks-combs* here to meet,
And whisper, "SNOBS, we've done you all."
Oh! what are those great baskets for—
Those looks of such anxiety?
Why! for the *Sweepstakes* of the Hor-
-Ticultural Society!

Grow a Pine that's worth a guinea,
And they'll award you just a crown;
Quere?—who is such a ninney?
Some there are—their names are down;
But the pine's his own!—O, no, 'tis for
One *Mister Sec-Satiety*:
Wot drives the members of the Hor-
-Ticultural Society!!

The Gownsman (Cambridge), November 26, 1830.

END OF VOLUME III.

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